

PHOTOPLAY

5¢

5/11/9
EMBER



TYRONE POWER

**Photoplay Dared Hollywood to Answer Vital Questions About
TRUE, ROMANCE, MARITAL ADJUSTMENTS, DIVORCE...** *Answers on Page 17*

**AT LAST! MRS. CLARK GABLE TALKS
WHAT HAS REALLY HAPPENED TO BETTE DAVIS' MARRIAGE?**

Lady Buxton
"GOES TO TOWN"

With "ACCESSORY COLORS" in Finest Pocket Leatherware
 With all the Ingenious and Practical Buxton Features, too!

NO ordinary fashion was set when Buxton introduced pocket leatherware in "Accessory Colors" last May. New-minded women claimed it from the start as the Finishing Touch to smart ensembles. Now, there's an even wider range of colors, styles and leathers to answer a demand that keeps on growing.

It may be the colors that win you at first—or the several very swagger designs (which we patented, by the way!)—but Lady Buxtons are so downright practical and convenient that, when you once get the "Buxton Habit," you wouldn't be without them.

Wafer-thin Billfolds—stitched only on the sides so they can't "bulge" or "buckle"—

cleverly organized with pockets for calling cards, driver's license, etc. They slip easily into your handbag; keep money crisp and clean. Some have pockets for coins.

Matching change purses for the elusive carfare, with or without a compartment for bills. Key-Tainers, in snap- or slide-fastener models, to carry house and car keys on patented, detachable *Locked Loops*. Some models carry your driver's license, too.

You will be amazed to find that, even if you buy several Lady Buxton sets, you'll still have enough money left to put in them. In any role, they're "tops" in smartness and "bottoms" in cost—and for sheer everyday *usefulness*, you'll find them completely worthy of their Buxton "pedigree."

• This Navy "two-tone" Lady Buxton "tops off" this smart ensemble. (She has several sets in different "accessory colors" for the same dress. It's the economical way to "change" an outfit.)



• Lady Buxtons come in Navy, Burgundy, Lipstick Red, Forest Green, Chocolate Brown and in Black.



• (top left) Lady Buxton Ascot in "two-tone" rich, pliable calf, \$3.00. (left) The practical purse and billfold combination, \$3.00. Other Lady Buxtons in dashing solids or smart "two-tones" from \$1.00 to \$5.00.



• Slide-fastener Key-Tainer with Buxton patented, detachable *Locked Loops*, \$2.50. Write for complimentary copy of "Leather for the Ladyman," a useful booklet. Buxton, Inc., 904 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

*All
Yours*

CLEANLINESS
that's unbelievable!

LUSTER
you've always desired!

MOUTH FRESHNESS
that really lasts!



WITH THE *NEW* LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[C₁₄ H₂₇ O₅ S Na]



Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where most decay begins. Start using the New Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam "bubble bath" and see how your teeth improve in a few short weeks.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic, "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth for hours and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It actually penetrates and cleanses the hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts . . . the very areas that "stymie" less penetrating dentifrices. Is it any wonder that some dental authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care and beauty in the last hundred years?

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. It quickly whisks away food and surface stains that dull the teeth.
2. Removes dingy film that clouds enamel and harbors bacteria.
3. Fights dangerous mouth acids that encourage decay.
4. Removes many of the germs that accompany such acids.

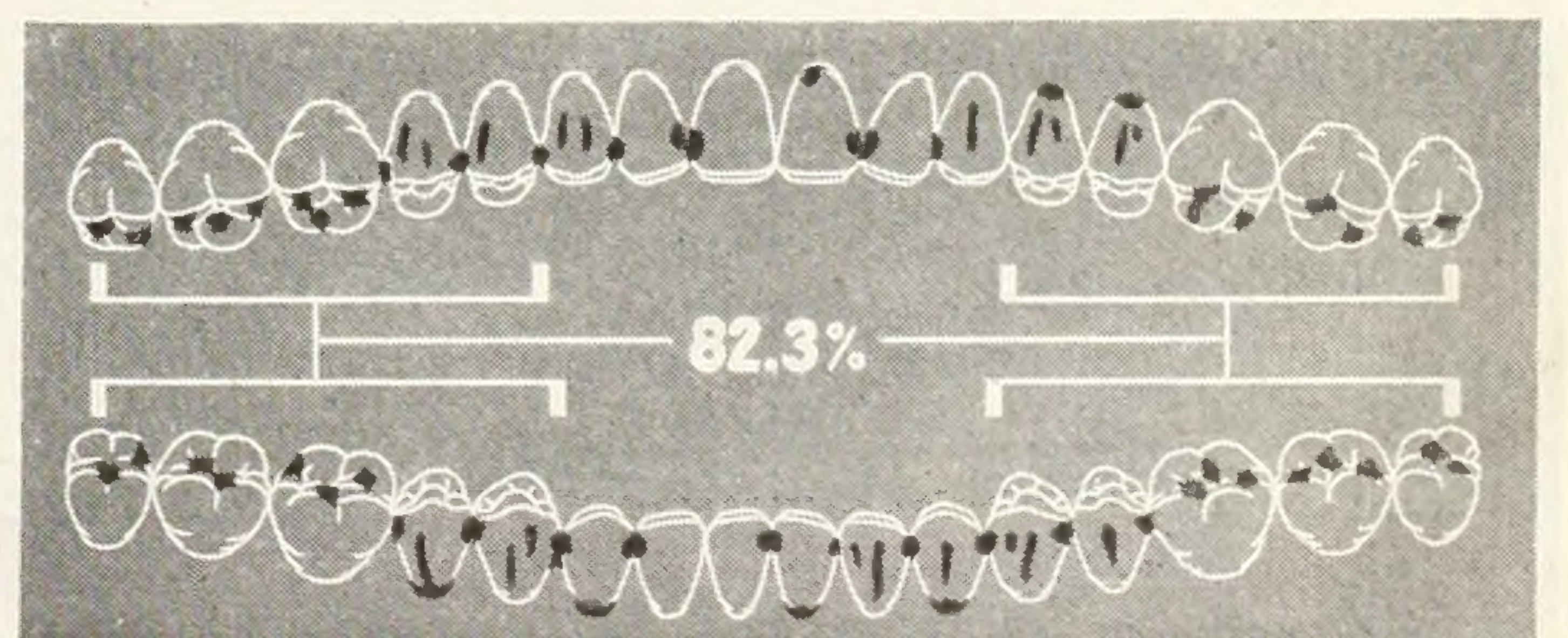
Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly.

Your druggist has this new dentifrice in two economical sizes, Regular 25¢ and Big Double Size containing more than 1/4 lb. of toothpaste for 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



LET A ROSE SHOW YOU WHY
LUSTER-FOAM GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

Dip a rose petal in water, and only a few dew-like drops gather. Its waxy film repels water. Dip the same petal in water containing Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam . . . it comes out *drenched*! Luster-Foam has broken up the film. In much the same way Luster-Foam breaks up tooth film. Then surges into decay spots that lie underneath . . . the tiny pits and cracks where, many authorities state, up to 98% of decay occurs, and which ordinary cleansers, even water, may not penetrate. No wonder Luster-Foam is called a real contribution to dental care!





OUT OF A GREAT BOOK
 . . . Comes A Thrilling
 Dramatic Motion Picture!

"Beautiful Women
 will never let you
 starve, doctor —
 just cultivate a
 bedside manner!"

THE CITADEL

ROBERT DONAT
 Rosalind RUSSELL

IN

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin

with RALPH RICHARDSON

REX HARRISON • EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill

Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams

Produced by Victor Saville

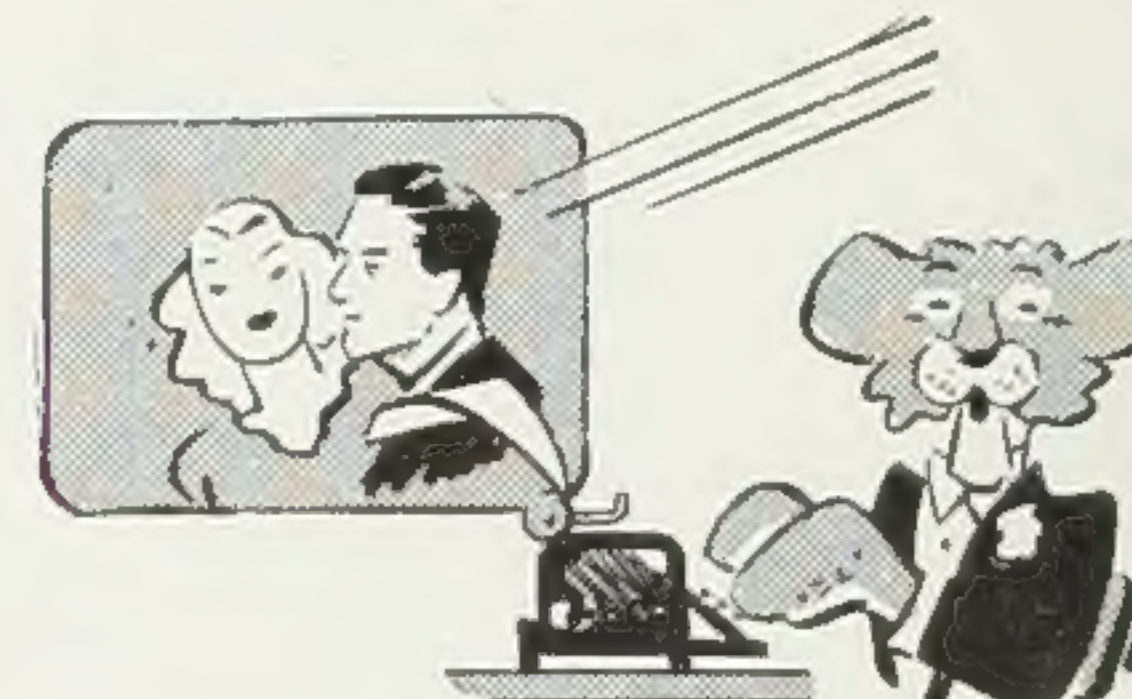
A METRO GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I shouldn't take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers". All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first modern musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

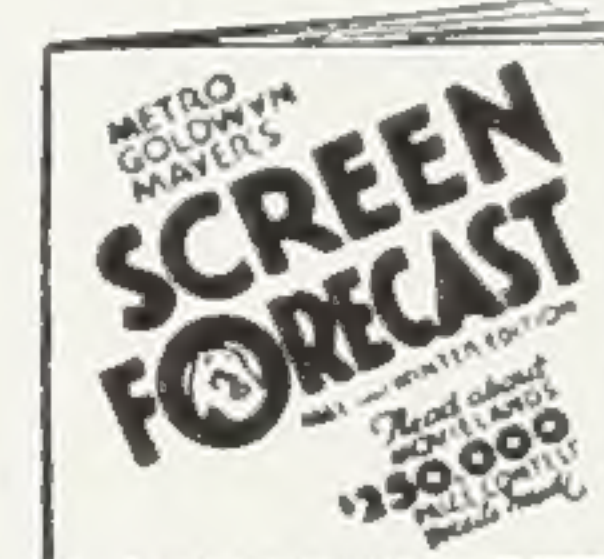
More news about the Fall musical fiesta. "The Great Waltz" is with us anew. Fernand Gravet, Luise Rainer and the greatest coloratura of our time, Miliza Korjus.



I remember when the famous play of that name was running to smash success. It was Broadway's only topic. One of my cubs said yesterday, "Daddy, what did you do during 'The Great Waltz'?"

★ ★ ★ ★

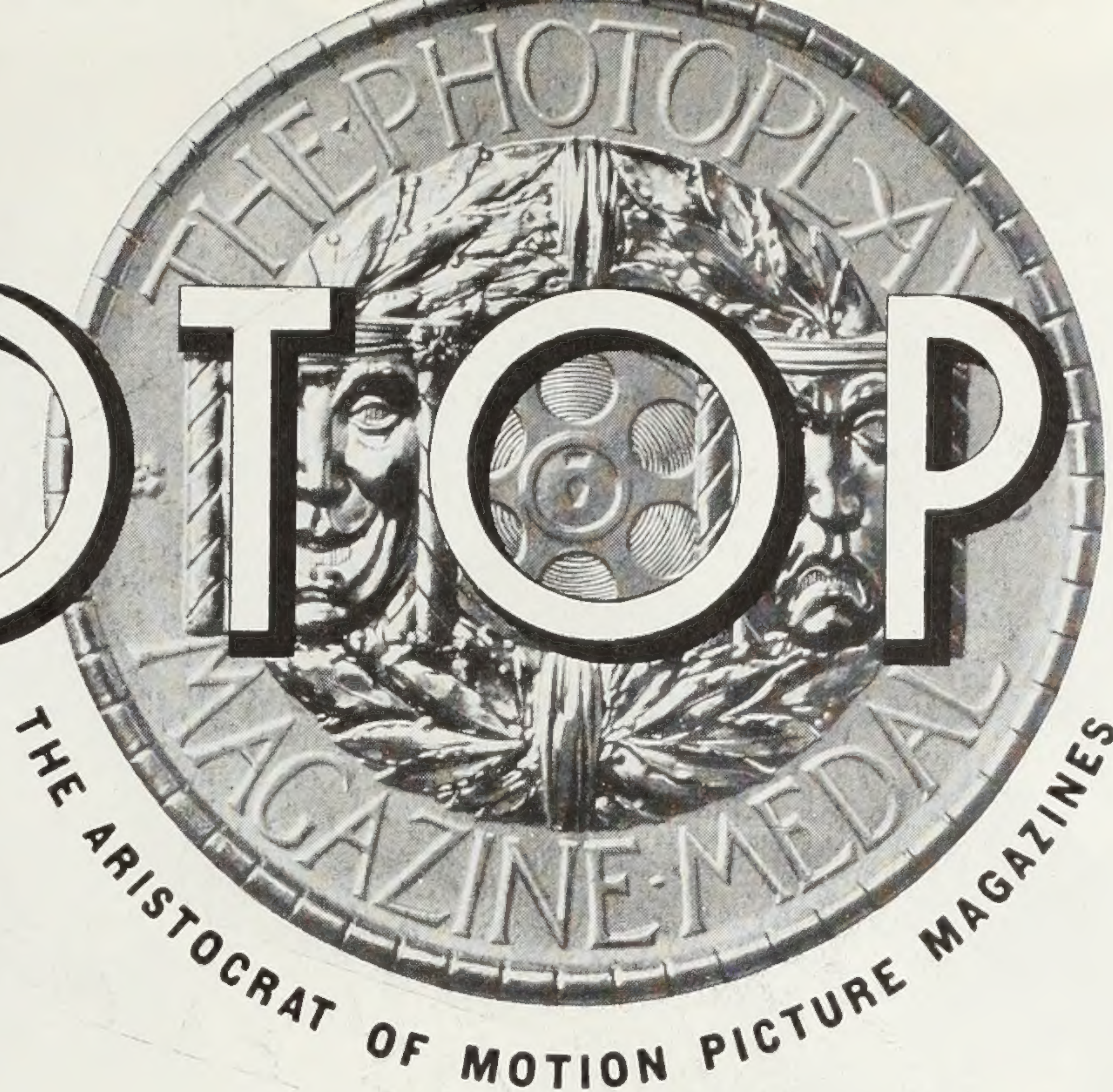
And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little booklet, "The Screen Forecast", M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!



Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

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ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Tyrone Power, Natural Color Photograph by George Larkin of the Macfadden Studio

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BOOS AND

Bouquets

Nancy Kelly—newcomer of the month. Can she live up to the barrage of publicity from the studio that made stars of Alice Faye and Sonja Henie, or will she become another of their Simone Simons?

FIRST PRIZE—\$25.00

THE WINNER!

HOLLYWOOD! A flat little city against a background of hills, all palm trees, sunshine and suburbanlike buildings. It is an artificial place with—surprise—most average human beings. They Rede, Rite and Spel perfectly, and just loooove babies! Giants at gardening, terrors at tennis, sharks at swimming, he-mannish at hiking, rodeolike at riding—I give up. Perfection on a platter!

City of two-tone sports shoes and plaid sports coats; where men are men under their rainbow clothes and smoked glasses and no boy admits to being under six feet in height.

City of golden opportunities and backslaps—shop girl today, star tomorrow; playing for money today, walking the streets tomorrow. Lots of money tumbling in and falling into willing laps; lots of people giving glitter in exchange for it, more still begging for it. A gigantic Monte Carlo—quarter million productions on a roulette wheel! Smiles! They overrun the place. Too perfect teeth between emphasized lips gleaming whitely in the streets, in the studios, in the restaurants. Smiles without meaning, smiles of the face—not the heart. A world

in which only the star gleams and shows her home, her clothes, her food, her husband, her lavish garden, her “secrets.”

It is a place where people live to be seen and yet manage to live easily; informality in clothes, entertaining, homes, speech; where food is important; where a freak hair-do or a brand-new neckline may put a little-known cutie on the front page and under producers’ noses.

Hollywood! Girls in lovely swim suits (without benefit of water); tweed and pipe pictures of rugged manlies, so human they might be your boy friends; dresses so startling and unreal; autograph books, false eyelashes and bare backs; flashlight snapshots, beauty and grooming to order; Yuma elopements; how to be friends though divorced; orchids and furs—Wonder World, dripping glamour, glamour, glamour. . . .

JOHN F. KENYON,
Brisbane, Australia.

PHOTOPLAY ANNOUNCES

BEGINNING with the January issue, prizes will no longer be awarded for letters appearing on this page. Unfortunately, some readers have not played fair, inasmuch as they have submitted and accepted checks for letters which have won prizes for them in other magazines. On the other hand, many readers have looked upon this as a contest department and thus failed to send in their candid opinions. It is our aim to give the public a voice in expressing its likes and dislikes concerning the film industry. We welcome your views. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

“THERE IS NO BAD BOY”

M-G-M scores again! “Boys Town” is filled with heart-stirring emotion and human interest. I have followed the careers of both Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney with much interest. I believe that their performances should win the Academy Award for 1938 and set a goal for the other studios. If the officials of studios could have stood in the foyer of the Grand Theater last night and heard the enthusiastic, sincere statements made by the well-represented group of patrons, there would be no doubt about Mr. and Mrs. Theater-Goer’s choice of subject matter.

We are surrounded by people who are underprivileged by environment and poverty. We read the press reports of why this man led a life of crime, why this youngster was sentenced to reform school; in every case his life was predestined by an adolescent life in the slums. What do we do about it? Nothing, absolutely nothing. We accept it as part of life’s drama.

If “Boys Town” will be an inspiration to some of America’s reform clubs, the picture will have served a twofold purpose. A similar project would set off the cap and explode the disillusionment of life for underprivileged boys. More success to these two versatile screen stars who take their parts and live them. Three cheers for Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy. “There is no bad boy!”

FRED B. PARKER, JR.
Atlanta, Georgia.
(Continued on page 89)



It's Hollywood legend that Darryl Zanuck, guiding genius of 20th Century-Fox, has best luck in developing male stars. So, opposite his latest protégé, Richard Greene, Nancy was cast in "Submarine Patrol," top. Then came the plum of the season—leading lady to Power's "Jesse James"

DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN...

HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps — whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance...conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!



Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources... Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!

THIS IS ONE OF THE
MOVIE QUIZ
\$250,000.00
CONTEST
PICTURES

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer
Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and
Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan



With her flair for comedy, Livvie de Havilland makes a clean sweep of Warners' "Hard to Get"

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood points an amused finger at itself with Jack Oakie (lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor) playing press agent to a falling star, Lucille Ball. Ruth Donnelly and Fritz Feld manage to make some of the situations highly amusing. (Oct.)

★ ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists

Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if slow-paced melodrama of the life and loves of a jewel thief in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it's the sheer lovely sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr which will get you ga-ga. (Sept.)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

Though overly sentimental in spots, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter manage to make this modern story of illegitimacy believable and human. Johnny Russell, the little boy who awakens his mother's love after years of separation, steals the show and emerges a child star who will bear watching. Women will go for this. (Sept.)

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets in deeper this time with a family who becomes rich over night and can't take it. When they become stranded on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual wit, foils the crooks and brings her family back to earth. (Nov.)

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warners

Though Eddie Robinson ostensibly is a Park Avenue physician, he doesn't lose touch with the underworld. To obtain data for a medical treatise, he joins a gang of crooks headed by Humphrey Bogart, sinister as ever. Director Litvak, Robinson himself, Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (Sept.)

ARMY GIRL—Republic

Madge Evans is the love interest and justifies the title of this film. Otherwise it is not too accurate a picture of the boys in khaki at a military post. Jealousy between Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams leads to the murder of (Colonel) H. B. Warner. Who done it? (Oct.)

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junior and Sissy go by themselves to this Tom Sawyerish vagary about crooks and smart-alec brats, as the vapid dialogue and awkward acting of the adult actors would make a parent laugh at the wrong moment. The kids composing the cast (Jackie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Bradley Metcalf) are happily chosen and do well. (Nov.)

BLOCK HEADS—Hal Roach—M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick with a cleaver. Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years not knowing the War was ended, emerges to visit his pal Hardy, married to Minna Gombell. The fun is immediately on. (Pat Ellis is wasted.) (Nov.)

★ BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners

This cinema plug for, and satire on, Hollywood is as happy and hilarious a diversion as the stage play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the home roost, it tells of two screwball writers (Pat O'Brien is the other) who utilize the baby of a dumb waitress (Marie Wilson) to build up a Western star. The millennium is here! (Oct.)

★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys near Omaha, Nebraska by Monsignor E. J. Flanagan, this depicts the triumph of one man's faith in Providence and human nature. Spencer Tracy gives a brilliant interpretation of Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney runs a close second as the incorrigible *Whitley*. Hollywood should be proud of such a picture. (Nov.)

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old figure-skater Irene Dare make her screen debut in this latest of Bobby Breen's singing pictures. Bobby, at this point a Mennonite, runs away from the colony, joins an ice skating troupe. Dolores Costello is nicely saccharine as Bobby's mother. (Nov.)

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★ CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Fred is a psychoanalyst, Ginger is his patient. Over all their antics, and the best dance routines the couple has ever invented, soar the lovely lilting melodies of Irving Berlin's latest songs. Guaranteed to put you in a gay mood. (Nov.)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty sordid plot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dennis O'Keefe is the shyster, Lewis Stone his drunken stooge doctor; John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (Oct.)

CITY STREETS—Columbia

There are a few chuckles in this hokum story of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows) befriended by the local grocer (Leo Carrillo). She regains the use of her legs in time to totter to his sickbed—the picture's a bit sick, too. (Sept.)

★ CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through—a champion—in this lusty tale of the prize ring which surrounds him with crooked managers, a drunken father (Frank Morgan), who sells him down the river, and Maureen O'Sullivan for whose love he finally gives up his fistic career. Darned fine. (Oct.)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of fuss made when Marian Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of the "ideal girl" painted by Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone fights to get it back. Margaret Tallichet is lovely as Marion's sister; Novarro is as sincere as ever. Don't break your neck. (Oct.)

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists

An amazingly dramatic story of a British regiment on the Northwest Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Sabu (of "Elephant Boy") appears as the little Indian rajah whose friendship for a Scotch drummer saves the day for England. Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, Desmond Tester, Valerie Hobson are all exceptional. (Oct.)

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

A wabbly imitation of the gay-banter-Thin-Mannish school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tracking the murderer of a fence who purloins their first editions. Excuse us for yawning. (Sept.)

★ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners

In Fannie Hurst's touching, dramatic story of the four *Lemp* girls' search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characterization of the dour musician who marries Priscilla Lane is a high spot of the year; Priscilla, who does the finest work of her career; and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphatically a "discovery." Important. (Oct.)

★ FOUR'S A CROWD—Warners

Errol Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn into a fine comedian (hoo-ray) as a press-relations counsel, whitewashing millionaires. Rosalind Russell is a top-flight newspaper woman on Pat Knowles' paper; Olivia de Havilland is a giggly daughter of Wall Streeter Walter Connolly. You'll find out who loves whom and, in the interim, you'll find crack entertainment. (Oct.)

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This college film has an unusual twist—no football game! Instead, it deals with a student group who institute "flunk insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dixie Dunbar is the chorus-girl co-ed, William Lundigan, the freshe leader. Ernest Truex is good as the professor who goes jitterbug. (Nov.)

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this rises no higher than its aims. The story deals with a Hollywood stooge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much here to cheer over. (Nov.)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners

The real Garden is the famous Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the hard-boiled manager and John Payne as the bandleader whose love for Margaret Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music. Good. (Oct.)

GATEWAY—20th Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets sidetracked into a shipboard hash soap opera. Arleen Whelan is the Irish lass traveling to America, Don Ameche is a war correspondent, Binnie Barnes, a grass widow and Gregory Ratoff, a phoney Russian prince. They do get to Ellis Island, though! (Oct.)

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warners

The lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the primrose path, yet both land in prison. Attorney Ronald Reagan finally unravels the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (Nov.)

(Continued on page 8)

These are the

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get—until they get me!"



PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"



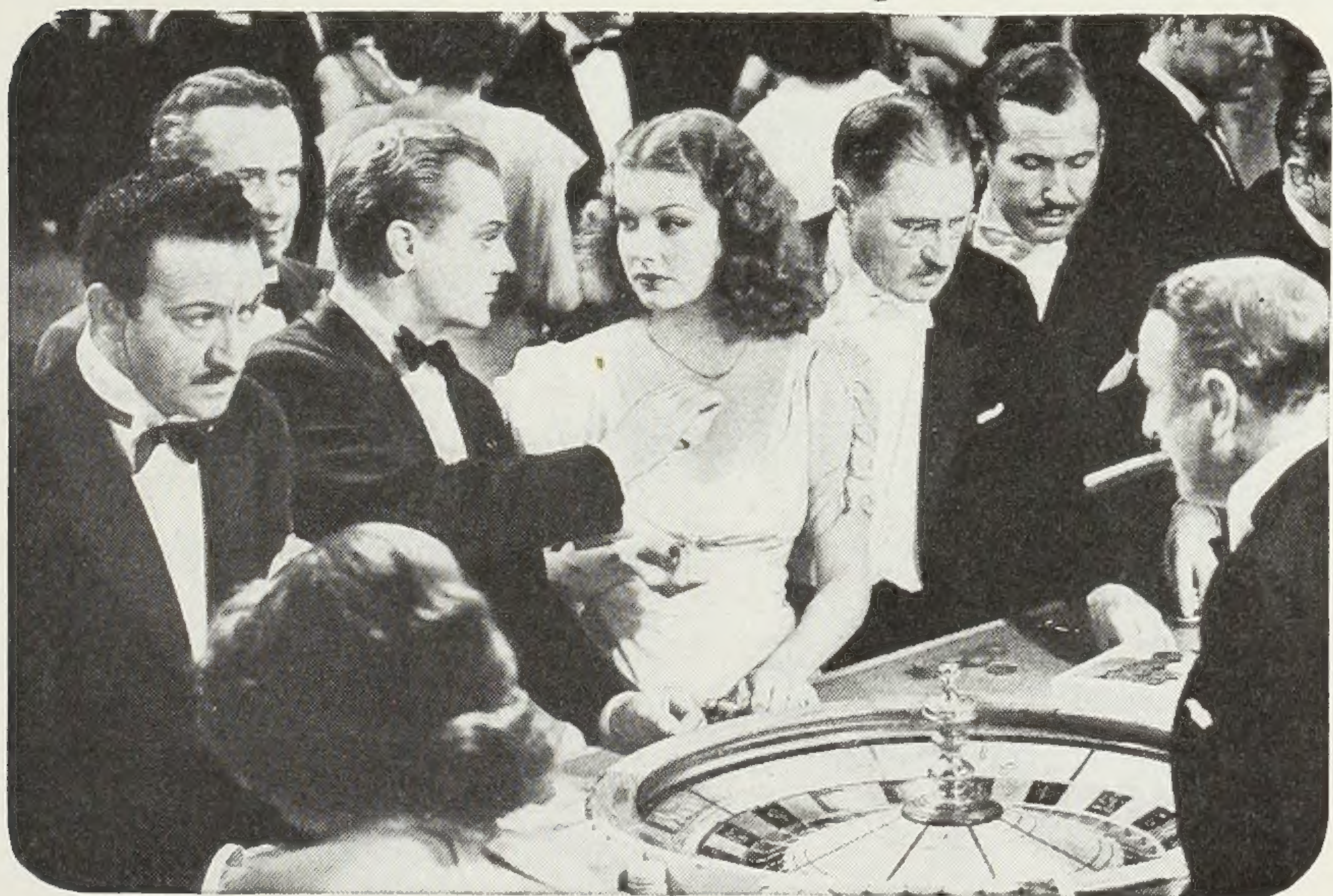
THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as Themselves . . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!



HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"



ANN SHERIDAN as Laury . . . "I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"



Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From
A First National Picture



Directed by Michael Curtiz
a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner
Presented by WARNER BROS.

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★ GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount

Martha Raye's first film as a glamour girl turns out to be very hilarious—the funniest scene being Martha's efforts with a mud pack. She is not getting away from slapstick very fast. She loves Jack Whiting, but Jack loves Betty Grable, and Bob Hope loves Martha. They all get somebody. (Oct.)

GLADIATOR, THE—Columbia

This time Joe E. Brown wins \$1500 in a bank night, goes to college, tries out for the team with the help of a professor who injects him with a new serum which gives Joe superman strength. Then the riot starts. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help in the hilarity. For Brown fans. (Nov.)

★ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

Revised considerably from the play of the same name, this remains a highly amusing human story. Dramatizing the desire of the business gal for summer romance, it takes Ginger Rogers from the Bronx to a mountain camp where she meets Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a lawyer-to-be waiting on tables for his tuition. Cupid takes a hand then. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT CO-ED—20th Century-Fox

The first of the fall football collegiate musicals, this is good if giddy entertainment. John Barrymore (swell) is the governor who wages his campaign on the gridiron; Coach George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver provide the romance; Joan Davis and Jack Haley add the comedy. (Nov.)

★ I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"Give 'em Dewey" is Hollywood's latest clarion call. Here you get a film translation of the N. Y. attorney in the person of Edward G. Robinson, who takes on the job of cleaning up a city in his usual cyclonic style. Otto Kruger is suave as the vice baron, Wendy Barrie top-notch as a "moll." (Nov.)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter is a rich man fed up with false friends. He becomes a tramp hoping to be loved for himself. Marjorie Weaver, an American member of a French circus, takes him under her wing. She gets the million. Not so good for the audience, fine for Marjorie. (Oct.)

I'M FROM THE CITY—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner is none too funny in this silly story of a fellow who is afraid of horses, yet is a marvelous equestrian when hypnotized by the circus manager. Richard Lane and Lorraine Krueger are in the cast. Some of the complications are amusing enough. (Oct.)

KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers escapes from her snobbish girls' school, hitchhikes West, discovers her favorite uncle, a Hollywood director, has taken to the bottle. With the help of secretary Gloria Stuart, Jane reforms uncle, crashes the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (Sept.)

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

Imagine Alison Skipworth as Mayor in a racketeer-ridden city. Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. Then imagine what happens to the gangsters! Robert Livingston and Virginia Grey carry the romance in this roundelay of fun. (Sept.)

★ LETTER OF INTRODUCTION—Universal

All the elements of a fine picture, comedy, drama and pathos are here, plus guess who? Charlie (such a sly cuss) McCarthy. Andrea Leeds is the aspiring ingenue who has a letter to an aging matinee idol, Adolphe Menjou. Before he can bring her promised stardom, tragedy stalks, but she has fallen in love with George Murphy before the climax. Swell. (Oct.)

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Little Miss Temple skips happily between an orphanage run by Jane Darwell, and a boarding-house for broken-down vaudevillians run by Edward Ellis, and keeps your interest in her delightful talents sparkling throughout her latest picture. George Murphy's dance routines are expert; Phyllis Brooks is the light love interest. Another bull's-eye for Shirley. (Sept.)

★ LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal

There's no indication that the "Dead End" brats have gone "raffened" in Hollywood. Back at their tough tricks, they focus all your attention on them in this heart-rending story of a middle-class family's impoverishment and subsequent decline to crime. Reform school again points a moral, but even if you know the story you must see these amazing youngsters do their stuff. (Sept.)

★ LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney; this is his triumph. His true-to-life adolescent yearnings over Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Ann Rutherford will renew your youth. The rest of the *Hardy* family are intact, too: Father Lewis Stone, Mother Fay Holden, Daughter Cecilia Parker. Everybody go. (Oct.)

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic

It's warbling Gene Autry to the rescue when real estate sharks take over a ghost town. Carol Hughes does little but look pretty, Sally Payne is funny, Smiley Burdette is around as Autry's aide. Lots of cowboy heroics. (Nov.)

★ MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You don't need our advice about this magnificent effort to make you happily, if weepily, sentimental over the young Queen of France who lost her head in 1793. Norma Shearer is superb. Tyrone Power, as her lover, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and too many to mention are simply elegant. Yellow orchids to this. (Oct.)

MEET THE GIRLS—20th Century-Fox

We are told that June Lang and Lynn Bari are going to romp through a series of pictures of which this is the first. Here, the gals, bent on adventure, become stowaways, get involved in a jewel robbery. (Boy, is that a plot?) Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes support. (Oct.)

MISSING GUEST, THE—Universal

What goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors close with no one around, thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, wanders around murmuring proverbs while solving a murder. Of all the nonsensical pictures, this takes the biscuit. (Nov.)

MR. CHUMP—Warners

Johnnie "Scat" Davis very ably carries the whole load of this little amusement about an unemployed trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Alas, it works on paper, but not in dollars and cents. Lola Lane and Penny Singleton are the femmes. (Oct.)

MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A slightly dragging film, not the best of the *Moto* series. Peter Lorre this time prevents the destruction of Great Britain's fleet by Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her delineation of a crook's "moll." Just another movie. (Oct.)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—RKO-Radio

A faithful rendition of an American classic. You may find it a bit too sentimental, this story of a poor widow (Fay Bainter) who takes in boarders, and the antics of her family (Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Jackie Moran and a delightful tot, Donnie Dunagan) when their livelihood is about to be taken from them. James Ellison is the girls' beau. (Oct.)

MY BILL—Warners

The big idea in this business of motherhood and sacrifice is that Kay Francis (of all people) is the doting mama of four kiddies ranging from adolescent, bratty Bonita Granville to little Dickie Moore. Dickie is O.K., saves the family fortune and the picture, too. (Sept.)

MY LUCKY STAR—20th Century-Fox

A too mediocre college film, until Sonja Henie gets on the ice—then the screen becomes magic. English Richard Greene (his accent is impossible) is her beau ideal; Cesar Romero is again a playboy caught in the clutches of gold-digger Louise Hovick. See this for Sonja's lovely ballet and for her smiling self. (Nov.)

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

If you enjoy suspense well seasoned with slapstick, here you have it. Stuart Irwin plans his usual dokey-dope rôle as the husband of a Latin dancer, Joan Woodbury, who marries him to escape deportation. Gangsters step in to complicate the sit-see-ashun. (Sept.)

PROFESSOR, BEWARE!—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

After all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies, and, amazingly enough, its gags seem a little bewhiskered with age. He plays a professor of Egyptology, decides he's the reincarnation of *Nefaris*, gets mixed up with the police, has a light romance with pretty newcomer Phyllis Welch. You'll see it because it is Lloyd's. (Sept.)

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A surprise awaits you who expect just another movie and find here a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, a poor girl—but proud. Lew Ayres, as the complaining cousin, is priceless and Lana Turner looks button-cute. (Nov.)

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A stirring little action-drama, second in the series of sports-adventure pictures dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Armetta is again the garrulous, lovable *Papa Gambini*. Thomas Beck, Henry Arthur and Joan Valerie round out the cast. (Nov.)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Universal

Hope Hampton looms as a new screen personality who sings divinely, looks ditto. The story is a satire on divorce in a Nevada setting with Randy Scott as the rancher husband who teaches his changeable wife a good lesson in matrimony. Glenda Farrell, Helen Broderick and Alan Marshal are able support. (Nov.)

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—Monogram

Sincerity and simplicity give charm to this Gene Stratton-Porter story of poor white trash of 1905. Jean Parker is lovely as the swamp girl whose aunt forces her into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden, Marjorie Main and Betty Blythe, the silent queen, do nicely. (Sept.)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

The *Jones* family in one of the fastest comedies in the series. June Carlson wins a radio contest; *Ma Jones* then goes on the air, swindlers step in, the clan goes to her support and wonderful things happen till you are pretty hysterical. The usual cast. (Nov.)

★ SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—M-G-M

For the second time this year Margaret Sullavan and soldiers make a marvelous combination. Jimmy Stewart is the gangling, idealistic cowboy whom Maggie, a hard-shelled chorine, marries when he's sent overseas because she wishes his dream of

her to remain unbroken. Walter Pidgeon is her jealous manager. Fine drama definitely worth seeing. (Sept.)

SKY GIANT—RKO-Radio

Capitalizing on the excitement incident to aviation headlines, this turns out to be an anemic run-of-the-mill flying picture crammed with pseudo-thrills. Chester Morris and Richard Dix are the two pilots, of course, in love with the same dame, Joan Fontaine, who is certainly pretty. So-So. (Oct.)

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO-Radio

A thinly veiled character study of Prosecutor Dewey of New York (who said "no soap" when asked permission to use his name), this takes Chester Morris into gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Bruce Cabot and Frances Mercer. P.S. The racket is smashed. (Oct.)

★ SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expected every man to do his (acting) duty and he certainly did! The story concerns the members of a county council and the reaction of their personal loves on their public acts during a political battle. Ralph Richardson, John Clements, Edna Best (Herbert Marshall's wife) are all excellent. Don't miss this. (Sept.)

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

A high-spirited tale of friendship between two men (Henry Fonda and George Raft) in the days of fierce fishermen feuds in the salmon waters of Alaska, this is sometimes an epic, often an error. Louise Campbell and Dot Lamour are "the women," but Slicker, the seal, steals the show. The photography and fight scenes are superb—so is John Barrymore. (Nov.)

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

Rowdy fun with the race tracks and the gents who pick the ponies. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey whose pet is sold to the mounted police; Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent foil of a bunch of crooks. Surprise, surprise, the horsey wins! (Sept.)

TENTH AVENUE KID—Republic

Cops and robbers are played again with Bruce Cabot, surprisingly on the side of the law. You'll remember Tommy Ryan, a youthful newcomer, who is finally persuaded by Cabot that there is no gain in guns. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with the policeman. (Nov.)

★ TEXANS, The—Paramount

The marvelous hokum of Indian raids, stampedes, blizzards and dust storms which beset a Texas family on a trek to Kansas with 10,000 head of cattle after the Civil War, is spectacularly effective here. Joan Bennett and Randy Scott are too, too dewey-eyed to make their romance exciting but May Robson as the grandma is splendid. (Oct.)

★ THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

All the ingredients in this pie are A-No. 1. It offers Bob Montgomery as an author, his old time rôle as sophisticate, Janet Gaynor as the naïve little country wench whom he falls in love with on a lecture tour. Franchot Tone is a playboy publisher, also nuts about Janet. The dialogue is particularly good and all the principals are at their best. (Nov.)

TIME OUT FOR MURDER—20th Century-Fox (formerly "Meridian 7-1212")

The plot revolves around the New York telephone exchange which gives the correct time. It all fits in with a newsman's idea of who committed what murder when. Michael Whalen is nicely competent as the journalist; Gloria Stuart plays hob with his heart. (Sept.)

★ VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—Warners

Buttressed with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of fistic encounters, Peter B. Kyne's rugged story of the California redwoods adds up thus—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and Claire Trevor play their straightforward rôles in character. Worth seeing. (Nov.)

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—20th Century-Fox

Second of the roving-reporter series, this again has Michael Whalen scoring as the flip-crack newsman solving murders. Harold Huber, a practical-joke minded, night-club man is a riot; Joan Woodbury and Jean Rogers sing and dance delightfully to round up things in a snappy way. (Nov.)

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

Gail Patrick is the wife under fire; Warren William her obstinate district attorney husband who discovers in his own home an exact parallel of a situation which drove Ralph Morgan to murder. The cast is fine, the material stodgy. (Sept.)

★ WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated and charming trio in this modern tale of divorce and remarriage. Its setting is a small town, always good opportunity for homely comedy and recognizable happenings. Juanita Quigley is the child torn between devotion to both parents. (Sept.)

★ YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia

Frank Capra has miraculously transferred the daffy doings of *Grandpa Vanderhof* from the stage to the screen. An appealing love story, a subtle commentary on American life filled with delicious humor, a slick job of casting and acting—what more do you want? Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Jimmy Stewart, Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer—each is beautiful. (Nov.)

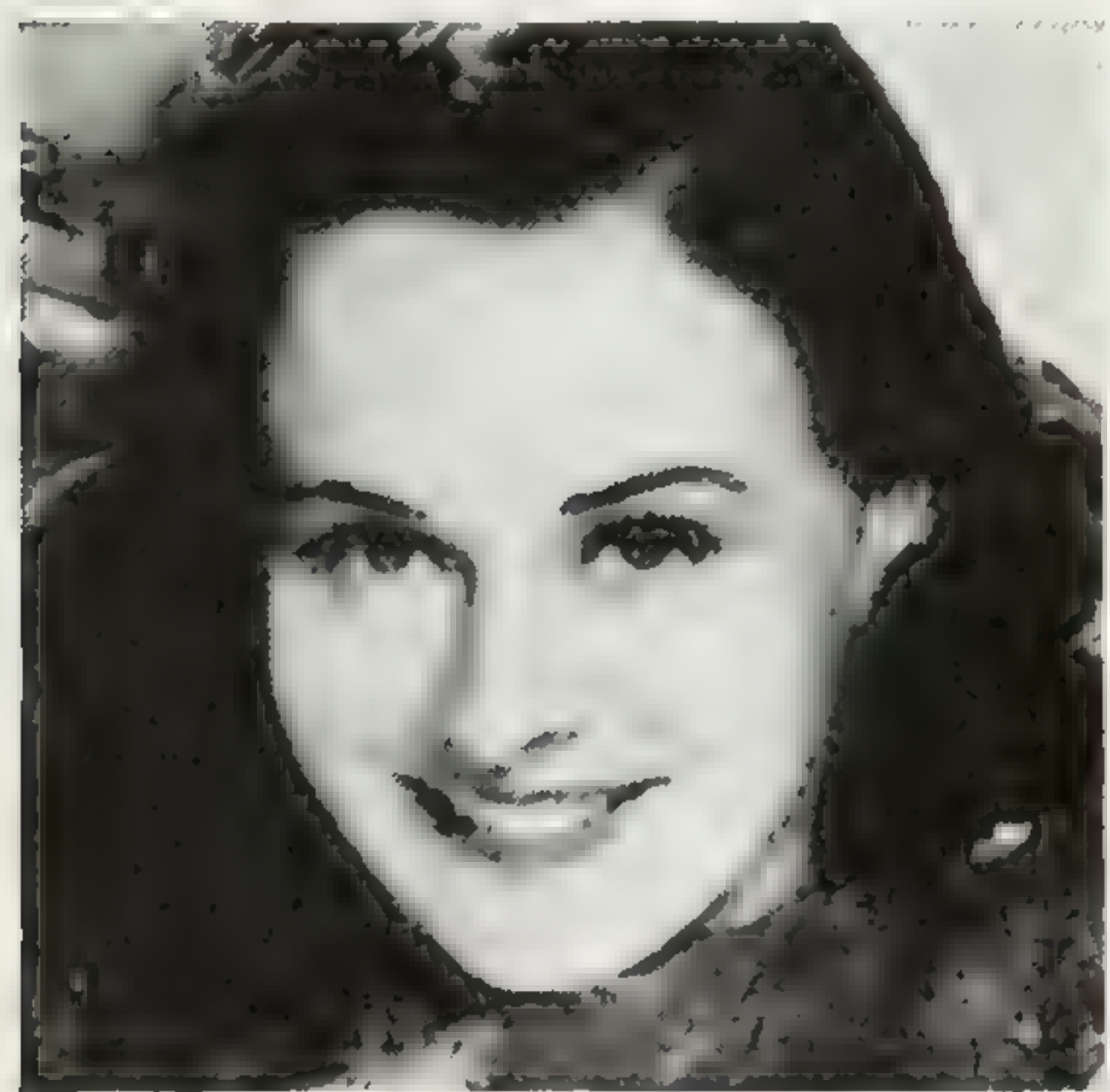
7 GREAT PERSONALITIES



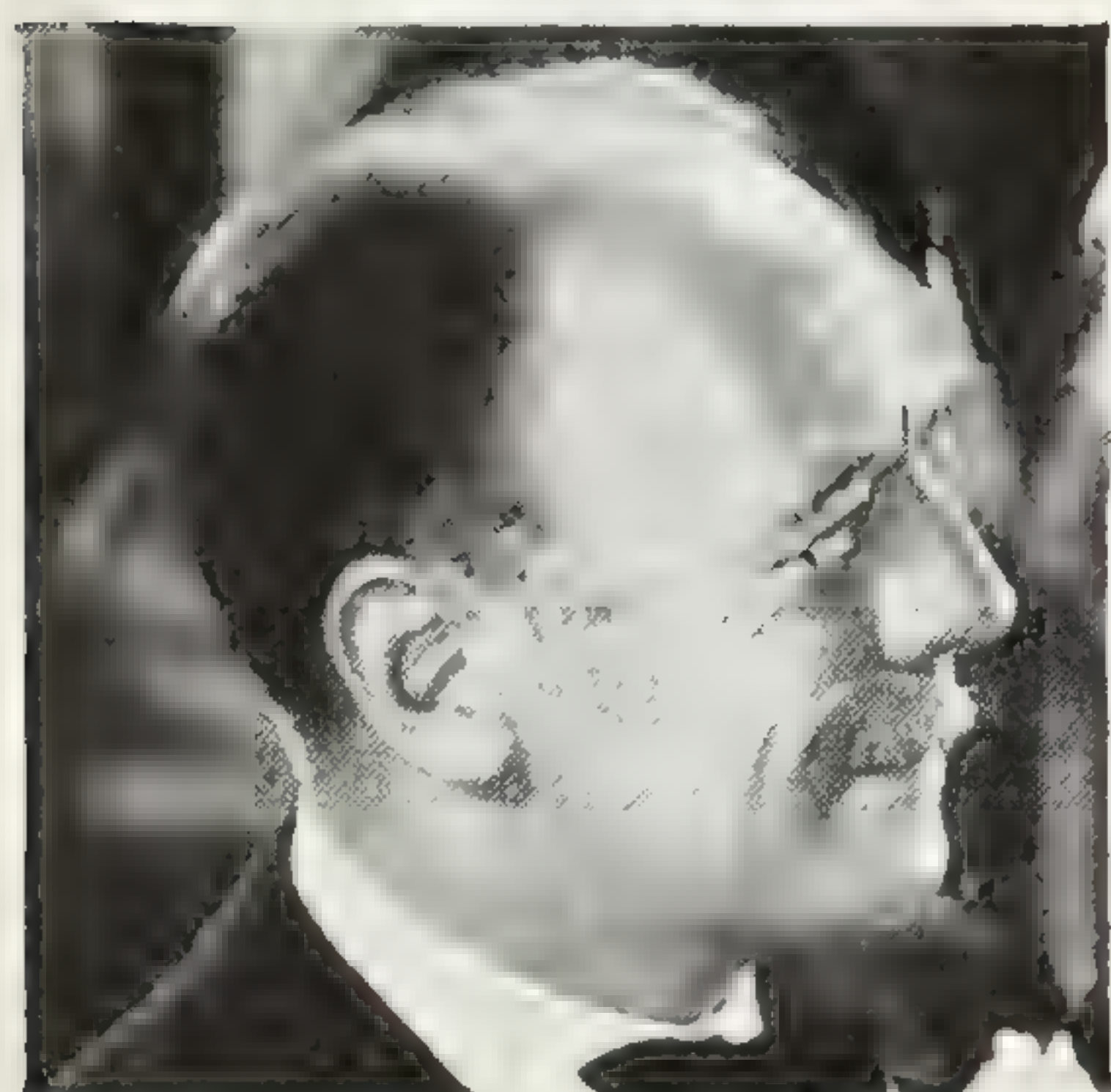
JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"



PAULETTE GODDARD
In her talking debut



ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"



BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs. Topper"

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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
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in
THE YOUNG IN HEART
with
ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson *Directed by Richard Wallace*
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. Released thru United Artists



RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality



MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance



From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by J. A. R. Wylie



Dorothy Lamour radiates health and glamour and her beauty routine will help you in your own problems

PHOTOPLAY'S

own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



Step by step, Dotty takes you on the route that goes to make up the finished product she is on the screen

ONE DAY OF (G)LAMOUR—Have you ever wondered just what is the beauty routine of a glamour girl? That is, all the things she does to make herself glamorous—what she eats, what exercise she takes, how she cares for her skin and her hair and how she applies her make-up? You know certain details about almost every star, but how about taking one and learning everything about her—everything that goes to make up the finished product you see on the screen? Personally, I thought it was a good idea. I hope you do, too, and that this information will be of some help to you in solving your personal problems.

It started this way. Being an incurable set-haunter, I was at Paramount Studios and wandered onto the set of "St. Louis Blues." There was Dorothy Lamour in a (surprise!) sarong. She plays the part of a Broadway actress who can't do anything on the stage but wear a sarong. It seems that she's dying to get out of it, so she manages to land a job on a Mississippi showboat and then all sorts of things happen.

Anyway, Dorothy looked wonderful. The clearness of her skin was obvious even through the heavy make-up she wore; her eyes were bright; her figure was perfect. She radiated health and glamour.

"How do you take care of your face and your

figure?" I asked. "How do you keep looking so glamorous? What is the secret? How about telling me everything you do?"

"Don't go so fast. Where do I start?"

"Suppose you start with when you get up in the morning and tell me everything you do during the day, up to the time you go to bed."

"Okay, here goes," said Dorothy, settling herself more comfortably. "You asked for it.

"**FIRST** thing in the morning, I take a cool shower, never hot, and I taper off the warm water until it's cold. In the winter, I almost freeze to death under the cold water but it certainly stirs up the circulation. Then I give myself a brisk rubbing with a heavy Turkish towel, slap dusting powder all over myself and get dressed.

"Now breakfast. I never diet, although I have to watch my weight so I don't get any thin-

ner. I have a large glass of fruit juice and a cup of coffee. If I'm working, I have breakfast very early, of course, and by ten o'clock I'm hungry again, so then I have something else—another glass of fruit juice, or maybe a cup of warm consommé, or a glass of milk with two egg yolks in it. That's wonderful for you. In the summertime, I have some fruit—a peach or a pear, at ten o'clock."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What do you do to your face in the morning?"

"Well, I wash it with warm water and a bland soap and follow this with a thorough rinsing with cold water. Then I pat on an astringent. After that comes a foundation lotion, which I pat into my skin thoroughly. Incidentally, if you'll try just a dash of ice water over the foundation lotion after it's set, you'll find that it makes the powder stay on much longer. I think brunettes need less make-up than blondes. During the day all I use is a deep rachel powder, a touch of mascara, and lip rouge. The color depends on the dress I'm wearing. And I always match my nail polish with my lip rouge."

You'll note that Dorothy wears no rouge in the daytime. If you are a brunette with clear, smooth skin, you'll find that a brilliant lipstick will accent your coloring and do away with the necessity for rouge.

IT was time for lunch then and we went over to the commissary, where I took careful note of what Dorothy ate. It consisted of a vegetable plate and a cup of tea.

"Sometimes I have an omelet or creamed chicken or something like that," she said. "In the winter I always have a warm dish for lunch; in the summer generally a fruit or vegetable salad."

If Dorothy is hungry again in the afternoon, she'll have something else to eat about four or five o'clock—a cup of tea and small tea sandwiches or crackers.

Continuing on the food question, here's what Dorothy has for dinner. When she is working, it's a very light dinner as she retires shortly after eating. (A gay night life just doesn't exist

(Continued on page 85)

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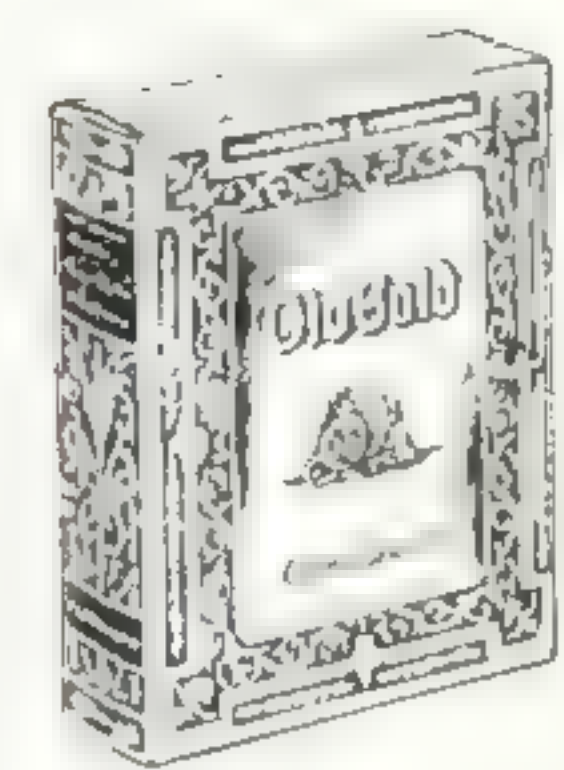


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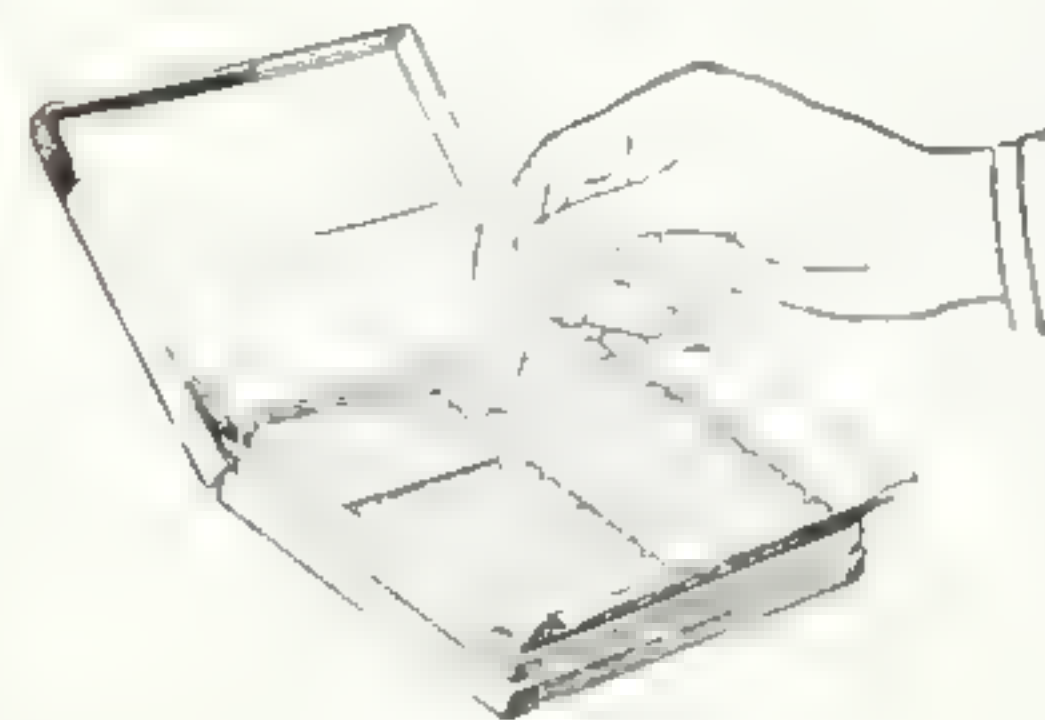
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Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).

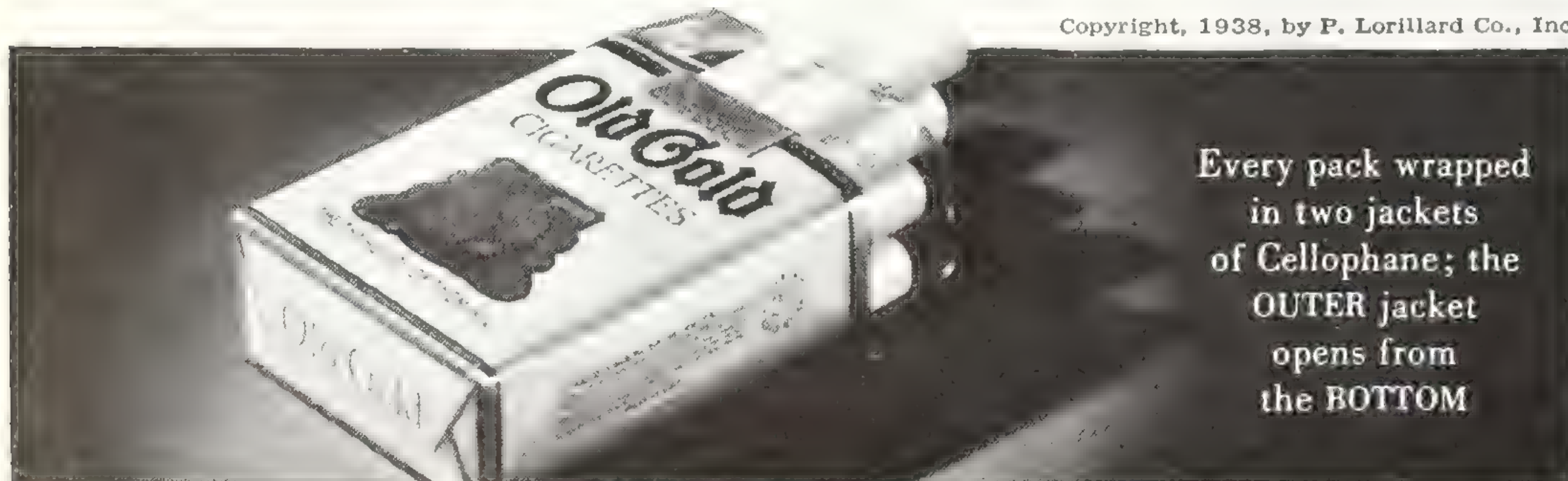


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Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.



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HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

GIVE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 92.

1. This star recently invested \$17,000 in a gold mine, only to discover that it was a phony:

Tyrone Power **Errol Flynn**
Clark Gable **Edward Arnold**

2. To Eddie Cantor goes the credit of "discovering" two of these stars:

Judy Garland **Deanna Durbin**
Bobby Breen **Bobby Jordan**

3. This old-time comedian is making his comeback as Oliver Hardy's new screen partner:

Jack Mulhall **Charles Ray**
Ben Turpin **Harry Langdon**

4. One of these four couples is still happily married:

Jack Oakie and Venita Varden
Frances Dee and Joel McCrea
Margot Grahame and Francis Lister
Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston

5. This actor fought with Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay:

Lionel Barrymore **George Bancroft**
Halliewell Hobbes **C. Aubrey Smith**

6. He is the highest-paid director in Hollywood:

Frank Capra **Frank Lloyd**
Woody Van Dyke **Frank Borzage**

7. This internationally famous dancer will act as technical advisor on the new Astaire-Rogers picture which is based on the story of her life:

Gilda Gray **Yolanda**
Irene Castle **Argentina**

8. This was the first picture to win the Academy Award:

Ben Hur **Cavalcade**
Beau Geste **Wings**

9. She was once a baby star, and is now a leading lady:

Betty Grable **Madge Evans**
Ginger Rogers **Norma Shearer**

10. The child of one of these stars is not adopted; the others have adopted children:

Harold Lloyd **Jack Benny**
Barbara Stanwyck **Irene Dunne**

11. She is a glamour girl, but her real name is Queenie Thompson:

Claudette Colbert **Joan Crawford**
Merle Oberon **Alice Faye**

12. One of these stars will play the title rôle in "Wizard of Oz":

Roland Young **Frank Morgan**
W. C. Fields **Jack Oakie**

13. He's a screen villain, but he raises orchids as a hobby:

Bela Lugosi **Basil Rathbone**
Charles Laughton **Boris Karloff**



Claudette Colbert in "Zaza"

14. This talking picture holds the record for grossing the most money:

"The White Sister"
"Our Dancing Daughters"
"The Sign of the Cross"
"The Singing Fool"

15. During her entire career, this is the only actor who was billed above Garbo:

Ramon Novarro **Herbert Marshall**
Ricardo Cortez **Fredric March**

16. Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter have appeared together in two of these pictures:

"Penthouse" **"The Great Ziegfeld"**
"Broadway Bill" **"Animal Kingdom"**

17. Her first starring vehicle for Warner Bros. on her new two-picture contract will be "We Are Not Alone":

Ann Harding **Irene Dunne**
Ruth Chatterton **Miriam Hopkins**

18. This star recently announced that she had no objection to paying heavy income taxes:

Carole Lombard **Sonja Henie**
Jeanette MacDonald **Bette Davis**

19. Fans rushed at this actress at a preview and jostled her so hard that she fell off the sidewalk, sprained her leg, spent three weeks in a hospital and was unable to do a scheduled picture:

Janet Gaynor **Elizabeth Patterson**
May Robson **Kay Francis**

20. He is an expert cabinetmaker:

Patric Knowles **Joe E. Brown**
Errol Flynn **Edward G. Robinson**



Two kingpin producers, Louis B. Mayer and Darryl Zanuck, with Eddie Cantor



What's behind the revival of "Zaza" with Claudette Colbert and Marshall?

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS BY RUTH WATERBURY



Miss Waterbury (above) tells of exciting things that are going on under the surface in Hollywood and labels Ellen Drew (left), Fred MacMurray's sweetheart in "Sing, You Sinners," a newcomer to watch



ATENTION, please . . . there's something going on under the surface in Hollywood that I think, as devoted moviegoers, you should know about . . . I warn you it isn't as colorful news as the discovery of a new star like Hedy Lamarr . . . (and speaking of new stars I think you should keep your eye on that Ellen Drew girl who was in Crosby's "Sing, You Sinners") . . . but this I can assure you . . . what's going on under the surface in Hollywood right now is bound to have a terrific effect on your future happiness in moviegoing. . . .

Movies seem to be about to break forth with a couple of new experiments in the producing of pictures . . . new blood is, at long last (and about time, too) coming into the producing ranks . . . which should mean things fresh and exciting as contrasted to the mass of indifferent-to-bad pictures that have been released in the last year. . . .

Perhaps you hadn't stopped to realize, being naturally more concerned with stars and their doings, that men like Louis B. Mayer, Samuel Goldwyn, Adolph Zukor, naming only three who control major producing outfits, have been Mister Bigs in the movie business ever since it started . . . Zukor, for example, has been in

there for twenty-seven years and always as a producer . . . younger men have developed in these gentlemen's studios, like the brilliant and lamented Irving Thalberg and the currently brilliant Hunt Stromberg and Lawrence Weingarten . . . but the Mayers, Goldwyns, Zukors have still remained kingpins, having the final word on all products emerging from their individual studios . . . these men have kept admirable stride with the developments in movies but inevitably they have become less young and very rich and thereby pretty far removed from the problems of the young, who always have and undoubtedly always will make up the bulk of the moviegoing audience . . . you have only to recall the record of the two men who have become producers, outside this group, in the last few years, to see how beneficial a thing the entrance of younger men of power is. . . .

These two new, big producers are David Selznick and Darryl Zanuck: Selznick with his "A Star is Born," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Tom Sawyer" and a dozen other terrific hits; Zanuck with his discovery of Power, Henie, Ameche, Alice Faye and the amazing production record of the whole Twentieth Century-Fox studio for which he is responsible. . . .

NOW Myron Selznick, who is the brother of David and, like him, the son of the pioneer movie-maker, Louis J. Selznick, is about to embark on an entirely new and extremely provocative scheme of picturemaking . . . Myron is one of the smartest businessmen anywhere on earth and, like his brother, his heart and soul are tied up with Hollywood . . . up until now he has been an agent . . . a flesh peddler, as they call them in Hollywood . . . but the brand of flesh he peddles is certainly the choicest . . . Carole Lombard and William Powell are representative of the type of actor he represents . . . the writers and producers under contract to him are of similar caliber. . . .

His scheme for producing, very roughly, will work like this . . . a star, a director, a writer from his lists will work together on a film for which Selznick will act as producer . . . all of them will be on a profit-sharing basis so that while the initial costs of the film will not be so high as they are now under regular studio management . . . and they are now colossal . . . the net income, to all concerned, if the picture is successful, will be as great as ever. . . .

The announcement of Myron Selznick's plans
(Continued on page 83)



“Ah

When Ronald Colman, as Francois Villon, poet-rogue, hero of Frank Lloyd's crowning achievement, "If I Were King," makes love gallantly, tenderly to beautiful Frances Dee and Ellen Drew, you'll agree with Jimmie Fidler and all the other Hollywood critics that this is the grandest of screen romances.

Love . . .

IF I WERE KING

The stars would be your
pearls upon a string
The world a ruby for your
finger ring . . ."

Adolph Zukor presents

Ronald Colman

in Frank Lloyd's

"IF I WERE KING"

with Frances Dee • Basil Rathbone

Ellen Drew • C. V. France • Henry Wilcoxon

Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd

Screen Play by Preston Sturges

From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



"Men With Wings". . .
the first aviation picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor, with its flaming romance, its thousands of thrills, its cast of thousands headed by such favorites as Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell, produced and directed by William A. Wellman, who created "Nothing Sacred" and "A Star is Born!"



"Escape From Leavenworth". . .

Paramount's punch-packed adventure yarn, formerly titled "The Last Ride," is now making its first appearances round the country, and if you've not already thrilled to the emotional impact of this thundering story of a man who could tame wild horses but couldn't tame his son, be sure you grab the first opportunity to do so. Critics call this Akim Tamiroff's top role.

**ASK YOUR
LOCAL
THEATRE
when these
Paramount Hits Play**

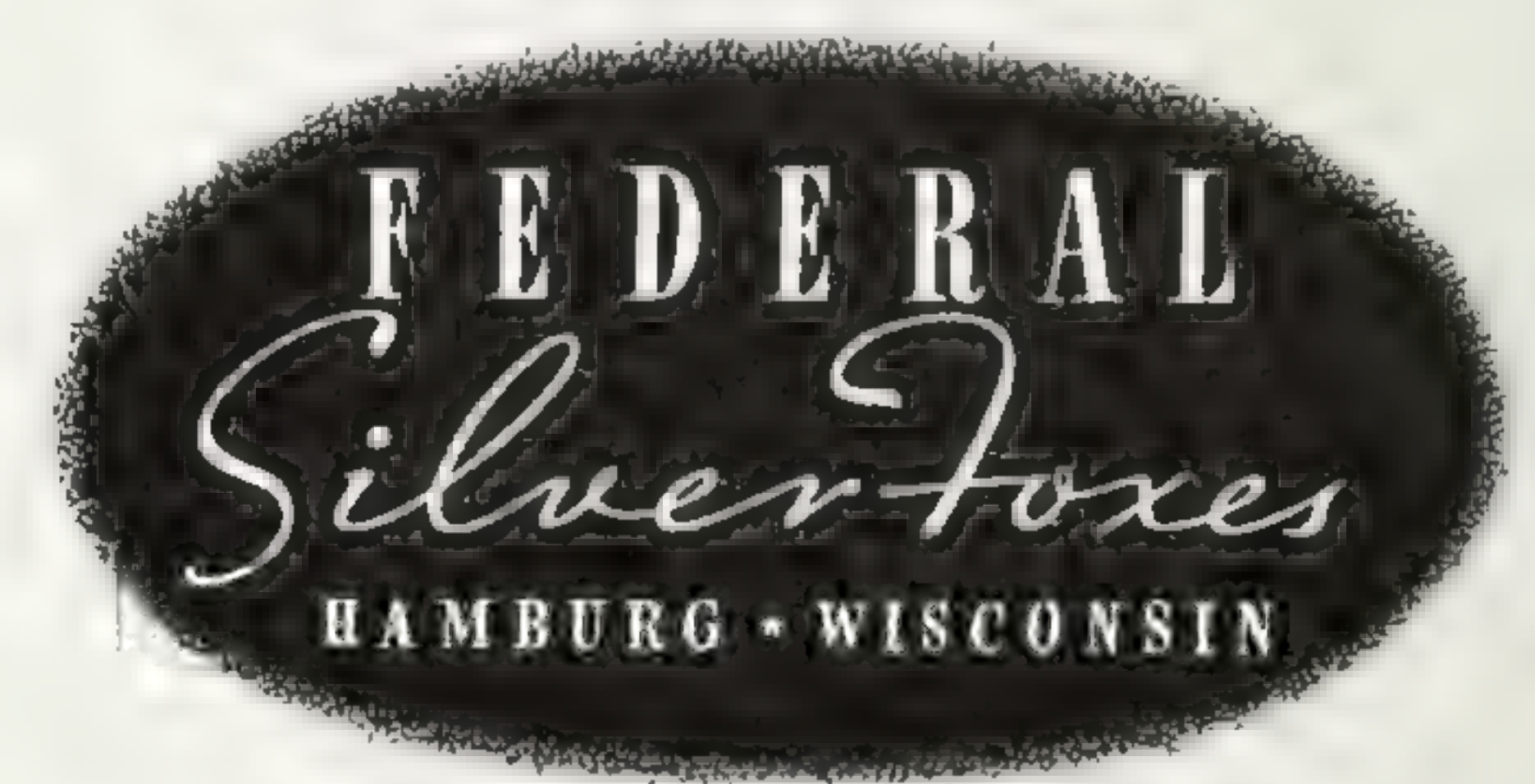




Definitely News

*The fabric...leg-o'-mutton
sleeves...heart-shaped
collar of **FEDERAL FOX***

Fabric, cut and detail are important, but when all is said and done it's the fur on your wool coat that tells the fashion story. That's why you'll want a collar of soft, deep FEDERAL Fox—its silver beauty is the perfect expression of this lavish winter mode. Slip into a FEDERAL-trimmed coat; see how young and flattering it is, as well as chic. You can always tell this smart fur by the FEDERAL name, stamped on the leather side of every genuine FEDERAL pelt. It's your assurance of lasting loveliness. Look for it wherever you select your winter coat. FEDERAL Fox jackets, wraps and scarfs, and FEDERAL-trimmed wool coats are featured by better stores throughout the country.



WHAT HOLLYWOOD IS THINKING

Photoplay dared Hollywood men and women to answer vital questions on virtue, romance, marital adjustments, birth control, divorce. They accepted the challenge. Here are their answers

ILLUSTRATION BY
JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

BY MARIAN RHEA

THIS is a new kind of story about Hollywood. It has nothing to do with the casting of "Gone With The Wind." It is not concerned with Darryl Zanuck's latest "find," nor the sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr, nor the box-office returns on "Snow White." Instead, it describes a remarkable dare which Photoplay made to Hollywood . . . and what happened thereupon.

"We dare you, Hollywood, to put aside your shop talk, your gossip, your glamour tales, your success stories for discussion of something different," Photoplay said. "We dare you to tell us what you think about such human problems as virtue, romance, marital adjustments, birth control and divorce."

And Hollywood accepted the challenge. For Photoplay's benefit (and yours), it discarded reticence, courageously answering as blunt a set of questions as was ever propounded in a filmland interview.

This interview was conducted by means of a questionnaire. Selecting a group representing a large and important percentage of the four hundred stars and other players under contract to various Hollywood studios, Photoplay submitted a copy to each.

"We will keep your identity a secret," Photoplay promised. "In exchange for this anonymity, please be honest."

The result was interesting. More than that,

it was enlightening. It revealed a Hollywood that knows its own mind and how to use it.

THE first half of Photoplay's questionnaire dealt with problems of love and marriage.

The first question was: "Do you believe that all persons should be required by law to submit to a physical examination before marriage?"

Of the women thus questioned, eighty per cent answered yes; while the men agreed unanimously that all persons contemplating marriage not only should be examined beforehand, but prevented from said marriage if found physically or mentally unfit.

"Tough on the individual, maybe, but fine for humanity," one straight-thinking actor wrote. Incidentally, he is a top-ranking star.

"Such a law would act as a warning to youngsters contemplating 'wild oats,'" wrote another.

A third agreed that an examination should be made but suggested sterilization rather than prohibition of marriage as the correct solution.

The comments of the feminine affirmants were much the same.

"Children suffering from hereditary ailments make me want to commit murder," one wrote. "Such a law would lessen these cases."

Many of the twenty per cent who registered against such a plan gave "violation of personal rights" as the reason for their stand.

"The government meddles in personal affairs

Promised that their identities would be kept secret, the stars discard reticence to answer as blunt a set of questions as was ever put before them

too much. To force a self-respecting person—especially a woman—to submit to such an examination would be an outrage," one protested.

A second, a famous star still unmarried, offered this interesting comment: "Please! Leave something to our consciences, lest they rot with disuse!"

"Do you believe in sex instruction before marriage?" was the next question. To it, both men and women made unanimous answer: "Yes!"

"It is sensible and vital to future happiness," one star wrote.

"Yes, it should be compulsory and there would be fewer divorces as a result of such knowledge," wrote a second.

"Yes! If sex were less a bugaboo, we'd all be better off," insisted still another.

"Do you condone an indiscretion before marriage in case of real love?" was Photoplay's next question.

Among the women who answered, sixty-two and one-half per cent said yes; among the men, only fifty per cent. Many made comment—varied, vehement, to the point.

"Certainly I condone it!" wrote one important star. "For one thing, frequently there are family and financial reasons which make it wise to delay legalization of marriage."

Another, a young contract player, qualified her affirmative answer.

"I am glad you say 'condone,'" she wrote. "Yes, I 'condone' it for someone else, but I wouldn't believe in it for myself. If I cared that much for a man, I should want to marry him. And if he didn't care that much for me—well, all I've seen of these 'without benefit of clergy' alliances have been tragic in the end—for the woman."

A third's answer was: "Tolerate, but do not
(Continued on page 89)



At Last! MRS. CLARK GABLE TALKS



BY SARA HAMILTON

"**M**RS. GABLE will hie herself to Reno for a divorce so Clark Gable can marry Carole Lombard in a few weeks."

"Mrs. Gable will not divorce Clark Gable so it looks as if the Gable-Lombard romance must wait."

Over the air, in trade paper blurbs and in daily columns, these announcements have been appearing day after day. Whispers and rumors have also added to the case against Ria Gable, wife of Clark Gable.

Feeling there must be a misunderstanding on the public's part, we sought out a friend of Mrs. Gable's.

"Can these stories be true?" we asked. "Is it

possible a charming woman like Ria Gable could be standing in the way of Clark's happiness?"

"Come with me," the friend said. "I want you to know Ria Gable and I think you'll find the answer to your questions."

And so, one September afternoon, we found ourselves in the charming Gable home and, in this exclusive story to *PHOTOPLAY*, the only one ever given to any writer, Mrs. Gable told us this story.

"**T**HE question of divorce has never arisen between us," Mrs. Gable said. "Mr. Gable has never discussed the issue with me, but certainly I am willing to divorce Clark if he so desires."

It was later I learned from a businessman

that after the radio announcement mentioned above, it was Clark's lawyer and not Mrs. Gable who objected strenuously to the remarks.

"These rumors, I feel sure, are as obnoxious and unwelcome to Clark as they are to me," Mrs. Gable said. "For that reason, and because I've become tired of the rôle of a so-called meanie, I am ready to make this statement."

Ria Gable, a quiet, understanding, gentle woman, with a dark vivacious beauty and youthful zest for living that keeps her in constant demand by Hollywood hostesses, is imbued with that rare quality that keeps her going on, growing despite heartaches; the quality of giving, of doing for others.

"If you spent an afternoon with Ria Gable," a mutual friend told me after my interview, "you spent it in one of the most worthwhile ways I know, for Ria is a living example of the doctrine of doing for others. She has been my mainstay in time of trouble and I have watched



Since his separation from Ria Gable, Clark has been linked romantically by the press with glamorous Carole Lombard

"The question of divorce has never arisen between us . . . but certainly I am willing to divorce Clark if he so desires," says Ria Gable in the first story she has ever given on their marital separation

over, I should establish our life together on an entirely different basis.

"When Clark, who had every reason to be furious over his disappointments, gave way to bitterness, I should have joined, loudly and vehemently, in his stormings. Instead, I retreated. I didn't know how to cope with the vigorous, lusty, gusty man-fury that would be his. Thoughts of the children or servants would enter; and, with a heart full to bursting, I could only retreat to my room, tears in my heart and voice.

"That was a mistake."

In 1932 the Gables separated, each agreeing to go his own way.

Mrs. Gable and her son and daughter went on to New York. Clark remained in Hollywood to make "Strange Interlude." Meanwhile, the world little dreamed of what had actually happened.

In six weeks time, Clark telephoned, not once, but several times, for Ria to return.

"You are the only woman I love. Won't you please come back?" he begged, and Ria, as anxious as Clark to make their marriage a permanent one, returned.

"There is no one in the world as charming, as sweet and tender as Clark when he chooses to be," Mrs. Gable said. "I can look back over the stormy sessions to some of the happiest days of my life. These, and not the bitter ones, are the memories I choose to carry with me."

THEIR life for some time, then, was a happy one. Clark was the idol of his stepson's heart. The two would spend hours on the floor over the intricate marvels of an electric train or some mechanical toy. The boy actually built his life and dreams around the man.

"But Hollywood is no place for marital happiness," Mrs. Gable said. "There are too many angles against it. Too much grief in work, too startling a transition from obscurity to fame, too many women and false friends to flatter and tear down. It's almost impossible to survive its devastating influence."

In view of all this, it really wasn't much of a surprise when Clark returned from location on "Call of the Wild" and met Ria at the door with, "I want my freedom."

Perhaps Mrs. Gable should have then and there put up a battle for their future happiness together. But too many tears had been shed; too much heartache, despite the intervals of happiness, had worn away the hopes. So she quietly agreed.

The night they parted she told him quietly, "Clark, you're looking for peace and happiness, aren't you? And I want you to find them. But, Clark, you're looking in the wrong places. It can only come to you from within. And only by sitting down quietly and knowing your great restlessness cannot be appeased by new faces, new places, new thrills, but can only come from you, Clark Gable, looking into the heart of Clark Gable, can you find the thing you're searching for. Remember, while you're an idol to a million fans you're still just a man who has to spend the rest of his days with Clark Gable, so get that inner man right, Clark."

Their marriage then was over, definitely and finally. Shortly after, Clark left for South America.

I remember at the time how reporters swarmed the Gable home in Brentwood and how graciously they were received by Mrs. Gable.

"She answered their most pertinent questions," a friend from the studio told me, "as only a great lady like Ria Gable could, and still she told nothing."

FOR several months after their parting, Clark kept returning to the Brentwood home for long chats with the boy, for friendly settlements with Ria; there was no bitterness, no harsh quarrels at that time. All such ideas have since been built up in the minds of people who seem determined to place on this woman undeserved criticism.

"Why can't Ria Gable be as kind as her husband was," a Hollywoodite commented recently. "When Ria was married to a prominent Washington attorney and lived in Washington, her husband consented to a divorce. Why doesn't she do the same by Clark?"

"In the first place," Mrs. Gable told me, "I have never been in Washington in my life or been married to a Washington man. So you can see to what lengths gossip will go in this town.

"I am preparing to visit New York where I have so many friends and, with all this publicity and talk about my unwillingness to divorce Clark, I once again made the offer to Clark's attorney and was told Clark did not want a divorce.

"Yet who believes me? Who believes I am not the meanie of all time standing behind Clark and freedom? I have no reason to take action against Clark unless it is his wish. I am happy this way and if it seems to be his wish to let matters rest as they are, I feel I should agree.

"I have no regrets. I can close my front door now and find peace and solace and contentment.

"At first I was burdened with an unbearable heartache, then I sat down very quietly and mentally went over our lives together. Had I failed Clark when he needed me? Had I been selfish or self-centered?

"I knew Clark had never been forced into social functions unless he chose to go. No friends were invited to our house unless Clark was consulted. Our meals were eaten together at no matter what hour Clark came in from his work. All these things I turned over in my mind and knew that self-condemnation was unfair to myself and to Clark. The heartache disappeared with this realization. I find my life full and happy. My many friends are loyal and kind. There is much to do toward making one's life a rich full one."

It could be so easy for Mrs. Gable to cherish bitterness or resentment, when one has been married to a famous screen idol who continues on and on in popularity. So easy to denounce, and yet such thoughts are far from the mind of this woman. She speaks tenderly of Clark's generosity toward her daughter, who was recently married. Proudly she displays the beautiful ring he gave her a month before their final parting.

No, there is no malice, no pettiness in Ria Gable's heart. Her life stands for as great a service as does Clark's.

We feel, with this exclusive story to PHOTOPLAY, a newer understanding will come to Hollywood who, in misjudging Ria Gable has cruelly wronged Clark Gable as well.

And PHOTOPLAY wishes only the best to a fine actor and sportsman, Clark Gable, and an understanding gentlewoman, his wife, Ria Gable.

HE *Really* MOWS 'EM DOWN

If Hollywood moguls had only known what they were letting themselves in for when they signed Charlie McCarthy! They found out soon enough!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

EDGAR BERGEN is grooming another dummy to replace Charlie McCarthy.

The new little knee pal will be a goofy little guy with a silly laugh and a rustic wardrobe as contrasted to Charlie's suave innuendo and silk hat. Bergen hasn't had him sawed out yet, but he's working on the voice, mannerisms and character.

Edgar Bergen may have a hunch that Charlie's rarin', tearin', rounder days are due to wane soon. He may have decided, with his quiet shrewdness, that the public demands new blood even in ventriloquist's dolls. He may have said about all he has to say with Charlie.

On the other hand, the new dummy may be purely a physical precaution.

Since they've gone in the movies—Edgar and Charlie—there's always the danger that a general revolt of maddened Hollywood moguls will tear Charlie limb from limb.

For the woodenheaded dummy has been making a sap of Hollywood.

Charlie may be fashioned from slippery elm, poison ivy, dogwood or sawdust swept from a barroom floor, as has been suggested on occasions, but his general effect, as far as Hollywood is concerned, is more like cactus—wickedly pricking the bubbles of pose, pretension and pomp that make up the sometimes phony foam of that effervescent town.

Charlie plays no favorites. In his own boastful words he just "mows 'em down."

Hollywood dignity tumbles and glamour washes out before the owlish gaze and smug smirk of the number one breaker-downer in movietown history. The innocent sting of his small-voiced wisecracks penetrates the armor of caste, tradition and Hollywood-holy taboos like tissue paper. The kid's a terror, and that's no pun. It's not even a joke to some people.

THE first day of shooting on the set of "Letter of Introduction" at Universal studios, a sober-faced man with an imposing mane of white hair confronted the cocky, monocled eye of Bergen's Bad Boy. He had been putting Charlie through his camera paces, ad infinitum. It was no use; Charlie was wickedly immune to direction. So the white-haired man said at last, "Oh, go ahead. Do it any way you want to!"

And a voice piped back, small, but not too small, *sotto voce*, but loud enough for everybody to hear—

"Now why'nell didn't you say so in the first place?"

Edgar Bergen looked distinctly shocked. He blushed. The set hung heavy with stunned silence. The white-haired man turned gravely to his assistant, a strong-jawed Irishman.

"It looks like," he said quietly, "we're going to have trouble with this little fellow."

If he had only known!

The white-haired man was John Stahl, most dignified, autocratic, aloof director in Hollywood. His relentless, painstaking set authority has worn down and "broken" such actresses as Irene Dunne, Margaret Sullavan, Claudette Colbert.

The man he spoke to was Joe McDonough, one of the most hard-bitten, iron-handed assistant directors in the business. But Joe could only nod weakly and murmur, "Yeah." Charlie had already been picking on him.

In an hour the news was all over Hollywood. Charlie McCarthy had bearded the lion in his den. Hollywood knew what to expect—and it certainly was not disappointed. From then on, Charlie turned on the heat.

Of course, the insult and innuendo served up by Charlie McCarthy had been sampled by the scorched tongues of Hollywood's great long before he answered the call of the cinema.

On the radio, where, one by one, the luminaries of movieland were summoned by cold cash, Charlie pulled no punches.

Between derisive cackles, he drubbed them lustily in their weakest spots—usually around the head.

Before the world and everybody the impudent little lap-chip called Adolphe Menjou an extra. He said he was slipping. He said the only thing he had was a pair of pressed pants and a mustache and so what?

He calmly assured Alice Brady she didn't know acting from sour apples. He brazenly asked Ned Sparks how much he would charge to curdle a bottle of cream. He wheezed that Carole Lombard had teeth like pearls from a "stewed erster." He sassed Barbara Stanwyck with "honey-chile" and ran down her pretty best boy friend gleefully. He ripped right on down the line through Roz Russell, Marlene Dietrich, Lupe Velez, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold and a double-dozen more. The other day he told Spencer Tracy the Academy was certainly getting careless to hand him a gold acting award, "Oscar."

But Charlie was just practicing up on the radio. It was the movies he was really laying for.

From the moment Bergen hauled him inside the Studio gates, supposedly squelched inside a big black suitcase, a tirade of indignant squeals and protests rent the startled air. "What the blank-ety-blank-blank-blank!" Charlie screamed. "Lemme out of this thing. Lemme at 'em. I'll show 'em. I'm a

movie star—ain't I?" And when Bergen undid the clasps and popped Charlie's red thatch into the rare air of the "Goldwyn Follies" stage, the first thing Charlie did was to yell for a stand-in!

Now, for long, the stand-in situation in Hollywood has been a standing joke. Sometimes on the set there are more stand-ins than actors. Stars have stand-ins, bit players have stand-ins, extras have them. Stand-ins have stand-ins. It's a custom that has grown into a foolish fetish. And it was ripe for a little McCarthy razz.

There was about as much sense in Charlie McCarthy's needing a stand-in as there would be in Deanna Durbin's requiring a voice double. But the hot light, Charlie sighed, would melt the glue in his joints. The rays would make him lose his school-boy complexion. The heat would hand him the dry rot or something. He would gradually disintegrate. So he got "Sturdy Oak O'Sullivan," a pithy little pal, who reposed grinning while Charlie rested—in his chair? Oh no—in the *star's* chair or the director's chair. Because that was another set taboo that it pleased Master Charlie to pick to pieces.

One of the gravest social errors you can possibly make on a Hollywood set is to plunk yourself down between scenes in the canvas-backed seat formidably tagged "Director So and So" or "Miss Gloria Greatstar." To usurp such a hallowed perch is something akin to hopping up on Emperor Hirohito's throne and dangling your legs over the arms.

In "The Goldwyn Follies" Charlie had his own

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REA IRVIN

"Don't look now, Bergen," he whispered, "but I think I picked up a splinter"





Not even John Stahl, Hollywood's most dignified director, escaped Charlie's heckling

canvas seat, properly tagged *Charlie McCarthy*—but he scorned to use it. Instead, when Andrea Leeds or Adolphe Menjou or Helen Jepson or Zorina prepared to plop down on their sacred set stools they always found a grinning, wooden imp lolling thereon who promptly apologized in such ornate terms of mock humility for his grave and unforgivable trespass that the absurd pretension of the whole thing was embarrassingly plain. Pretty soon everybody sat wherever there was an empty seat and thought nothing about it.

In spite of his biting satires and the wreck he still makes out of reputations and respected Hollywood institutions, Charlie has been the darling of the set from his first movie venture. True, the Ritz Brothers refused flatly to work with him, admitting frankly that would just be asking for it, but Zorina and the ballerinas fell for Charlie like a load of coal—much to the dismay of Hollywood's premier prophet, Producer Sam Goldwyn.

Goldwyn, with ambitions to make the 1938 Follies extra-super-colossal, had imported the



It cost Goldwyn plenty when the dancers of the American Ballet found Charlie irresistible

American Ballet from the Metropolitan Opera. Being pretty nearly tops in this country, it was worth its weight in gold. But, when the big ballet number came before the cameras, something went wrong. The girls couldn't seem to get collected, and when they did, their minds obviously weren't on their work. With dollars dribbling away and nothing being shot, Goldwyn ordered an investigation.

THE trail led to Charlie McCarthy. While Bergen innocently sat in the corner and studied his script, Charlie followed each shapely and-er-décolleté ballerina with ogling eyes and a come-hither toss of his irresistible head. They came over, cooing, and production paused, paralyzed!

Instead of wearing itself out in his first picture, Charlie McCarthy's obstreperous high-handedness just got worse in his next picture, "Letter of Introduction."

When they unpacked him on the set the first day, he raucously demanded not only a new stand-in, but also a new wardrobe, a set valet and a stooge! What's more, he got them! To see Charlie McCarthy, a wooden doll, making wardrobe changes, being brushed and groomed by a flesh-and-blood gentlemen's gentleman and fed lines by his stooge, Mortimer, was perhaps the most trenchant take-off on the airy luxury of a pampered movie star ever presented. Hollywood circles rocked with laughter. But Charlie just grinned the more wickedly, and set out to "get" John Stahl and the assistant director.

NOW the champion tyrants of the picture studios are that gruff-voiced, hard-boiled tribe known as assistant directors. A leatherneck top sergeant has very little in the way of hard-bitten orneriness on these gentlemen. A flash of their imperious eyes and extras quail. If you have ever visited a motion-picture set you'll

(Continued on page 84)

Golden Girl

A famous Broadway columnist introduces to Photoplay readers a shiny new Cinderella—the youngest of the Lane sisters—Priscilla

BY LOUIS SOBOL

huzzas of press and public. "The girl," chorused the vague They, "has something!"

I talked with Priscilla both in Hollywood and in New York and I rush to join the swelling They for, unsusceptible as I am, I, too, have become impressed with her fresh-blown wholesomeness, her apparent sincerity and straightforwardness, the depth of emotion in her eyes and her ebullieny. These qualities, which seem so true of herself in personal contact, make themselves evident in her pictures, with or without benefit of directorial guidance.

THE tabloids have reminded us that there is a Chinese saying that one picture is better than a thousand words; but there are four words which, to me, give a better description of Priscilla than a thousand pictures.

She still climbs trees.

"I was climbing them," she confessed, "when Rosemary and Lola and Leota and Martha were playing with dolls and if that Lady Mendl you mentioned once can still stand on her head in her seventies, I can still climb trees if it amuses me—and it amuses me."

The youngest of the Lanes was born to Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Mullican, June 12, 1917, in Indianola, Iowa. Dentist Mullican passed away last year but Ma Mullican is still very much alive and is manager and counsel to her talented brood.

It was Gus Edwards who canceled the Mullican tag when he renamed his discovery, Dorothy, Lola Lane. Thereafter, the other sisters, proud of sister Lola's modest fame, took unto themselves the Lane handle when they stepped into the professional fold.

Rosemary, a year and two months older than Priscilla, has always been closest to her, wheeling her in a brown soapbox wagon when the baby was a toddler. Today, she and Priscilla and their mother occupy a ranch in San Fernando Valley with the two sisters sharing the same bedroom—as well as confidences. Rosemary it was who nicknamed Priscilla "Pat" and who refers to her affectionately as "my dumb chum." Priscilla, in her softer moods, calls Rosemary "Razzy" and "Rosey Glow."

The girls occupy twin beds. Priscilla sleeps without pillows and—"flat on my stomach," she insisted.

"You have such beautiful dreams that way. When I sleep on my back, I have nightmares. I haven't slept on my back since the night my

(Continued on page 88)



This fourteen-year-old ugly duckling could hardly have anticipated the applause which followed her portrayal in "Four Daughters"

TIME, which is another name for the Fairy Godmother, waved a magic wand over the oddest Lane—and, lo and behold, the ugly duckling emerged a glorious Cinderella. If you accuse me of confusing my fables, I protest there has been naught but confusion in the career of the Mullican girl now known as Priscilla Lane.

"I'm the girl," said Priscilla, "who looks as if she'd stepped out of a shower and was in a hurry afterward."

Certainly, neither fans, directors, producers nor Priscilla, herself, ever dreamed that the day would come when the gangly funny-face of the Mullicans would become screendom's current Golden Girl.

When she and sister Rosemary accompanied Fred Waring's band to Hollywood for "Varsity Show," it was Rosemary, the beautiful, who lured the fanfare of publicity trumpets and who was cast in the feminine lead opposite Dick Powell. Priscilla was merely the "other sister," thrown into the cast as a nice gesture.

Someone—and, strangely enough, nobody has come forward to take full credit—saw something in Priscilla and, somehow, she was promoted to a co-starring rôle with Wayne Morris in "Love, Honor and Behave." They—the vague They by which we mean studio heads and critics and fans and all else concerned—saw something in Priscilla then, and even more when she played the female lead in "Cowboy from Brooklyn."

Then along came "Four Daughters" and Priscilla, the funny-face, wrapped the picture around her shapely slimness and evoked the



Cut of the same cloth—Burns and Cobb in "The Arkansas Traveler"

He's as easy to get along with as an old pair of shoes—and not much prettier, says this famous author—

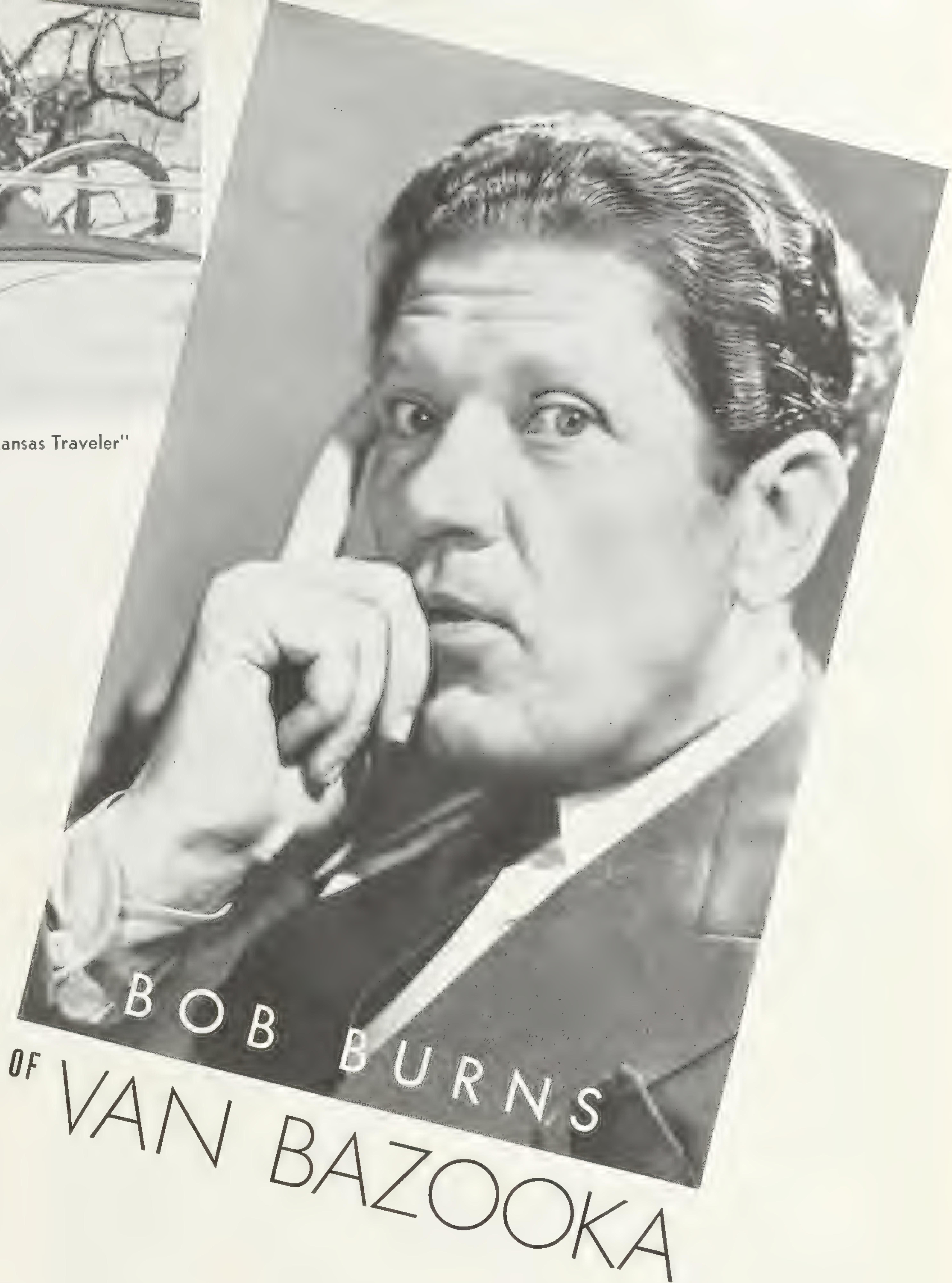
IRVIN S. COBB

FOR the average movie magazine this would be a different sort of article. Well, it is being written about a different kind of movie favorite.

The subject of it never won any beauty contests—unless they gave out a consolation prize. In an era when the flawless profiles of the latest glamour boys of the screen are being compared—favorably—with the outstanding profiles of past eras running clear back through the standard profile vintages to the John Barrymore period of 1928—which was indeed a great profile year—my hero would never qualify even for honorable mention, since his side view is rugged rather than matchless. You could never call him winsome. Stories of his love-lives would be based on fiction not on fact. Getting married, he has the habit of staying married. He doesn't play polo. Put him on top of a skittish polo pony—probably you'd have to tie him on—and I doubt whether he could hit the continent of North America, using a bass fiddle for a mallet. When they print the exciting lists of current celebrities seen at the latest Hollywood night spots his name is among those prominently not present. Actually, he hasn't made a triumphant tour of the nation although he does pretty well in the matter of unsolicited triumphs whenever he goes back to his native state of Arkansas for a session with the home folks and a bout with potlicker and corn pones. He is so fond of potlicker that he even likes it on a white vest and he is the undisputed champion corn pone eater of the United States.

Needless to state, I refer to Bob Burns, the Bazooka kid of Van Buren.

A LITTLE more than three years ago I played a part with Will Rogers in the last picture he made, before he went winging away from this earth to keep on flying up yonder beyond the eternal stars. And I have just finished playing a part with Bob Burns in his first picture as the undisputed leading character—"The Arkansas Traveler" as, very appropriately, it is called. I count these two engagements among my treasured experiences since the day I moved to California's most famous town and began to frolic about on the edge of Movieland.



Because when I see Bob playing a scene I think involuntarily of Bill. Don't misunderstand me here. By that I would not have you think that Bob Burns is copying Bill's technique, for he isn't. He is playing himself, not a carbon copy of someone else. And he would be the last to say that in the affections of the American people he is taking Will Rogers' place or that he has inherited the mantle which fell from Will Rogers' shoulders. He is not taking anybody's place in anybody's affection.

On his own merits and within an amazingly short time, he has won his own place as a popular entertainer in the movies, over the radio and through the daily column which he writes for syndication among the newspapers. Therein, it is true, the careers of the two men have run on parallel lines, but it was not by Burns' intent that these coincidences came to pass—things just fell out that way. And the mantle which now he wears before the friendly and approving eyes of the millions is a mantle of his own weaving, absolutely—threaded with a kindly but searching philosophy; embroidered with observation and understanding; fringed with a wholesome and a homely humor; stitched to-

gether by the deft hand of one who has achieved the knack, rare among laugh-makers, of being funny without being either spiteful or smutty. And he wears it with naturalness and humility, both of which, or I miss my guess, are entirely characteristic of the man.

YET I repeat that having come to know Burns, I constantly am being reminded of Rogers. Before the camera and away from it, Burns has his share of the honest unaffectedness which was so distinctive a part of Rogers' professional make-up and his private make-up as well. Like Rogers, Burns gets his effects without straining or visible effort. After thirty years of trouping, he still retains the country boy's unspoiled viewpoint just as Rogers retained it—with enormous material rewards. In Burns' present eminence, as also was true of Rogers, there is proof that in an age of sophistication presumably dedicated to the three kinds of crackers—wise, animal and fire—the majority of the American public will pay out their good money to see or to hear or to read after a man who still loves the savor of the soil, and smacks of it in all he

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The marriage of Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson started with everything—mutual interests, background, friends. It has lasted for seven years. It may last a lot longer—or it may be finished now



Few people know the truth about the rift in one of Hollywood's most romantic unions; only one has been authorized to write it—

RUTH RANKIN

WILL Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson decide to make their separation permanent?

With characteristic dignity, with her unbreakable determination, Bette refuses to discuss it publicly, beyond saying, "Our marriage is in the lap of the gods!"

The true circumstances leading to this situation are exactly as follows:

Ham's case is that of a man who has been swamped by his wife's importance. He very nearly lost out, decided he would not and could not go the way of too many Hollywood husbands and give up without a struggle, and is now sparring for time to recover his equilibrium.

Bette's case is that of a girl who would break her heart if her husband was willing to lose his personal identity. She has nothing but respect for a man who will put up a fight, and Ham is putting up a good fight.

And, for once, it is not the usual Hollywood example of two persons who are willing to chuck their marriage in a rush.

For this marriage has not been usual, by any Hollywood standard of comparison, or by any

other. It was one of the most romantic unions ever consummated.

The fact that it was a first marriage for both Bette and Ham places it almost in a class by itself on the Hollywood list. That they were college sweethearts and had known each other for six years makes it unique in a community given to swift and not always well-considered alliances.

They started with a background which has been the ideal of all ideals for a happy and enduring life together, even against the frightful odds Hollywood places against marriage, and theirs lasted for seven years. It may last a lot longer; it may be finished now.

But for this long, at any rate, Hollywood has had the most perfect example of a happy union with which to answer skeptics and doubters. In the exquisite beginning and serene course, this union had even more to stabilize it than any of the other celebrated "ideal" picture-colony marriages—the two most famous having been between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister.

A MARRIAGE between a picture actress and actor seldom endures. If and when one or the other leaves the screen, the marriage has a better chance—or if one of them is engaged in some other enterprise connected with the profession. And that very fact gives room for hope in the Bette and Ham situation. They have a far greater margin to succeed in solving their difficulty because Ham is not an actor.

If, now, their marriage actually can be ended—this romantic marriage between two persons of exceptional intelligence and will to make it succeed—then the thoughtful mind is justified in wondering if the first marriage of *any* great star possibly can ever achieve a greater degree of permanence.

Bette and Ham started with everything. They had youthful enthusiasm and freshness, an interest in each other which survived long separations after Bette came to Hollywood. They

had mutual interests, background, friends. . . .

And then Bette made phenomenal strides in her profession. She became a great actress and a great woman. She was fearlessly outspoken and honest. She was afraid of nothing, with one single exception: she cannot bear to hurt with the truth anyone who is close to her.

She will argue till dawn with directors, producers, writers for what she thinks is just and right, upholding her convictions without compromise, and if her contemporaries are small enough to cherish a grudge thereafter, it is just too bad. For Bette is no doll-faced, spineless yes-woman. Her spine is good durable New England Plymouth Rock and she doesn't like tempering her opinions or equivocating—but she will do it with those she loves.

HOWEVER, to live daily, and harmoniously, with that undefeated will and that "won't" of iron (in the lovely velvet glove), Bette herself says would require a touch of genius. Certainly it is a constant challenge to those who know her and one of the principal reasons they enjoy knowing her. Of all the stars in Hollywood, there is not another so vital, stimulating and well-informed. Or so lovable. But it is a tactical error to "knuckle under" to Bette. She likes people with convictions—and confidence in them. The others she tolerates.

And if she is a challenge to her friends, she is more than that to her husband. "This thing is all my fault. I am not an easy person to live with," she claims, generously.

Bette has concentrated on the improvement of her work and her mind. That has meant avid study and interest in everything under the shining sun. She has acquired a more varied fund of knowledge in the last six years than the average girl encompasses in twenty, and she started out with a college degree.

To Ham, a born New Englander with a definite picture of the ideal wife, she grew outside the frame of that picture; and the frame did not grow with her. Bette simply cannot be

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO BETTE DAVIS' MARRIAGE?

broken to pull meekly in double harness, and Ham, whose people for generations had no other basis of comparison for happy marriage, was frankly baffled and stunned. He had no preparation for coping with a personality that grew like Bette's, and, for the past year, he has simply given up.

If he didn't love her so much, and feel pretty certain that she loved him, and if he didn't have a lot of die-hard in his own temperament, he wouldn't have lasted this long.

FOR Ham is very definitely a person in his own right. He is no "Mr. Bette Davis" and no one has ever even dared imply it. The fact that he has refused consistently to submerge his own identity, as the husbands of so many stars do, is the very item that is going farthest toward helping him win this battle and possibly avoid divorce. If not, at least, to keep Bette's respect and friendship.

But for the past year all the hundreds of things impinging on Bette's importance in the screen firmament have crowded between them with added momentum, forcing him further and further away from her.

She knows it, and says so. Between trying to be alert to Bette's multitude of interests, which alone would require a superman, and build up his own business as an actor's agent, Ham was just plain worn out. He was as near a complete nervous and mental collapse as a man can be.

And Bette had all the impatience with this that any young and extremely vital and healthy person has toward defections in others. Ham had never before been seriously disturbed by her life; why should he be now? He had never been ill—he didn't look ill—why was he acting

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Bette's no doll-faced, spineless yes-woman. If she's a challenge to her friends, she is more than that to her husband



EVEN HIS BEST

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IF I had an atom of sense I wouldn't try to write about Tyrone Power.

For what every writer learns the very instant after purchasing his first batch of pencils and wad of paper is that one writes really well only about people one hates. After all, writing is just gossiping to the world at large instead of to three or four friends in your own parlor, and you know yourself how the conversation sickens and dies when you get around to talking about one of those people about whom you have to say, "Well, I've never heard anyone say a word against her." You really have to be able to pick flaws to get the conversation going really hot, or reveal some deadly secrets.

And so it is with writing, too; yet here I am, sticking my neck out, trying to write a piece about Tyrone Power, against whom I can't say a word.

Despite this almost rabid admiration I have, I can explain him to you. For this I know—and no two ways about it—more misconceptions, more nonsense, more downright lies have been

Ty has a remembrance of things past which serves as his best protection



Alice Faye was a "friend in need"

RIENDS DON'T KNOW HIM

Have you heard that Tyrone Power is ungrateful, a poseur, a flirt? Then it's time someone who really has his number sets you right about this lad who's wilier than a politician but still young enough to have ideals

published about this young star than almost any other in Hollywood. He has been painted in some quarters as being ungrateful to the people who "knew him when," in others as being a poseur, in still others as being a heartless flirt entirely concerned with breaking lovely women's hearts. All of which stories are nonsense, but which have arisen, I think, from that sort of destructive jealousy people get for personalities they do not easily understand.

Tyrone is no Gable, who is able to make everyone like him instantly. He is no Robert Taylor, with a boyish, ingratiating quality about him. He is, instead, at once subtle and shy, at once realistic and romantic and in him there is a sardonic strain of bitter humor that rarely goes with acting talent.

His is a complex personality, at once realistic and romantic, but there's reason for his sardonic strain of bitter humor

Take, for example, the reason for "Sing, Baby, Sing," being his favorite tune. When you know the reason for this, you will understand much of the fellow himself. It will, I think, show you why he is now the triumphant success that he is. It will give you the basis for his deep friendship with Alice Faye, and to me, at least, it is the reason for believing that five years from now he will be an even greater star than today, and ten years from now an even greater star than in five years.

Not that I wish to give the impression that Ty bounds out of bed every morning and joyously lolls away on "Sing, Baby, Sing" while bathing.

One reason he doesn't is because he is much too moody a soul not to have mornings when he feels like a wet February and wouldn't sing if a

gun were held to his head. The other is that he can't carry a tune even for the short distance between a bed and a bathtub.

But he does encourage his friends to "Sing, Baby, Sing" at him and it gives him a fine glow when he enters a restaurant, preferably an expensive one, and hears the orchestra giving out with it.

Yet the reason for his liking this tune is as bitter a little pill as anyone was ever asked to swallow. That song was the big hit of the picture of the same name and that picture was the first one that Ty was cast in under his Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

THE story has been told so often that you undoubtedly remember how he got that contract, so right here I'll only repeat that the contract came to Ty only after weary years of job hunting—when, due to his father's swift and sudden death, if he was to eat at all he had to find work. He was just as talented and handsome a boy then as he is now. He had had acting experience, ever since he had, at the age of seventeen, graduated from Purcell High School in his native city of Cincinnati and had taken a job in a stock company.

After his father's death he went around to all the managers and agencies where the name of Tyrone Power was respected. His father had been Tyrone Power, the 2nd and he was Tyrone Power, the 3rd, so everyone was very polite in that utterly charming and completely defeating way that is possible only to people in the theatrical profession. In Hollywood they have a word for those ultracourteous profitless meetings. They call them "the brush off," meaning you're in and out of some big shot's office before you know what's happened. Ty went through nearly two years of "the brush-off," getting thinner and hungrier and learning more and more about the economic facts of life the while. But finally he did get the tiniest bit in a Broadway show.

A talent scout saw him and the Twentieth Century contract resulted. That was, of course, all that he had dreamed of. He was only twenty-two then and his optimism bubbled over. Here was life being served to him with a platinum spoon off a silver platter.

It was, that is, until he was cast in "Sing, Baby, Sing." He appeared on the set early, anxious to show everyone that the great Darryl Zanuck's faith in him was justified.

He had studied his rôle valiantly and had worked out a couple of bits of business that he believed were distinctive. He couldn't possibly have been more eager or more happy than he was that first day.

Two days later, he was kicked out of the cast—not only kicked out, but told that he might be Tyrone Power, the 3rd or the 9th, but he certainly was no actor and never would be.

Now Ty at that time didn't know Alice Faye at all. She was the star of "Sing, Baby, Sing," you remember. But Alice, alone and unasked, sought out the humiliated, beaten boy, made him come to dinner with her, took him along to a simple restaurant in Beverly Hills that is called "The Tropics" and spent the whole evening talking to him, telling him that he could act, that he would get his chance, that he did have personality, and that, what-the-heck, his life was still before him, wasn't it?

Today, star of Hollywood's biggest pictures, sought after, lionized, Tyrone still eats, night after night, at "The Tropics." The place is

(Continued on page 78)





Frances and Joel are outstanding exceptions to prove the rule: you can't eat your cake and have it, too



An amateur shot of Joel and his youngsters, David and Joanne

WHAT MAKES

In Hollywood's Marriage vs. Career battle, the McCrea formula works like a charm. Here's their secret

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON



Frances, opposite Ronald Colman in "If I Were King"

TICK?

LOVE

COMPLETENESS marks the love of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, enriching everyone who knows them. It's inspiring. Under all the circumstances, it's miraculous.

To see Joel romping on the sand with his two small boys, utterly oblivious to the world around, and to see him rise, at the sound of Frances' voice, beaming the No. 1 Special McCrea smile, is to observe two lives Hollywood tinsel has never touched. To see Frances' own smile, watching Joel stride around a room, would make any man say, "Boy, I hope my girl friend feels that way about me!"

Why "miraculous"? Think it over. How would you like to be Joel, working over at Universal at rush speed, with the temperature 101, in "Youth Takes a Fling"? Or how would you like to be Frances, that same day, under forty pounds of brocade and umpteen hundred light watts, smiling a lady-in-waiting smile for rascally Louis XI in "If I Were King"?

In either case, could you come from *that* day to dinner (if you got to dinner) pick up the mutual problems of home and two children and keep consideration . . . understanding . . . love . . . burning bright?

If so, you are smarter than dozens of Hollywood star-couples. Make your own list. Swell people all. And they all tried. When even *one* party to love lives the tense, trying life of studio work, with fatigue, discouragement and drawn nerves (those come to even the most successful) domestic bliss may become a laugh o'Reno. When both parties buck the grind—pray for that miracle!

Unimaginative people, prisses or individuals who are good-natured just because they're weak, don't have much trouble getting along. Not capable of great love, how can they lose it? But, in Frances, Joel has a cat-swallowed-the-cream, have-my-own-way type of girl (the quiet kind always fools you) with a temper like a buzz saw. And, in Joel, Frances has an equally self-willed boy who won success early, has recreational tastes in which no wife could share (steer branding, for instance) and whose six-foot-three raises a good-looking face just

high enough to draw every feminine glance, and sigh, in every crowd.

There must be a miracle. So what? So miracles have cause and effect. Sure, serene and eager affection is life's greatest prize and what won it for the McCreas (temperament and picture strain considered) ought to work for anybody.

What makes love tick?

Consider these two youngsters who came together under white, bright lights:

Frances, born in Los Angeles (within five blocks of Joel) . . . moves to Chicago as a baby . . . tomboy girl, who climbed telephone poles . . . small success in school except in studies (like French) that fitted her daydream, acting . . . dull job in the want ad department of a Chicago paper . . . rebellious (the quiet kind always fools you) . . . wild decision to go to Hollywood . . . bitter months without work and as extra . . . break in a million: Chevalier's leading woman ill, Frances eating in studio restaurant, Chevalier passes, sees her, says, "That's my leading woman!" . . . swift success.

Joel, born in well-off family . . . movie-crazy but worker by nature . . . delivers newspapers, holds horses for Tom Mix and Bill Hart, operates road scraper at sixteen, runs away from school to work on ranch . . . father persuades him to enter Pomona College because of dramatic school (Bob Taylor's Alma Mater) . . . movies take his smile to their heart . . . wanting to play Westerns, is starred with Connie Bennett in drawing-room drayma.

PRETTY lively ingredients for matrimony! Frances' beauty had made her telephone ring all day and florists' delivery boys buy new tires for their bicycles. (She had quite a crush on M. Chevalier.)

Joel had been much seen in public with Connie Bennett, could have been the town beau if he chose.

The two meet in a picture, "The Silver Cord." Immediately, other people cease to exist for them. One secret of successful love is to fall *really* in love.

Apparent choice between career and happiness arose at once. Remember the English craze? All actors were to improve their fortunes by getting that oh-so-superior English direction and "international" standing. Joel was offered four times his American salary to go to London. Frances was offered double hers.

Joel said quietly:

"There's no assurance our pictures abroad will coincide. We'd be absorbing new excitements, meeting new people, just when we should be

learning about each other."

To her closest woman friend at that time, Frances said:

"I think Joel is right. And I know there'll be months when I will desperately want him with me. I'd like to have two children while we're young, and home and with Joel is the place for me."

It didn't count at all that desire to travel had been almost a mania since school days.

That English bubble has long since burst. Many careers went blooie in London fog and the principal fruit was income-tax troubles. Lucky McCreas? Maybe. In screen careers, in love and in life, if you deal firmly, you're apt to win; if you cringe or toady, life turns and plays the bully.

The close woman friend said, "Isn't marriage setback enough? If you're going to take time out for two babies, just write your career off." (After the wedding Joel's fan mail dropped, for awhile, from 3,000 letters a month to 300.)

Frances merely smiled. She knew what career she wanted most.

Master Joel Dee McCrea arrived and shortly afterward Big Joel, in the locker room of a beach club, confided:

"I never had any particular fatherhood ambitions. I always loved children but I thought one was about like another. I'd as soon have adopted a son. Of course, *now*—" That McCrea grin!

HOLLYWOOD forgets quickly, but a year after Joel Dee was born, Frances was offered the lead opposite Francis Lederer in "The Gay Deception." You may not have noticed it, but camera angles had to be figured very carefully in that picture.

Wiseacres bit the dust. Motherhood had done something for Frances, added a new, shining quality. "The Gay Deception" accomplished more than any other picture to give her solid star standing.

David, the second boy, came into the world just too late to see the preview. Zingo! The old problem—Love vs. Career. If a studio can count on an actress for from five to seven pictures a year and has a long term hold on her, money for publicity and exploitation pours out like quips from Sam Goldwyn. But—an "occasional" actress? Not so much build-up. Not nearly.

Dazzling offers came from five companies. Frances, as unshakable as she seems to be meek, answered:

"I'm a mother and a wife. I'm going to work at it. Two pictures a year, at the most. And one year's contract at a time."

This put a whopping decision up to Joel, who hates to worry but will if he has to. He had never before been in such demand. All the top-flight actors were getting smart and free-lancing, letting the studios bid for them. But Joel figured: "There are four of us now. Frances has deliberately cut and maybe weakened her career. My job is to cinch security." He turned down several juicy one-picture deals and signed a long-term (and no options) with Goldwyn.

"Well, that's not so (Continued on page 83)

THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL

A vivid pattern takes shape as action

and suspense reach climax after climax

in this year's most thrilling mystery

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Howling Dog"



I WAS plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when Mildred Parker, secretary to Lawyer William Foley, was injured in a hit-and-run accident. As Mr. Foley's new secretary, my first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I found the door of the house unlocked. There was no answer to my "hello." Cold terror gripped me as I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star. He was bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

In reaching for my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a desk, his head slumped over. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the house went out.

I groped for the stairs. A bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief. But it was Padgham—

alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. I didn't tell him about Bruce Eaton, however. Padgham suggested that I wait in his car while he investigated. Halfway to the car I remembered the brief case which I had propped against the wall when I opened the door to Padgham. I ran back and got it.

I went to the corner drugstore to telephone Bruce Eaton's home. He wasn't listed, but I remembered the name of his agency. I impressed upon the person who answered the phone that it was imperative for Bruce Eaton to call me at the law office of William Foley and then slammed up the receiver.

As I was returning to the house, an automobile swung around the corner. I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling me. Hurriedly, I climbed into the car and told him what had happened. He instructed me to go back to the drugstore and ask the clerk to notify police headquarters that a dead man had been found in the house up the street.

When I returned, I handed the brief case to Foley. He opened it, then looked at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty.

Morning papers brought the first definite in-

formation about what had actually happened. Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, a wealthy contractor, had been found dead in the Temmler home. There was evidence of others' having been in the house. I was the subject of an intensive search. At the office I discovered that my notebook had been stolen. Frank Padgham arrived and while he was closeted with Mr. Foley, a call came through from Bruce Eaton. We made a luncheon appointment, at which time I was to return the property which I had found. During the morning, a woman in the late forties came sailing into the office and announced herself as Mrs. Charles Temmler. She explained that Carter Wright had stolen a key to a safe-deposit box in which her husband had legal papers. It was important for her to get the contents of that box. It was registered in such a way that whoever had the key had access to the box. She wanted Foley to get the key from the coroner. He refused, of course, and Mrs. Temmler left in high dudgeon. I told Mr. Foley that I had a luncheon date and he suggested I take the afternoon off.

When I met Bruce Eaton I felt that strange sense of unreality which comes in dreams. He was as magnetic and handsome off screen as he was on. He apologized for his behavior of the



The officers were starting toward the bank. I thought only of getting Bruce Eaton out. Suddenly, the banker raised his gun and shouted, "Stop where you are, both of you!"

preceding evening and then asked abruptly. "How about that property of mine? You have it?" I started to hand over the key and then changed my mind. In a bantering tone, I told him he would have to identify it. To my utter amazement, he asked for his *stickpin*!

"I PICKED up this key on the floor right after you'd left," I told him, "and when you said that you'd lost something, I naturally supposed this was it. I know nothing about your stickpin."

He pulled the car into a parking place at the curb, took the key from me and turned it over in his fingers, looking at it from all sides. "There's a number stamped on it," he said, indicating the numeral "5," "but no name of any bank. Do you have any idea where this lockbox is located?"

"Yes," I said, "I have."

"Where?"

"I don't think I have the right to tell you."

He frowned.

"You see," I went on, "I fibbed to you. I'm Claire Bell. I work for Mr. Foley. This morning . . . well, anyway, something happened which makes me think that key fits a certain lockbox. I should have told Mr. Foley, but I didn't because of what you said over the phone."

Gravely he handed the key back to me, slipped the car in gear, and said, "All right, let's eat."

He drove me to a little restaurant, a place I'd never known existed, where we had wonderful food and an atmosphere of delightful privacy. All during the meal I could see that he was studying me and I managed to get over some of my tongue-tied awkwardness and chat with him.

As the waiter brought coffee, there was a lull in the conversation, a lull which gradually developed into one of those silences which grow in magnitude until one, in place of casually searching for something to say, frantically calls one tentative subject after another to mind, only to reject it as being altogether inane.

And, as is so frequently the case, this silence was broken by both of us starting to talk at once, but my words died on the tip of my tongue when I heard what Bruce Eaton had to say.

"I'm going to quit pictures."

It was a simple announcement, evidently marking a decision which he had reached after those seconds of silent deliberation.

"You're *quitting* pictures!"

He nodded.

"But," I said, "you can't. Why, good Lord, your public wouldn't let you. You couldn't afford to, you're right at the peak of your earning capacity. You're box-office, you're . . . you're . . . you're everything."

SEEING the sadness of his smile, I suddenly realized what it must mean to a star to forfeit everything that success in the pictures stands for—not that it's usually the result of renunciation, because in most instances it isn't. Fame is fleeting and public favor is fickle. At one moment a man finds himself the recipient of public adulation; cafés consider his patronage an honor; people push and jostle each other, trying to get close enough to get his autograph.

Then abruptly, and within a few short months, he is forgotten, shunned by those who once fawned on him. His brother actors, who are themselves wooing the goddess of Success, cannot afford to contact the aura of failure.

He seemed to be reading my mind. He said, "An acting career is for the most part like a skyrocket. You go up with a blaze of glory, and come down a dead stick. There are a very few who have learned

how to *stay* up. Their careers are permanent. They shoot up into the zenith of stars and remain as luminous balloons—character actors who lend a certain dignity to the profession and give a touch of reality to any play in which they appear."

"Are you going to be one of those?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Woodley Page is one."

I nodded.

"And Woodley Page," he went on, "gave me my start. It was through him I was picked from the extras and given my big chance. And now Woodley Page is at the turning point of his own career. Not that the public is tiring of him, because the public will never tire of him as an actor. But an old scandal is about to drag him into the slime of the public cesspool which is aired on the front pages of our newspapers every day. People will read about it with eager avidity. Every man, woman and child in the United States will know of it. There's a sadistic something which makes the public delight in tearing down actors whom it has built up."

"And what has this to do with you?" I asked.

"I," he said, slowly, "can prevent it," and then added, after a moment, "at the cost of my own career. But my career is probably at its zenith.

Tomorrow, next week, or next month may start the decline. My fan mail will start falling off. I'll be given parts in one or two pictures which will be mechanical repetitions of some of my former successes. Perhaps I'll be cast in an unfortunate part and . . . but there's no need to portray it by successive steps. You know it—that is, if you know anything about pictures."

I tried to hold his eyes with mine.

"All right," I told him, "your career may be at its zenith, but you're not on the road down. I know a little something about pictures. I think I see them through the eyes of the average fan, but I think perhaps I've analyzed my feelings a little more accurately than the average fan does—or are you interested?"

"Very much," he said, and his eyes showed that he was.

"I come in contact with a world of selfishness," I said. "I'm romantic in my thoughts. I have ideals. It's a struggle to keep those ideals. I meet young men who turn out to be selfish and artificial, young men who have adopted a pose of cheap cynicism because they think that is modern sophistication. The everyday world about me is filled with cheap, sordid realism, a synthetic, cheap selfishness which masquerades as sophistication—I can't keep my ideals living in continuous contact with such an environment.

"I go to a movie. I see you on the screen. You represent the personification of my ideals. I know that you're not real. I know that you're an artificial personage. I know you personally have magnetism, charm and character. I know that on the screen you're appearing in parts which have been created by the brains of many authors. But your personality and charm make those parts seem real to me. The critics with their sneering sophistication say that these plays are box-office, that they're hokum. To me they're not hokum. They're the food which keeps my ideals alive. The parts you take would be meaningless unless *you* took them. If it weren't for you, I'd see only a series of situations written by authors and projected on a screen. The minute you enter the picture, it all becomes real to me. I lose myself in the picture. You arouse my sense of illusion."

"If I go," he said, "there'll be someone else to take my place," and his smile was wistful.

Before I realized what I was saying, I blurted out, "No one can *ever* take your place with *me*." And, suddenly realizing what I had said, felt my cheeks flush crimson.

His hand came across the table to rest on mine. "I'm sorry, Miss Bell," he said, in a voice vibrant with sincerity, "and thanks for giving me faith in myself and in what I stand for at a time when I need it—but there's no alternative. It's either Woodley Page's career or mine."

"What can *you* do?" I asked.

"I can stand between him and what's coming," he said. "I can take the blame."

I TOOK the key to the safe-deposit box from my purse. "Does that," I asked, holding it between my thumb and forefinger, "have anything to do with it?"

He said, thoughtfully, "I think that *may* have a great deal to do with it. It goes back many years, when Woodley Page was a star and when a young woman, whose name I won't mention, was numbered among the first five at the box office. It was at a time when Hollywood hadn't acquired the moral stamina it has now. People were dealing with something new, and, particularly, people didn't know how to take success. They couldn't understand the skyrocket sweep of surging power which jerked an actor up from oblivion to the dizzy heights.

"This actress became involved in a situation from which Woodley Page, who was young, and romantic, and indiscreet, tried to extricate her. Letters and messages changed hands.

"Woodley Page went on to success. The actress made several attempts to come back and
(Continued on page 80)



OF A MAN WALKING ALONE

*A Steele engraving of Nelson Eddy
—the bachelor who rates himself a
cynic and still reads fairy tales*

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE is built like a heavyweight champion and he likes the pungent odors of a delicatessen.

He is easily deceived by people.

His philosophy is one of compromise and tolerance which finds its root in his grandfather's maxim that circumstances alter cases.

He likes Mexican enchiladas and it is very difficult to borrow money from him.

His highest note is A-natural—very exceptional for a baritone. He dances the tango and rumba execrably.

He is known as Nelson Eddy.

He never wears white shirts and as a boy he was very self-conscious with girls. He is a bachelor.

His complexion is unusually fair and he eats very light lunches. He is difficult to interrupt in a conversation.

He doesn't play the piano and consequently cannot accompany himself. He dislikes giving interviews and off screen he wears horn-rimmed glasses.

He has no desire to be a gentleman farmer.

He is extremely optimistic and considers "Rosalie" his worst picture. His hair is blond and naturally wavy, imperceptibly gray around the temples since his youth.

He has never read Mary Baker Eddy.

He thinks he doesn't look well in a top hat and he is partial to Colonial architecture.

He is physically robust and maintains an apartment in Philadelphia where he lived for many years. He has never known defeat or failure.

He believes that most people are motivated by sincerity. He never wears panamas or straw hats.

He is not allergic to any kind of food.

He has a violent antipathy for women who use lorgnettes.

He's high-strung and moody
... likes to dance ... hates
interviews ... has leonine ease
at all large social gatherings

HE has no superstitions and has a passing command of French, German and Italian. He drinks champagne only on occasion and actually enjoys his motion-picture work.

His decisions are invariably impulsive. He sleeps soundly and believes that pain and beauty have an equal place in artistic expression.

He dislikes playing cards with women and thinks they play well. He likes to play the ukulele, the "sweet potato" and old folk songs on an accordion.

He smokes cigarettes.

He is easily depressed.

His favorite dessert is vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce.

He never wears linen or Palm Beach suits and has a loathing for second-rate music in any form. He thinks women of today have infinitely more charm and personal attraction than in the days of so-called "femininity."

He has not read "Gone with the Wind" or "Anthony Adverse." He never carries a walking stick and thinks many suicides are justifiable and heroic.

Nelson Eddy thinks that Americans in general do not know the art of gracious living.

He is fond of codfish cakes, caviar and sauerkraut.

He is highly introspective and self-analytical.

He has never carried a fountain pen.

He travels by air only when he is pressed for time.

He is particularly fond of Handkäse—a peculiar, translucent cheese which comes from the Harz Mountains in Germany. He scrubs his teeth alternately with paste and powder. He never gets headaches.

HE avoids large crowds and thinks that women, blondes or brunettes, are fundamentally alike. He rises about nine o'clock when not working.

He has great difficulty remembering names and faces.

He never uses a cigarette holder and Raphael's Sistine Madonna has impressed him more than any other work of art. He does not like surf bathing.

He is very quick to criticize.

He has broad shoulders and slim legs.

He worships at the shrine of Chaliapin and has a yearning for those large, luscious Eastern oysters. He enjoys meeting strangers.

He considers the habitual use of big words bad taste.

He expresses a leonine ease at large social gatherings.

He has no feeling for repartee.

His middle name is Ackerman, and his education consists of grammar school, night school and correspondence courses. His grandmother, Caroline Kendrick, was a famous singer in her day. He worked for five years as reporter and copy reader on the Press, Bulletin and Evening Ledger of Philadelphia.

He has to wear make-up on the screen because of his light coloring. He has never been married and he thinks motion pictures should avoid subjects of social significance.

He has a deep regret that circumstances have always prevented him from hearing Paul Robeson or Marian Anderson. He has an abnormally developed diaphragm worthy of a giant.

NELSON EDDY forms hasty judgments and exhibits very little interest in governmental affairs.

He has never been in a Turkish bath.

He always shaves before he dresses.

He thinks track meets very dull to watch.

He likes to sing and will on the slightest

(Continued on page 86)

THE Camera SPEAKS

Introducing the leading light of Hollywood's R.F.D. set—ranchman Taylor, soon to ride his hobby for box-office blue ribbons in M-G-M's glorified horse opera, "Stand Up and Fight"

Graybill

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

HOLLYWOOD THROUGH THE EYES OF A GREAT N



One of the most spectacular and unusual photographic angles ever to be presented: Hollywood as caught by the Swope camera

Suppliant: a candidate for stardom storms M-G-M's pillared studio gates



Relaxation: an Albertina Rasch girl takes time off from her movie work



"Personal, please": a sister co-worker takes her turn on the studio phone





he play introduces to its read-
ers thirty-year-old John Swope,
camera genius, whose pictures,
part of a collection soon to
be published in book form by Ran-
dom House, are given an advance
look here. Native of New
Jersey, N. J. by birth and of
Manhattan by adoption, he first
familiarized himself with the University
of the Arts and that now-famous trio,
Marlon Brando, Hank Fonda and
Marilyn Monroe. This brought
him a sojourn in Hollywood
where he tried his hand at ex-
perimental color film work. Choos-
ing photography as a career but
many years ago, he is now the
author of a new camera art

Product of invasion—by invitation—of
the home of Hollywood's first lady is
this Swope portrait of Norma Shearer

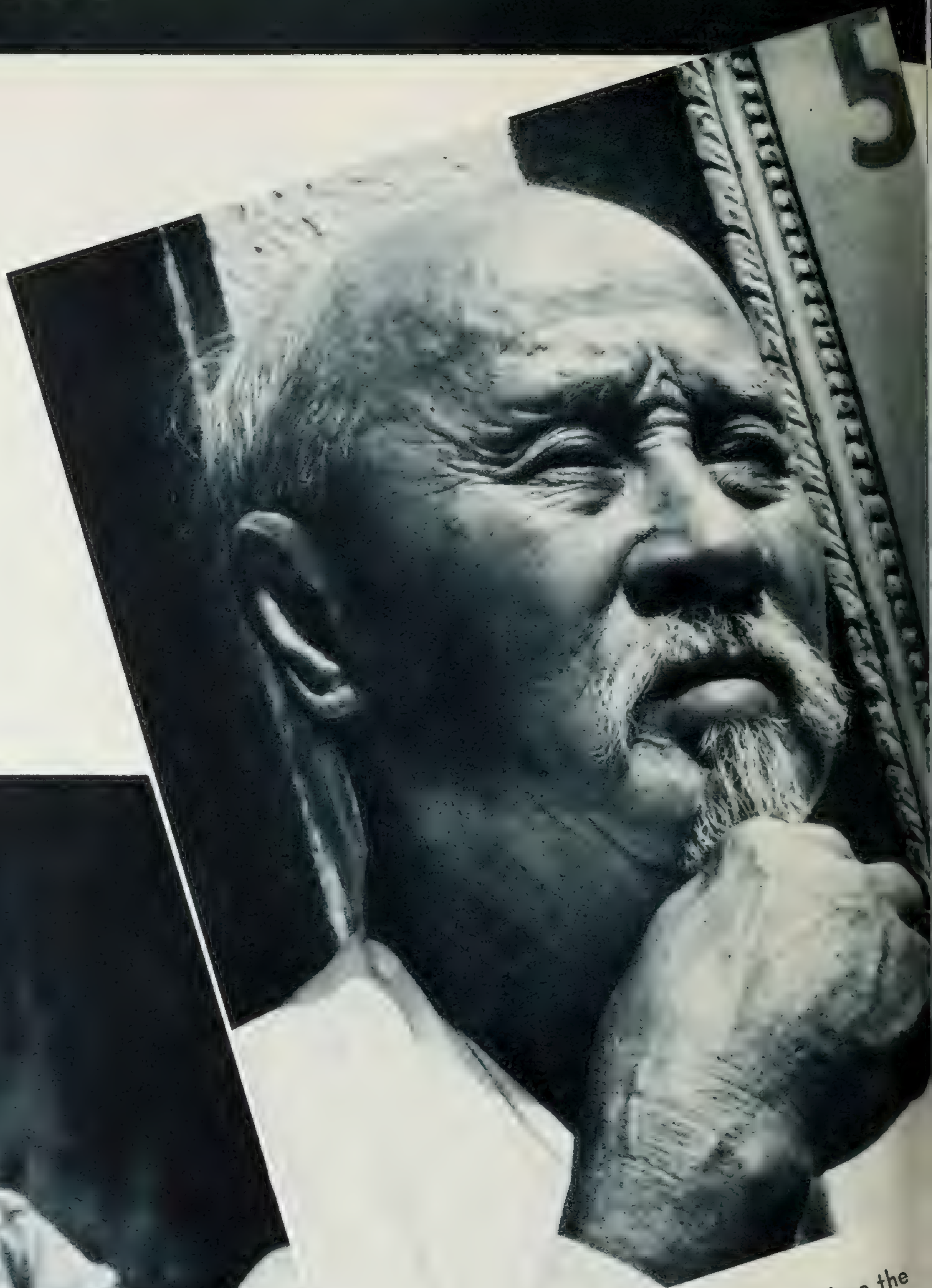
ual: the other side of Hollywood—a
night scene in an extra girl's apartment

(Continued on following page)



Former housemate of
Swope's: Hank Fonda,
modeling a bust of his
wife, Frances Brokaw

Protégé of publishing firm Random House is lanky blond Mr. Swope, whose book, tentatively titled "A Photographer in Hollywood," is a high light of their winter offerings. A superb collection of photographs of the film colony and its colonists at work, the book strikes a new note in modern photography. Definitely not "candid" are Mr. Swope's pictures (he feels that term is overworked)—but rather are they studied shots of unstudied subjects. Acclaimed now in his field, he remembers what first started him on his career—a boat trip to the yacht races in Honolulu. Learning from his host that there was no one aboard to take pictures, he bought himself a secondhand camera, built a dark room in a forward cabin of the boat and thus started upon an amazing and spectacular career that has netted him both personal pleasure and commercial profit



Portrait of a Chinaman taken before the Tom Gubbins shop in Los Angeles where the Chinamen of the movies are hired

Rhythm: photography becomes a dynamic art with this interpretation of ballet girls at work



Camera feat: a remarkable study of a two-day-old baby. The subject is Margaret Sullavan's daughter, Brooke Hayward, now sixteen months old

Joshua trees at twilight: a view near Palm Springs of weird tree growths of the desert

(Continued on following page)

HOLLYWOOD
THROUGH THE EYES OF
A GREAT NEW PHOTOGRAPHER
JOHN SWOPE



Sidelight on M-G-M's million-dollar picture, "Marie Antoinette," is this lunchtime shot of an extra worker asleep on the set. Above: John Swope kibitzes on a card game on the set of "Algiers," produces an ace-high picture with noteworthy lighting. Right: a study of sleep—extra girls outlined in the light of the camera





Brains plus the striking beauty of Titian-haired Ann Sheridan have made her a rarity in the City of Lost Hopes—for she is a contest winner who is making good in Hollywood. Known to the folks back home as Clara Lou, this product of the Lone Star State planned to be a Texas schoolmarm until a "Search for Beauty" ended at her door. Now, charting her course straight for dramatic honors, with Bette Davis as her guiding star, she's established herself on the Warner lot as a girl with pluck, perseverance and definite promise

Welbourne



In their new film, Ann Sheridan and Jimmy Cagney enjoy a sentimental respite from those "Angels with Dirty Faces"—the Dead End kids



SHIRLEY AND COMPANY

Time out at 20th Century-Fox while its "Little Princess" stages a tailwaggers party for those lucky dogs—her pets! The guest list, a canine League of Nations, includes Miss T's Kerry blue terrier, of Ireland (left); her French poodle and two Chinese Pekingese, unawed by their surroundings (above); her favorite "Ching" caught in a shower (right); her Welsh corgi (top, right); and, last, her Afghan hound of Near East ancestry (far right), who really doesn't need to be told to mind his party manners

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



WHO'S MARRIED



19

21

23

20

22

A guessing game that will give you a few shocks, some surprises



THIS
IS
LAMARR



—but the raven-haired beauty from Vienna has met her "match" in Hollywood, and from a most unexpected source

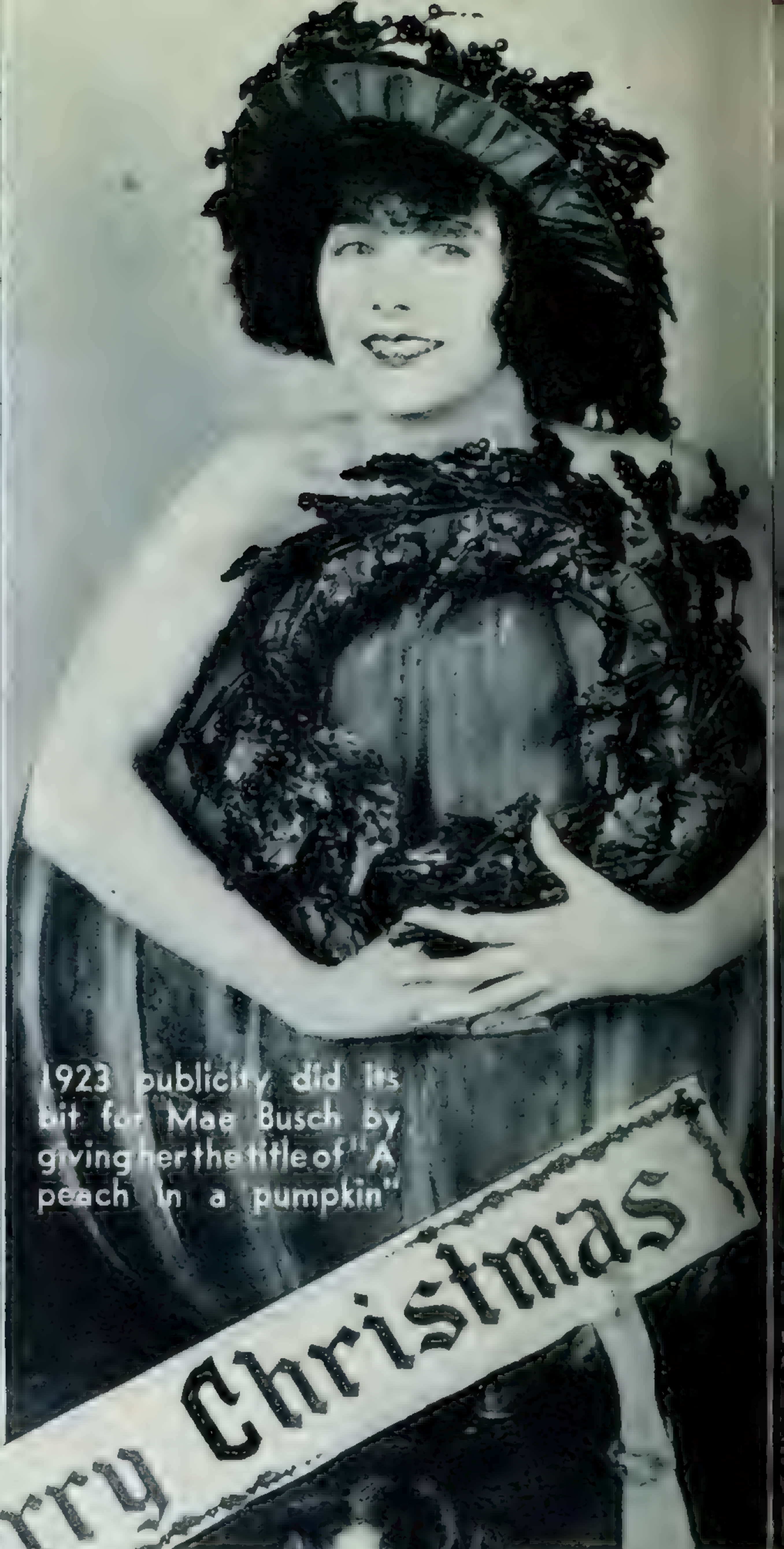
Presenting the reason why gentlemen no longer prefer blondes—

But Look—WHO'S THIS?





With the luscious Lamarr back at M-G-M after her triumph in "Algiers," Walter Wanger needed another glamour girl for his latest picture, "Trade Winds." The search had an amazing finale in his studio's own back yard when his selection for the rôle covered her blonde curls with a black wig—the disguise her part required. Now even Freddie March and Ralph Bellamy must look twice to recognize in this "second Hedy" the winsome youngest of a famous family—the lovely Joan Bennett!



1923 publicity did its bit for Mae Busch by giving her the title of "A peach in a pumpkin"

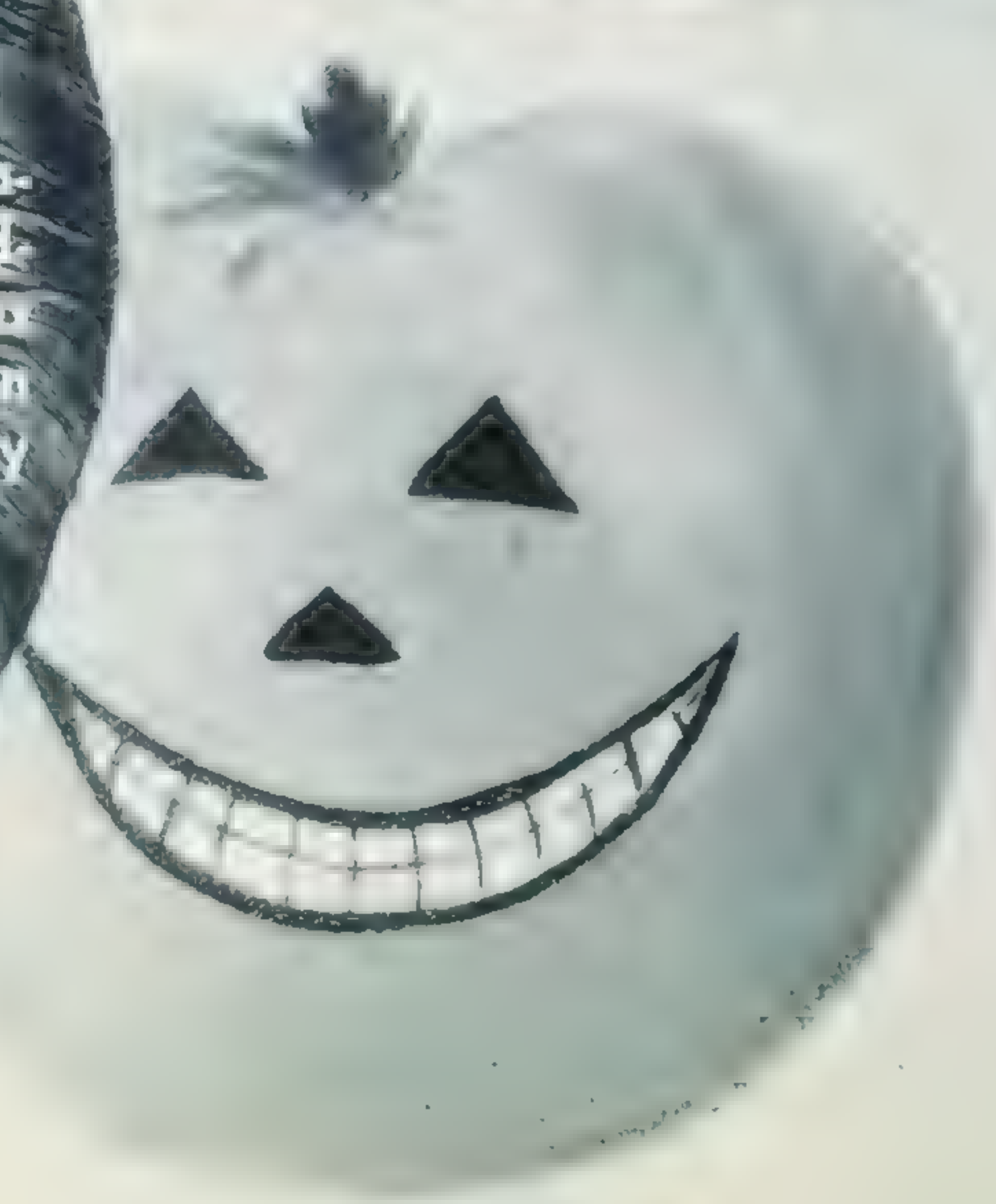
Another 1929 build-up — "What could be merrier than Janet Gaynor as she inspects the treasures the chimney-climbing saint has brought?"



Curls and a caption gave a 1929 femme fatale a new rôle—"Norma Shearer recalls the time when she couldn't be made to go to bed on Xmas Eve"



ED PUMPKIN



For something new, sophisticated Clara Windsor added plenty of sex appeal—1924 version—to her Horn of Plenty

Old Man Santa is out of a job while Lois Moran gives and gives in this exhibit A of snappy publicity in the gay style of 1922

A 1929 "modern Halloween" preferred La Bow in pajamas to witches in black—but Clara was depressed by the whole idea



Her publicity office elected Nancy Carroll the "ideal spirit of a sparkling 1928 kiddie Christmas"

1928 dateline: "Of course this is a perfectly preposterous picture! Who ever heard of anyone as cute as Joan Crawford sitting under the mistletoe alone?"

TAKE A HOLIDAY—

—add one big-eyed starlet,
a dash of coyness and a
sprig of decoration. Result
—the picture is in the papers
or the magazines! Photo-
play's photo files reveal the
history of holiday hokum!



The festive formula, ten years later, offers Gail Patrick & Turkey to prove there's nothing new under the Hollywood sun

MOST-DISCUSSIBLE ROMANCE

Fate took a hand in Janet Gaynor's future, when, on visiting M-G-M for "Three Loves Has Nancy," the red-headed "half-pint" discovered Leo the Lion's Number One stylist in charge of designing her wardrobe. Winchell says a wedding any minute

Willinger



The man in the case—couturier Gilbert Adrian, who confesses, "I'm in love for the first time in my life"



Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

This is a "be-a-good-fellow-and-don't-let-her-get-lonesome" date. Edgar Bergen was doing a "best friend" favor for Ken Murray. But, a week later, Shirley Ross eloped with another Ken—Ken Dolan (left)

Shirley Wanted Wholehearted Love

WHEN Shirley Ross tossed aside her napkin at the Brown Derby luncheon table and said to agent Ken Dolan, "All right, I will. I agree to marrying you right now," and, to prove that she meant it, promptly eloped to Yuma, there was much speculation as to how her two other suitors, Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen, would act. "I wonder what finally decided her on Dolan," a friend asked Bob Hope. "Well, I'll tell you," Hope replied. "Ken Murray had his Oswald and Bergen had his McCarthy. But Dolan had no one to share his heart with, so Shirley got it all."

Double Dealings

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Lana Turner, nightclubbing with George Raft, explains, "It's all right. He always waits until I get my school homework done before we leave the house."

What's your IQ on the latest Hollywood chatter? When you get caught up with this news, you'll bat 100%

Addenda on Corrigan

THE Wrong Way's The Right Way:

He walked up to the studio gate and approached the gateman. "I'd like to see Mr. Berman," he said, meekly. "Well, you can't see him here," was the reply. "You'll have to go to the main building." The young man walked the long block to the Administration offices and repeated his request. "Got an appointment?" he was asked by the desk man. "Well, I said I'd be around sometime this morning." "Sorry, Mr. Berman doesn't see anyone without a definite appointment. He's the boss over here, you know." "Yeah, I know, but he said to come." "Well, give me your name and I'll phone his secretary and see if he can see you." "Name's Corrigan," was the reply. "Okay, I'll phone—" The rest of the remark

died in his throat—"Say, you aren't Douglas Corrigan, the wrong-way flyer, are you?" he stuttered finally.

"Yes, I am," was the quiet answer.

"Well, go right in, Mr. Corrigan," said the awed desk man. "And Mr. Corrigan, his office is straight to the right. Of course you *can* reach it if you go left and circle around."

Corrigan gave him his famous crooked grin and walked out the door and into a purported \$50,000 deal as actor for RKO Studios.

So, you'll be seeing him one of these days, in his own movie.

* * *

FROM One Doug to Another:

Hollywood has discovered how Doug Corrigan, who was born Clyde Corrigan, got his new name.

His father deserted the family. The name, "Clyde," reminded his mother too much of the man whom she did not want her son to grow up to resemble. So the boy took matters in his own hands. One day, when he was selling papers on the street, his idol, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., bought a paper from him, handed him a dime and told him to keep the change. Thenceforth, Clyde became "Douglas" Corrigan.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Douglas Corrigan lunched together at RKO studio, I asked Doug what they talked about. Doug said, "I tried to find out about flying from him and he tried to find out about acting from me. I don't think we got very far."

All's right with their worlds. George Raft, after his umpteenth fight with Paramount, is making pictures again and Bill Powell will be working soon

New Hollywood Note

The sound of John Garfield's voice as he told a group of friends, "They've changed my name from Jules to John, but it won't do any good. I'll be terrible anyhow."

The pessimist in the case being the newcomer from Broadway who stole "Four Daughters."

Simply Wonderful!

It happened at the Café Lamaze when Deanna Durbin, with her parents, walked in to dinner. "There's Deanna Durbin," Joan Crawford whispered to Cesar Romero, her escort. "Isn't she wonderful?"

A moment later, Deanna glanced up and saw Joan. "Look," she whispered to her mother, "there's Joan Crawford. Isn't she beautiful?"

At that point, our own Hymie Fink, cupid of the camera, took in the little byplay of events and, leading Deanna over, introduced her to Joan.

Needless to say, Hymie was thanked by both girls, each of whom felt hers was the biggest thrill.

Gable Booms the Hitch-Hike Market

Do you or don't you believe the world reads Hollywood gossip—every little scrap of it? If you don't, listen to this.

Not long ago, a line in a Hollywood column read to the effect that Clark Gable had trained out for Winnipeg, Canada in such a hurry he could get no advance reservations beyond Kansas City. The next day brought on such a flood of offers to "lift" Mr. Gable the rest of the way, it practically sunk the studio.

Bus owners, car owners, plane owners, truck owners, hitch-hikers—all guaranteed to get Mr. Gable to his destination in one week.

In fun, the studio wired the messages to Gable and received this answer.

"I'll take the guy with the skis. He can use

Alice Faye showed up at the Clover Club to give Harry Richman, M. C., a big hand

An aura of parental dignity floats over these Coconut Grovers—the Dick Powells



The fine Italian hand of Fix-em-up Fink made possible this shot of Joan Crawford and Deanna Durbin at the Café Lamaze (see item above)



one and I can use one. Will see you in the fall of '39."

It was signed "Gable."

By Gum! The Marches are Right

AT the preview of "There Goes My Heart," two young ladies were ushered to seats close to Fredric March, the star of the picture, and his wife, Florence Eldridge.

"Good heavens, there's Freddy March," one young lady whispered to the other. "Let's get rid of our gum."

Sheepishly, they removed their gum and carefully wrapped it in their best hankies.

Suddenly, in the midst of a newsreel scene, the girls were startled by a strange crackling sound.

Glancing around, they discovered the cause.

Mr. and Mrs. March were chewing their gum in rhythm to the marching soldiers on the screen.

Jimmy Tells All

"AND how's the love life these days, Jimmy?" a friend asked Jimmy Stewart.

"Oh, swell. Fine. Going along like a house afire. There's only one thing about it, though, that has me worried. My tailor tells me it's either a new tuxedo or no more love life. He claims the old suit won't stand another pressing, so I'll either have to get a new one or give up the girls."

"Gee, I wish I could decide."

And the wide grin let the friend know he was right back where he started from as far as Jimmy's love-life secrets were concerned.

Mother Knows Best

THE Hollywood Theater was jammed with the usual preview crowd. Suddenly, in the midst of a Pete Smith short subject, there came a wild burst of applause from one woman as a small child flashed on the screen for a brief bit.

No one seemed to know what the fuss was about except those close to actress Joan Davis. To them it meant that a mother was applauding her very own daughter's first screen appearance.

Secrets?

'TIS whispered Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are not seeing quite so much of each other—and not because Clark spends all his vacations duck hunting, either . . .

The wives of the merry, mad Ritz Brothers scarcely nod to each other, so the boys have to

attend their own previews in separate little groups . . .

While tourists gape and hunt and search for Jack Benny at the local lunch spots, the actor sits at the counter of a Beverly Hills health food store and eats a carrot salad almost every noon-day . . .

June Lang, 'tis said, is so washed up with her persistent suitor, A. C. Blumenthal, there's no hope of a continuation of their romance . . .

Despite rumors of quarrels between Conrad Nagel and Joan Fontaine, Nagel still teaches sister Olivia the difficult feat of surfboarding. And right good the two are at it, too . . .

Joan Crawford and producer Joe Mankiewicz are the newest and latest twosome to be dining at the night spots.

Strictly Hollywood

THE sight of Connie Bennett, walking up the packed and crowded aisles of Grauman's Chinese Theater after the preview of "Hold That Co-ed," with tears streaming over her cheeks, washing away the make-up.

"I can't help it," she said to the Don Ameches. "I have laughed till I've cried and don't care how I look. That Joan Davis can reduce me to helpless 'tears of laughter' any day."

Livvie's in Love—But with Whom?

WHO is the man in Olivia de Havilland's heart? All Hollywood is speculating on this question. The town insists the beautiful Olivia is suffering from a cruel hurt and even little Olivia herself freely speaks of the "empty gestures without sincerity" of Hollywood males.

The name George Brent keeps forever pop-

ping up in connection with Olivia, but those on the inside say George and Olivia are only true friends. Her heart lies elsewhere.

But where? That's the question Hollywood would like to have answered for them, not just from curiosity but because the town really loves Olivia.

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

RALPH BELLAMY'S friends are gathering around in comforting groups. Just when Ralph finally got going in "A's," his happiness was dimmed by the loss of his home in the Hollywood floods of last winter.

But Ralph set his teeth and started over again. A good part in "Trade Winds" helped to revive his lagging spirits until word came that his Eastern home had been totally swept away by last fall's hurricane.

(Continued on page 67)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Another film elopement—Genevieve Tobin and Director William Keighley (top). When you've read all of Cal York's gossip this month, you'll know the test Charlie Chaplin (center) was put to the night he dined with Paulette Goddard; and what Lana Turner (left) did before she went night-clubbing with George Raft, Dorothy Lamour and Dotty's husband, Herbie Kay



★ THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER—Paramount

SLOW-VOICED Bob Burns is determined to carry on the Will Rogers tradition of common-sense philosophy; in this sentimental, often comic story he does a better job than in any of his previous efforts. Paramount has cast him as a tramp printer who goes about the country spreading provincial epigrams. When he discovers that idealistic Fay Bainter, a small-town widow, is about to lose her print shop to crooked politicians, he leaves the open road to rescue her. In addition to this, you are offered Irvin S. Cobb as the village constable, Dickie Moore as Widow Bainter's youngest child and a romance between Jean Parker and good actor John Beal. With such a cast, the film cannot help but excite your tears and laughter.



VACATION FROM LOVE—M-G-M

"LET us be mad, let us have fun, *fun*, FUN, and then we will always be happy!" scream Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice in rehearsed unison. That's when O'Keefe, a saxophone player, walks smack into Florence's wedding and grabs her with insouciance from her bridegroom. After marriage, however, Dennis and Flo discover that business sometimes interferes with having fun. She gets jealous, O'Keefe shows manly anger, and Florence whips off to Paris for a divorce. At last Dennis shows up, ready for more fun, and they have it, and that is that. No divorce. June Knight plays the gay little torch singer whose friendship with Dennis contributes to misunderstanding, and Reginald Owen is wonderful as the irate capitalist.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ IF I WERE KING—Paramount

MOST moviegoers, no matter how intellectual, are pushovers for a good, rousing, romantic costume picture. Almost every fan likes Ronald Colman, too. Put these together, as in "If I Were King," and you have great cinema. Frank Lloyd has produced this with a long budget; it is perfectly cast and cut to a rapid pace. The sly modern touches adequately save it from being routine and Basil Rathbone, in his characterization of old *Louis XI*, lifts the entire picture into special brackets.

Colman portrays *François Villon*, poet-philosopher-adventurer, who during the siege of Paris plays at being *Lord Constable*. Arrested for robbing the king's storehouses, he is raised from rags and vagabondage by the witty *Louis* for one week: then the scaffold is to be his lot. He sees Frances Dee, beautiful lady-in-waiting, and finds her worthy of his love after his long dalliance with a questionable but loyal lady. *Louis'* generals are afraid of *Burgundy's* troops so Colman blithely distributes all the food to the people, then leads them in the final battle. He handles the rôle capably, with his usual suave charm and presence. Miss Dee is as lovely as ever in a rôle that offers no opportunity. Ellen Drew has an exciting bit as the wanton. But Rathbone, playing with ineffable finesse the humorous, just, congenitally vicious old villain of a king, easily walks off with the piece. His is the comedy, the drama: to Colman are left romance, poetry and the implication of lusty sex. Exciting, spectacular, well acted—what more do you want!



★ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Universal

CHALK up still another triumph for Deanna Durbin, whose transition to adolescence is here tenderly and beautifully brought to the screen in a story crowded with poignant charm. Universal has wisely bridged the gulf that lies between childhood and young girl-hood and thus makes it possible, by such stories as these, for Miss Deanna to continue without interruption her amazing screen career. The story is natural, appealing, humorous and tragic by turns and Deanna pours into it all the charm and natural ability that is hers.

The delicate problem of a young girl's love for an older man is handled, both in writing and direction, with exquisite finesse. Deanna's crush on the fascinating Melvyn Douglas, a war correspondent, is a beautiful thing to see. The bewilderment of Douglas when he discovers her devotion, the unhappiness of her parents, Irene Rich and John Halliday, the heartbreak of Jackie Cooper who really loves Deanna, are all skillfully evolved. Cooper is magnificent as the lad caught in the throes of young love and right behind him, in acting honors, marches little Juanita Quigley, who steals scene after scene. But it's the sincerity and naturalness of Deanna, whose singing voice improves with each picture, that will linger in your memory.

Producer Joe Pasternak, director Edward Ludwig, and writers Bruce Manning and F. Hugh Herbert are to be congratulated for their almost flawless efforts to make this one of the most amusing and entertaining picture of the month.



★ THE SISTERS—Warners

WHEN the Academy Award Committee gets around to its bouquet giving, we suggest a special extra award for this, one of the greatest emotional dramas of the year. "The Sisters," translated to the screen from Myron Brinig's novel, is a story of human emotions so simply and yet so powerfully told that it hammers away at the heart, again and again striking a responsive chord that says, "These are people I know, saying things I've heard them say, doing things I've seen them do."

The performances of Bette Davis and Errol Flynn are largely responsible for the human quality of this picture. As two people hopelessly caught in a maelstrom of emotions over which they have no control, Bette and Errol turn in two of the finest performances seen on any screen. One of three sisters, and daughter of a small-town druggist, Bette meets irresponsible, happy-go-lucky Flynn, a sport's writer for a San Francisco newspaper. Leaving security behind, she marries Flynn and their struggle for adjustment with Bette's growing strength and Flynn's gradual weakening of character is a battleground of emotions laid bare. It should leave any audience torn with sympathy. Jane Bryan and Anita Louise as the other two sisters shine in their own particular rôles. Each girl gives a clear-cut, carefully drawn performance. Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi as the girls' parents are so humanly real, it's difficult to realize they aren't actually the characters they play. Director Anatole Litvak may count this among his finest triumphs.



★ **DOWN ON THE FARM**—20th Century-Fox

THESE *Jones Family* pictures have now attained the eminence of A cinema rating, as well as box office. For here is a definite, sincere attempt at catching Americana on celluloid; and it succeeds admirably. The family remains the same, of course, with Spring Byington as *Mother Jones*, Jed Prouty as *Pa*, Florence Roberts as *Grandma* and the usual children. This time *Pa*, helping son with a chemical experiment, blows the house up, and the *Jones* flee to *Aunt Ida's* farm. *Ida* is Louise Fazenda, buxom, coy with a field hand; and she has a hog-calling voice. A corn-husking contest is coming up and *Pa Jones* is cajoled into entering it, but his victory becomes the issue of an election and scheming politicians enter the fray to complicate things.



★ **STABLEMATES**—M-G-M

AS a workout for your tear ducts this is another in the four-handkerchief class. It is hysterically sad, with Wallace Beery, once again in his "Champ" rôle, as the discredited horse doctor wanted by the law for doping racing animals. Mickey Rooney, tough as always, but with a heart of gold, gets a discarded racehorse and picks Beery as a friend when the latter saves the horse. There follows an idyllic period on a farm which is rudely shattered by the film's climax, in which the law catches up with Beery and Mickey's nag goes buckety-buckety into a race, to win. Margaret Hamilton, as owner of the farm, delivers a delightful sequence at a community sing, Marjorie Gateson looks beautiful, and the horse is in stride. The Rooney is quite at home.



PRAIRIE MOON—Republic

HERE again is Gene Autry, singing Western ballads as he rides along the trails, roping, shooting, and outwitting villains all over the place. The West may now be quiet and peaceful, but not when Gene is around—then you can't even take a scenic ride without cattle rustlers and assorted badmen taking pot shots here and there. In this Autry special, Gene becomes guardian to three East Side boys who are almost as tough as the "Dead End" kids. He brings them back to a ranch which is being used as a hide-out by cattle rustlers; the kids don't like either Gene or the western life, but they finally help him round up the crooks. It's hard to explain the charm of Autry's pictures; they're all pure hokum, but they do give you real entertainment.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Sisters	That Certain Age
If I Were King	Too Hot to Handle
Room Service	The Arkansas Traveler
Down on the Farm	A Man to Remember
Straight, Place and Show	Stablemates
Parade of Disney Shorts	

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Myrna Loy in "Too Hot to Handle"
Clark Gable in "Too Hot to Handle"
Walter Pidgeon in "Too Hot to Handle"

Basil Rathbone in "If I Were King"
Ronald Colman in "If I Were King"

Mickey Rooney in "Stablemates"
Wallace Beery in "Stablemates"

Bob Burns in "The Arkansas Traveler"

Joel McCrea in "Youth Takes a Fling"

Errol Flynn in "The Sisters"
Bette Davis in "The Sisters"

Deanna Durbin in "That Certain Age"
Melvyn Douglas in "That Certain Age"
Jackie Cooper in "That Certain Age"
Juanita Quigley in "That Certain Age"

Walt Disney in "Parade of Disney Shorts"



★ PARADE OF DISNEY SHORTS—RKO-Radio

The Ugly Duckling—In this series of eight shorts, to be released in the next months, *Mickey Mouse's* father proves again—eight times again—that animated cartoons comprise an ineffable medium for entertainment. "The Ugly Duckling" is the best. You will choke with laughter and tears at the same time; gasp at the lovely color and settings. The Hans Christian Andersen story is followed closely, except Disney improves on Andersen's very funny implication that the swan's egg in the duck's nest might lead *Papa Duck* to suspect his mate.

Mother Goose Goes Hollywood—Caricature of living personalities reaches a new high here. In keeping with the Disney policy of friendly banter without offense, the stars with whom liberties are taken need have no fear; yet the pictures are sharp. Katie Hepburn runs along throughout as *Bo-Peep*; W. C. Fields is *Humpty-Dumpty*; Charles Laughton is the *Captain Bligh* who rides in a tub, rub-a-dub-dub; Laurel and Hardy are the *Simple Simon-Pieman* combination. Hugh Herbert, as *Old King Cole*, is perhaps the best delineation of character.

Donald's Lucky Day—Donald Duck is a messenger boy this time, and anarchists give him a time bomb to deliver. He gets into trouble with a black cat. Again you may shriek against frustration vicariously with the hysterical Donald, whose luck is so bad.

The Practical Pig—You saw it in the funny papers. It's much like the famous "Three Little Pigs" except action is centered around a lie-detector. Awfully good, anyway.

Ferdinand the Bull—For the first time Disney has bought a literary property for use, a fabulously successful best-seller made for children but snapped up by adults. In this the drawings come to life, while a narrator reads the simple story of gentle *Ferdinand*—the pacifist bull—who just wants to sit quietly and smell the flowers. You will remember that sitting on a bumblebee brought him to the bull-fight arena, and to grief. The animators have made much of *Ferdie's* mother. It's one of the finest Disneys.

Goofy and Wilbur—A new character joins the ranks of cartoon people. He is *Wilbur*, a grasshopper, who goes fishing with his pal *Goofy* and lures fish into the net by insulting them. You may find a parallel between this and the leading characters from "Of Mice and Men," but it's done innocently and without tragedy. *Wilbur* is quite wonderful; he gets eaten by a frog, who in turn is swallowed by a heron, who lays an egg. And guess where *Wilbur* is?

The Brave Little Tailor—This was in the funnies, too. *Mickey Mouse* is a tailor who catches flies and by mistake is sent out to capture a giant. His methods are startling, but ingenious. It's a better than usual vehicle for star-of-the-lot *Mickey*.

Barnyard Symphony—The animals all get together and make a terrific racket, which after a while re-assembles itself in your ears as a kind of music. Best scene is a flirtation between a pullet and the barnyard cock.

(Continued on page 92)



WE COVER THE

Vincent Price, with two-pix-at-a-time Connie Bennett, makes hot news of "Service De Luxe"

THE fair-haired boy in all Hollywood at the moment is a dapper, dashing Walter Wanger. Since "Algiers" made him a million dollars and Hedy Lamarr the number-one glamour girl of the screen, the question is—"What will Wanger do next?"

We make finding out the first order of business on our monthly set of merry-go-round, because the predicament of Joan Bennett's favorite producer pretty neatly sums up the situation of Hollywood in general at this point. Wanger had two strikes of uninspired pictures on him when he slammed out the "Algiers" hit. The rest of Hollywood, too, has just climbed out of the worst slump in years with a bunch of circuit smashes like "Marie Antoinette," "Four Daughters," "Boys Town," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Sing, You Sinners," and "You Can't Take It With You."

But the question mark still looms big—"What next?" More Hollywood hits or strike-outs? Can the studios keep up the pace? The only place to answer that is right on the movie sets, right now.

At Wanger's we find "Trade Winds" blowing up what Walter hopes to be a box-office hurricane. When we see Director Tay Garnett giving Freddie March orders with his famous cane, we aren't too surprised to learn that "Trade Winds" really started shooting some three years ago when Tay and a picked Hollywood crew skippered his boat, the "Athene," around the Orient shooting pictures of everything in sight, remember? On the 70,000 feet of bona fide travel film and a Hollywood-concocted, love-adventure-chase story rests the follow-up fate of Walter Wanger productions.

Fredric March is a combination of *Don Juan* and *Sherlock Holmes*, who trails pseudo-mur-

*Our movie-go-rounder proves that
"Motion Pictures Are Your Best En-
tertainment" with the latest news
of circuit-smashers in the making*

BY JACK WADE

deress Joan Bennett across half the globe in this one. Before he gets his woman he leaves a path of broken hearts in Honolulu, Tokio, Shanghai, Singapore and points East.

You'd never call making movies work if you could see Freddie as we catch him when we arrive, surrounded by cute little Japanese geisha girls with obi bustles and patent-leather coiffures. They hand him cups of saki, fan his fevered brow and croon Nipponese nifties in his ear.

When they finally tear him away from the slant-eyed charmers—and it's a job—we watch a long scene where Master-Mind March uncovers fugitive Joan's trail from Tokio. In the middle, Ralph Bellamy, playing a dumb, thick-headed flatfoot, breaks in with a loud off-stage voice. Every time, right after this, Freddie blows his lines. And every time Ralph kids him.

Finally, after his third blow-up, Freddie falls over in a surprised geisha's lap. "I know what I need," he announces calmly. "More money!"

A yelp comes from the sound-stage door. It's Walter Wanger himself. "More money?" he sputters. "Why I ought to dock your wages!" The situation has all the elements of a European crisis, so we ease out and over to Selznick (Still Gone-With-the-Wind) International, where we're told Carole Lombard and Jimmy Stewart are "Made For Each Other."

We amble right in for a look at Selznick's semi-windup before the eternal main event—"Wind"—as they call it now around the lot.

"Made For Each Other" marks Carole's return to the straight dramatics after a series of eccentric assignments. It presents her as a female scribbler whom fame suddenly snaps by the skirts when she writes a best-seller novel. This pretty well gums up her marriage with Jimmy when success, wealth and adulation change her life. But you ought to know love always wins out in the end. Oddly enough, Carole's script name in this is her real name, Jane Peters.

We watch Director John Cromwell try to get just the right scene out of Carole and Jimmy. It's after they've been married and they're packing for the honeymoon boat. Before every take, a make-up man runs up to Jimmy and wipes the lipstick off his face. Carole is generous with the stuff when she kisses. They're about set to go when the same make-up man yells "Stop!" like a jilted lover at the altar. Carole whirls with a resigned look, "Am I shiny again?" she asks. He nods and fluffs powder all over her frown.

It's very hard, for some reason, for Carole to say "Very nice" with just the right ring to it. The rest of her lines roll out in apple-pie order but the "very nice" is very bad. "Maybe I'm not 'very nice'," she finally cracks.

"Oh, yes you are," says Jimmy, "or I wouldn't kiss you."

"You're getting paid for it," Carole comes back very nicely. Any time anyone gets the last word with Lombard!



Carole Lombard, Jimmy Stewart and Director John Cromwell go a little noisy on the "Made For Each Other" set

STUDIOS



Jane (star of "Arizona Wildcat") Withers these youngsters with her skill at marbles

Practically next door at Hal Roach's another follow-up on a former hit is before the cameras. "Topper Takes a Trip," with the old cast complete except for Cary Grant, is reviving the fantastic comedy antics of Roland Young, Constance Bennett, Billie Burke and all, under the Norman McLeod sly touch that made "Topper" so much fun.

If anything, "Topper Takes a Trip" will be twice as insane as "Topper." Where "Topper" had forty special spooky effects of vanishings and rematerializations, the sequel ups it to eighty. People fade away and come back to life with the greatest of ease as poor, henpecked Roland Young fights a Paris divorce suit and gets enmeshed in the connivings of Continental slickers. Even "Asta," the wire-haired terrier, retitled "Skippy" for this, floats about in the void as an ethereal canine conscience. You'll have to see it to appreciate it.

Aside from the metaphysical aspects, the most amazing thing to us about the second "Topper" is that Cary Grant appears in it for two hundred feet and no pay, something unheard of in Hollywood. It seems that to get the picture off in some semblance of chronological sense, a flashback of the first part, where Cary and Connie meet their dooms, was needed.

Since he was much too busy to make it, Cary readily agreed to Roach's clipping out a few feet of the old picture and splicing them in—and no extra charge.

The back lot of Roach's is a hot but realistic Paris boulevard the morning we hurdle sound cables and switch boxes to a spot behind the camera. Roland Young very sensibly sits with Alan Mowbray under a sidewalk awning dipping in a carton of ice cream and ignores any such foolish activity. Everyone else is dripping perspiration, but Roland, in buttoned coat and vest, and woolen socks, focuses his monocle on the morning paper, cool as a Brown Derby parfait. When Connie Bennett strolls up, in dark glasses, he rises, says, "Oh, hello." She nods and passes on.

It's a symphony in *sang-froid* or something.



Even though it is just make-believe for "The Shining Hour," Melvyn Douglas and Joan Crawford have the usual "wedding-bell jitters" which most actors experience before this scene is shot

It's moving day at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, our next stop in Culver City. The brand-new administration building, Louis B. Mayer's pride, is finished and so many of the studio big shots are shifting around to get desk space there that only an earthquake could give the place a better shaking. In all this confusion it's a wonder anything is shooting, but we finally discover one of our favorite people, Joan Crawford, back at work in "The Shining Hour" after too long a vacation.

It's a little startling to burst on the "Shining Hour" set and find Joan Crawford in a white lace gown with a tiered bouffant skirt getting herself married to Melvyn Douglas. After all, she just separated from Franchot Tone. But Joan makes a lovely bride, just the same, as with misty eyes she breathes "I do," and Melvyn gazes adoringly.

Movie weddings, though strictly make-believe, are always nerve-racking to actors. We've noticed it before as we do now. Melvyn paces the floor of the stage sucking a cigarette nervously, fixes his tie, shoots his cuffs. "You'd think," he says, "I really *was* getting married!" Joan, too, fidgets. The trouble is, we learn, that even when it's for camera only, those fatal words pack an emotional wallop hard to shake off.

Gladys Cooper, the English actress, made "The Shining Hour" a byword of the stage and Metro's movie will stick pretty close to the play. For Joan it's a big job, especially since she's been idle ten months and her last picture, "Mannequin," was not too good. Coming right after her domestic strife, it demands a dose of courage, but that's something Miss Crawford has never lacked.

AT Twentieth Century-Fox, Jane Withers rips things off in machine-gun order, handles a million outside activities and doubtless, one of these days, will run for Congress, too. "Arizona Wildcat" is "Jane Withers Out West" but with an 1870 period background. She's an orphan waif (Why must all child stars be orphan waifs?) and adopted by a reformed bad man, Leo Carrillo. The real bad man, hiding under the masque of the law, is Henry Wilcoxon.

Jane exposes him, saves everybody else, of course. And in the nick of time you may be sure.

That's the picture—but in real life, Jane, true to form, is strictly nuts about bad man Henry. He's her latest "crush." She asked her mother the other day if she could "adopt him as an uncle!"

The set is swarming with little Mexican kids from Olvera Street when we show up. To them, Leo Carrillo is a *gran' caballero* and Jane is a thing of awe and wonder.

It's something of a feat for the assistant director to pull Jane away from her marble game to shoot a scene. She's regaling all the Mexican kids with her skill. Except one, who refuses to be charmed. We asked him, "Don't you like Jane?"

"Naw," he says, makes a face and a loud raspberry!

But Jane hears and a minute later has him on her lap! Nobody can resist her long.

We check up on a couple of highly touted newcomers at our next two stops—Warners and Universal. John Garfield, the fine young actor of "Four Daughters," gets more than just a chance in "They Made Me A Criminal." He gets several pokes in the nose, for one thing, appearing as a left-handed New York prize fighter who runs away before a murder charge, finds peace, a new life and Gloria Dickson on a California ranch. Claude Rains and that talented actress, Beulah Bondi, carry character assignments.

This is the picture that Warners hope will lift Garfield to the real paying proposition of a first-rank star. It well might, too, we ponder as we watch John, small, but sturdily knit, in a prize ring sequence in the old Jim Jeffries barn near

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Jeanette MacDonald, currently appearing in M-G-M's Technicolor film, "Sweethearts," poses in a frost pink evening ensemble from her personal wardrobe. The slipper satin jacket conceals the softly draped bodice of the flowing chiffon gown. Miss MacDonald's cape is of silver fox

Decor by Haines-Foster, Hollywood

Corsage by Halchester, Hollywood

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY HURRELL

Warners' studio. This is just one of eight locations they've used in this picture. The place has the right look and it ought to, for Jim Jeffries was one of the greatest of them all and John, we learn, can handle his dukes, too. He fought in several "Golden Gloves" ring tournaments before he started glaring into a movie camera.

While we're looking everything over, the bell rings and cameras train down John. His face reminds us of the faces of both Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson. Maybe the Warner happy family is so close they get to look like one another. At any rate, John gets going with the gloves in the smoke and heat and yellow light of the realistic ring. Only he gets going too fast and he slips, cracks his head on the ropes and—knocks himself out!

They're still slapping his face and dousing him with water when we leave. But you won't see that in the movie.

WE HURRY to Universal for a look at Vincent Price and "Service De Luxe."

Price, a Yale graduate, is another white hope of Hollywood. If you had a chance to see Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina," you'll remember him. He was "Albert." He was also, and still is, six feet four inches tall. His profile is as good as Barrymore's used to be. Chances are you haven't forgotten him.

"Service De Luxe" has a grand idea. It's farce built around one of those "services" in Manhattan that will do everything from mind the baby to buy a discreet present for a chorus-girl sweetie. Constance Bennett is the head of the service; Vincent's her client. She puts across his big business deal and also hers—which, of course, is Vincent.

Director Rowland Lee is directing what looks like a play hour for high-grade morons, when we look in. Vincent, all seventy-six inches of him, is down on his knees in the basement of a house, tinkering with a toy tractor. La Bennett is absent, being over at Roach's on her popularity wave, where we just left her. But Helen Broderick, Joy Hodges and Charlie Ruggles, dignified in tails and a cigar, break in on the tinkering and start to kibitz. Vincent explodes, because he's really making a model of a world-beating invention.

Mischa Auer, looking very gloomy, sprawls limply in his canvas chair strangely labeled "Mischa Pisch." Nothing, he assures us, can make him feel happy. He has found a man taller than himself, Vincent Price, and now he has an inferiority complex!

On our way in to Hollywood and Paramount we make a quick stop at Columbia to get a preview peek at the latest movie family, the *Blumsteads*. Columbia is bereft of big movies this

month but is starting off "Blondie," patterned after the comic strip which millions of Americans are said to digest each morning with their grapefruit.

"Blondie" is the first of a series, like the *Hardys* and the *Joneses* at M-G-M and Twentieth Century-Fox. It ought to be a little like both, too, as Kay Van Riper, who writes the *Hardys*, is doing the scripts and Shirley Deane, who acts in the *Joneses*, has a leading rôle. It seems good to see jovial Arthur Lake, the perennial juvenile, back in a steady picture spot. And the towheaded baby in the case, Larry Sims, is cuter than a Christmas stocking.

We leave them quarreling over the morning coffee in movie domesticity. "St. Louis Blues" calls. And if Paramount doesn't make something grand out of a natural title like that, we'll wire our Congressman!

Paramount, however, can manage to have more trouble casting a picture than any other major studio.

Warners battle more with their players, but when you want a real casting mix-up, call around at Paramount.

George Raft was the original choice for the "Blues." But the part called for a master of ceremonies and George thought he wasn't the happy-chappie type. He's just getting back on the Paramount pay roll as a result. Shirley Ross, on the other hand, was dying to do the feminine lead—but at the last moment a writer got the bright idea of making the heroine a Broadway actress famous for her sarong rôles.

When you say sarong in Hollywood, you also say but one other name—Dorothy Lamour.

You're right—it was Lamour who was finally awarded the rôle.

We watch Dorothy and Lloyd Nolan, the lucky young man who walked in when George Raft walked out, sing their way out of jail. "St. Louis Blues" takes place mostly on a Mississippi showboat where Dorothy flees to get away from it all and Lloyd, the captain, conceives the bright idea of dressing her in a sarong so she can get on Broadway, which is just what she's run away from!

So you see Shakespeare can be wrong—the play's not always the thing in Hollywood. Certainly, not in "St. Louis Blues."

In fact, when we modestly inquire where in all the picture does the plot have anything remotely to do with St. Louis or the Blues there is confusion on the set. Nobody seems to know. Finally, after extended research, Dorothy Lamour remembers.

"Oh yes," she says, "Maxine Sullivan sings the part of the 'St. Louis Blues'—over a wash tub I believe!"

But it's still a swell title.







Jean Parker brightens her this le-colored skirt with a sage green sweater. Leon designed this sweater which is of "Soft-tone" yarn knitted in a novel "wavelet" stitch. Jean is appearing with Bob Burns Paramount's "The Arkansas Traveler"

Smith

Annabella, appearing in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Suez," chooses a yellow sweater to high light her three-button, beige tweed suit that is check-striped in brown and yellow

Kornman



dull days come this season, for cos-
es of happy brightness are here
challenge them: Alice Faye (oppo-
page), who will soon appear in the
entieth Century-Fox film, "The
l from Brooklyn," wears a short-
cted suit of plum woolen, strik-
y contrasted by a crepe blouse
l suède toque of hard, bright blue.
te the high waistband on the suit
irt. This ensemble was selected
n Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills



Glamour and sophistication characterize these two formal costumes so typical of holiday formality. On the left, Adrian dramatizes a svelte collarless princess coat of dark brown wool, created for Jeanette MacDonald to wear in her new M-G-M film, "Sweethearts," with a pillow muff of beige monkey fur and center sleeve, silk-braid embroidery of matching hue. (Adrian's original sketch for this coat is shown above.) He trims Miss MacDonald's Turkish turban of brown felt with monkey fur also, and drapes it with silk jersey

Bull

Joan Crawford's gown of black and white sheer (opposite page) interprets anew the ever-popular shirtmaker influence. Cabochon ruby studs and cuff links formalize its mood of naïveté. The flowing skirt fulness is released from unpressed pleats that are confined at the waistline by a wide girdle. Joan is appearing in M-G-M's "The Shining Hour"

Willinger



Olivia de Havilland's dubonnet frock is distinguished by dolman sleeves, a high, draped neckline and its unusual fabric— heavy rough crepe with an allover candlewick motif. Her matching felt toque boasts the same candlewick treatment. Olivia is now appearing in Warners' "Wings of the Navy" with George Brent

Fryer



A black and white photograph of actress Barbara Stanwyck. She is wearing a black dressmaker suit consisting of a bolero jacket with dolman sleeves and a long, flared skirt. She is also wearing a wide-brimmed black hat, long black gloves, and black high-heeled shoes. A large, dark fur stole is draped over her left arm. She is holding a small, dark bag. The background is a light-colored, abstract painting with some visible brushstrokes and a faint, stylized face on the right side.

Edward Stevenson designed this dressmaker suit of black woolen for Barbara Stanwyck to wear in RKO's "The Mad Miss Manton." Self-cording edges the flared skirt and brief bolero jacket which boasts the dolman sleeve. A dramatic note is reflected in the Postman's bag of black fox. Joseff created the gold and emerald tassel brooch that finishes Barbara's dainty lingerie blouse

Bachrach

Photoplay Fashions

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York,
New York



FOUND IN THE SHOPS



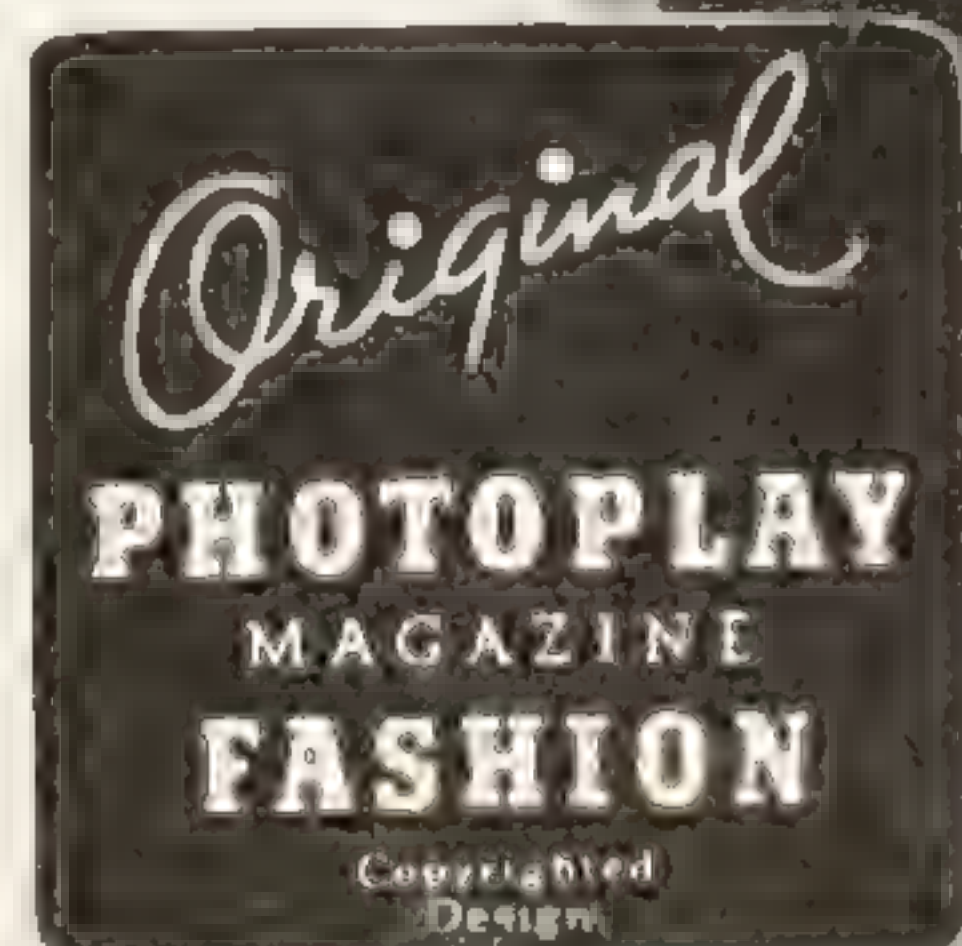
Now comes the smart British influence . . . in felts for every fall occasion: Margaret Tallichet, who is currently appearing in Columbia's "Girls' School," suggests the Byron "Teatimer" (above left), a provocative version of the pillbox that tilts dangerously near the top of the nose, with tiny crown, tweaked into a point, looped trim and choux of grosgrain banding. Above right, Margaret Early, appearing in Selznick's "The Young in Heart," takes her cue from the Merrie England of long ago and models "Sherwood," a jaunty Byron felt with a high, dropped-tip crown, a softly rolling brim, a mottled grey quill soaring high. For town wear, Miss Early models Roxford's "Cocktail-hour" (far left), as intriguing a hat as you'll ever see. The brim, high-cuffed in back, turns sharply to a soft roll for the front. The modified stovepipe crown, relieved by a feather pompon and a dashing quill, gives height. Next, Miss Tallichet goes sportswoman, wearing the "Ainstree," trim Roxford sports felt, deftly stitched on crown and brim with contrasting shade, with an audacious badger brush to top off the crown



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIPPMAN

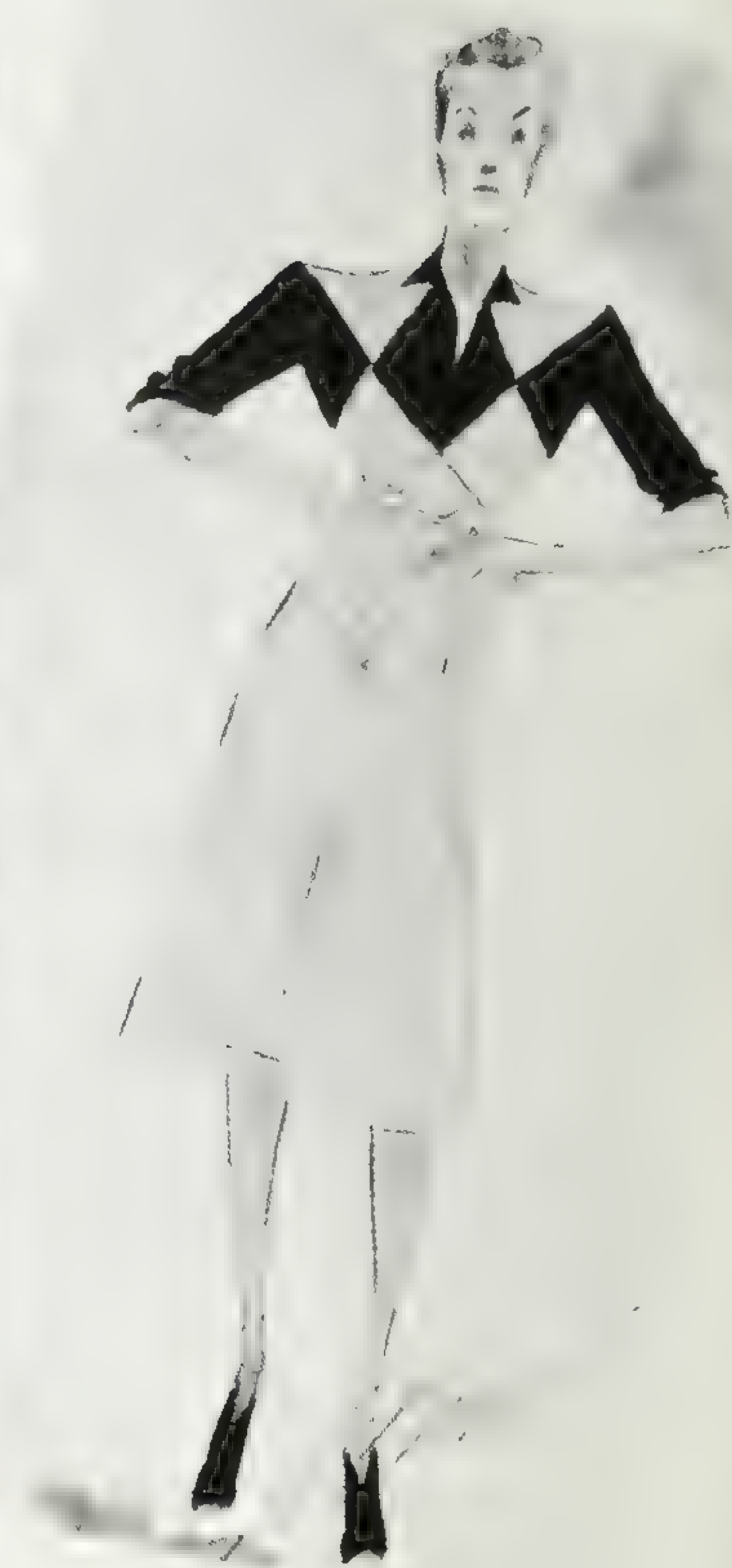
Youth will step out this holiday season wearing romantic evening gowns. Dorothy Moore, who will soon be seen in Columbia's "Blondie," wears three charming Jeanne Barrie models of taffeta, woven of Celanese* rayon yarn, that you, too, will want to own. Top left, a gown reminiscent of a Southern belle. A shirred band edges the décolletage and joins the deep hemline flounce to the skirt. Above right, a pleated gown with swing skirt and a chic little contrast bolero of velveteen. Right, a Twentieth-Century gown quaintly styled over Eighteenth-Century hoops. Sophisticated black is picturesquely striped with pink

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT





Three winners—Virginia Bruce, screen favorite—her Safari brown Alaska sealskin coat, fashion favorite—and Copper, her favorite cocker spaniel—start for a brisk stroll from Virginia's Beverly Hills home. Her coat is a knee-length swagger model with flat collar, squared shoulders, bell sleeves and roomy patch pockets. Her pillbox is of matching fur. Virginia, an M-G-M star, is now appearing in Hal Roach's "There Goes My Heart"



The sketch above pictures in detail the sheer beige woolen Irene-designed frock that Virginia wears beneath her coat. The sleeves, yoke and collar are brown woolen

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

Boy Meets Father

THE car drove slowly up the driveway to the ranch and stopped.

"Gee, I hope Daddy's got a new baby calf and a colt and a pig," little Rickey Arlen cried, excitedly. "Don't you, Mummy?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Arlen. "I hope so."

At that moment Dick Arlen appeared around the corner of the house. The husband and wife who had been separated for weeks looked at each other for a long inquiring minute.

"Come on, Mummy, get out and let daddy show us his new pets. Come on," reiterated the small Rickey.

"Yes," echoed Dick, "please do."

And so these two, with pain in their hearts, wandered about the ranch with little Rickey.

When Joby returned to the car, Dick was still with her. And when she finally drove away, clouds seemed to have rolled away.

Who knows what may have happened by now?

The Look Who's Keeping Dates Department

A HANDSOME gentleman sat in the Vendome Café and writhed. Occasionally he'd glance at his watch and peer anxiously at the door.

"Look," Joan Bennett said to her companion in an excited whisper, "isn't that Edgar Hoover, the famous 'G' man? I wonder who he's waiting for."

Quickly the word spread through the restaurant that "G" man Hoover was impatiently awaiting a lady fair and speculation as to the lucky one ran high.

Then, suddenly, she was there before him. Blonde, beautifully gracious, smiling.

"So sorry to be late," she apologized. "We could hardly get through the traffic."

Mr. Hoover's eyes lit up with an inner glow. "It's quite all right," he replied. "I'd wait all day for you."

"And I'd wait for you," smiled his date.

With that Mr. Hoover and Miss Shirley Temple ordered their lunch.

Sorcerer's Apprentices

IT happened in the Trocadero when Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were in the midst of dinner. A small

boy, son of Mr. Hahn, owner of the café, appeared at Charlie's elbow.

"What's your name?" the boy asked, staring hard at the actor.

"Charlie Chaplin," came the reply.

"What do you do?" asked the boy.

"I'm in pictures," Mr. Chaplin replied. "I'm an actor."

"Oh, are you the funny man?"

"Yes."

The boy stared harder.

"Well, make me laugh."

Chaplin blinked twice and looked into the straight honest gaze of the boy.

"Aw, you can't make me laugh," he cried.

"Look," said Chaplin earnestly, "if I ate my shoe would you laugh?"

The boy considered. "Yes," he agreed. "I would."

So one little Master Hahn has a special date with one Mr. Charles Chaplin to view "The Gold Rush" so the small lad can really see Chaplin as a funny man eating his shoe.

Marital Tidbits

WHEN Dick Powell started work on "Going Places" for Warners, he got very excited when a wire was delivered to him on the set just before the first shot was made. It was addressed to "Daddy Powell." He found it to be from wife Joan. It read "Make good for me and the kids—Joan". . . .

During their married life Ann Sheri-

dan and Edward Norris had a devoted colored couple working for them. When they separated recently one of their problems was what to do about the



"Gee, it's nice being a G-woman when it means having lunch with the top guy in the G-man business." Shirley and J. Edgar Hoover have a luncheon date to discuss the latest crime wave

pair. So Eddie took the man servant and Ann took the woman. Now she's househunting for a place to have her housekeeper keep house in.

Comedy of Errors

SPENCER TRACY went to the Troc one night with a friend. Seated at a

told him of the experience. "That dog gets bigger every time I wink my eyes," Fred exclaimed. "Well, you might as well get used to it," warned Doug. "And he still has ten months of growing to do."

"I asked for a house pet," cracked Fred resignedly, "but I didn't think I'd have to keep him in a hangar!"

"Of Such Stuff . . ."

WHEN Joan Crawford had to carry Margaret Sullivan out of a burning house for scenes in "The Shining Hour," Joan worried for days ahead. She was afraid she might hurt Margaret, who is expecting the stork in a very few months. The day they actually shot the scene, Joan cracked down on her knees first to break the fall and then gently put Margaret on the ground next to her. After several takes, Joan's knees were raw and bleeding. But as long as she hadn't upset Maggie she was satisfied.

The next morning, Joan dragged herself to work. Her legs were stiff and her knees ached. Margaret Sullivan, looking fit as a fiddle, arrived next. "Oh, I feel so good," la Sullivan beamed quite innocently.

"I played three sets of badminton before I came to the studio this morning!"

Hollywood Goes Doggy

THE dogs are certainly having their days in Hollywood! Over at M-G-M literally hundreds of pooches of all types, breeds and pedigrees are being "interviewed" and tested for the important rôle of "Toto," the little dog who is Dorothy's pet in "The Wizard of Oz."

Up the street at the Hal Roach Studio, Skipper—or Asta if you'd prefer it that way—has a top rôle in "Topper Take a Trip" and is busy cavorting before the cameras with his usual scene-stealing antics.

At Columbia, a practically unknown K.9 has lapped up one of the best rôles of the year as "Daisy," Baby Dumpling's playmate in the "Blondie" series, while at the Colonial Pictures Studios a big appealing police dog has wagged his way to the part of "Sandy," Annie's reliable pal in the studio's film version of "Little Orphan Annie."



All Hollywood is divided into three parts: the dieters, those who don't diet and those who have to listen to the reasons of each group for doing either. Healthy fifteen-year-old Judy Garland eats what she wants—hot dogs, this time—and Mama follows suit

table was a young man. Tracy said hello. "I didn't know you knew Bill Henry," said a friend. "I don't," said Spencer. "That's Dick Cromwell." "O-o-oh, no, it isn't" came the firm answer. "That's Bill Henry."

The argument went back and forth. Finally, a waiter was called and asked to bring in a few fans who hang around the front door of the Troc. Spencer treated them to a sandwich and then casually pointed out his friend across the way. "Do you know who that is?" he asked indifferently. "It's Bill Henry," came the answer in chorus. Tracy gulped. "Well, I spent a week on the same boat with him," he said, "and I called him Dick Cromwell the entire time."

A Stare Astaire

JUST before he went to New York, Fred Astaire received a bull mastiff puppy as a present from Douglas Fair-



After his whopping performance in "Boys Town," Spencer Tracy is in line for another little gold "Oscar." Spence and Mrs. Tracy spend "maid's night out" at the Trocadero



Tony and his beloved nurse, "Gooly." Above right, Mrs. Mischa Auer

ONE MAD

AUER

*His eyes are pools of sorrow—but
his mind is a capering harlequin
that flips the world comic side up*

BY IDA ZEITLIN

ONE day Mischa Auer woke to the realization that he hadn't had a new tie in eight years. He walked into a haberdasher's. "I am the law of compensation," he told the clerk. "Please give me a tie. Any tie." Since then the law of compensation has been buying himself a tie a week.

He hired as cook a German who'd thumbed a ride from him. "There's something wrong with that guy," said Mr. Auer's wife after one look.

"Nonsense. You don't understand the Continental viewpoint. He's down-and-out. We have to give him a break."

It wasn't until the cook coaxed him one morning at the point of a butcher's knife to wash the breakfast dishes that Mischa lost faith in his protégé.

He discovered that by rolling grapefruit up and down the black keys of a piano he could get the effect of Debussy's overtones. His

Grapefruit Suite in E-Flat has since become a classic. One day weird sounds issued from the living room. His wife popped her head in. Mischa was instructing his grandmother, an accomplished pianist who, for twenty-five years, had accompanied Leopold Auer, his musician grandfather, in the "grapefruit" technique. "Maybe I better try oranges," the discouraged pupil was saying.

"No, oranges are for amateurs. Now once more—so—so—gently—pianissimo— You see? Grandfather would have been proud of you."

With ten dollars in his pocket, and no idea where the next ten was coming from, he'd go to the Cocoanut Grove and have himself a time. When their windows went curtainless for lack of funds, when their bed was an old mattress set up on boards, when they dined off a card table, they still employed a cook and a nurse. "You're a darling who can't cook," he informed Mrs. Auer. "Tony's a darling who needs a

nurse. I'm a darling who likes to eat. We'll pay them some day." So Gooly (the baby's version of Julia) would get her salary on Monday. Mischa would borrow it back on Tuesday, saying: "Gooly, you're a sucker and you'll end in the poorhouse."

He's a kleptomaniac about sunglasses. Money burns holes in his pockets, but for some reason it breaks his heart to pay eighty-five cents at a drugstore for a pair of smoked glasses. Leave your own within his reach and they're lost to you forever. "You forgot 'em, they're mine," and he bears them off to a hiding place no one has been able to discover.

He doesn't trust himself with money. He has a business manager who puts him and his wife on an allowance. Mrs. Auer was normal when they married, but has since become happily infected by her husband's germ. He insists that checks brought him for his countersignature be covered except for the signature line.



Long before he made "You Can't Take It with You," Mischa's money theories had much in common with that film

"Are you Miss Tillman? I'm Mischa."
 "And what am I supposed to do?"
 "Go to lunch with me at Tania Tuttle's."
 A few days later he phoned. "I'm Mischa. What are you doing Sunday?"
 "I have a date."

"I can offer you five. First, I'd like to take you to the tennis matches. From there I'd like to take you to lunch at the Brown Derby. From there I'd like to take you to a cocktail party. From there I'd like to take you to another cocktail party. From there I'd like to take you to dinner at a friend's house. By that time maybe you'll be able to tell if you like me."

She was startled, amused, curious to discover what lay behind this funny guy's sad-looking eyes. When she found out and wrote her parents that she was about to marry a Russian actor, they wailed, "In a country full of Americans, why do you have to pick a barbarian?"

"Tell 'em that's why," counseled Mischa. "A barbarian you don't pick up on every street corner."

Norma had been bred to the theory that you lived within your income, however small. At first Mischa's lordly ways were beyond her. The sinister Orientals, which were all he could get to do, failed to cover the budget. With bill collectors at the door, Norma would wring her hands and weep.

"What difference will it make a hundred years from now?" Mischa would yawn, and go to sleep.

He wasn't as imperturbable as he would have had it appear, but he had a perfect defense mechanism. When upset, he got sleepy. The moment he heard, and by some sixth sense recognized, a collector's ring, he'd tumble into bed and sleep like a fool.

Little by little, she caught his spirit. He was always gay, she was always worried. Therefore, he must be right and she must be wrong. Besides, you had to live with Mischa as you found him or stop living with him and the latter thought never entered her head. Bill collectors and all, she was having more fun than she'd ever known life could offer.

WITH "My Man Godfrey"—and the now-famous gorilla act—came the turn in the tide. The Auers were pleased but not proud.

"I signed a long-term contract with Universal today," Mischa announced.

"Well, don't get any fancy ideas," returned Norma. "You'll be treated with the customary disrespect."

He doesn't work at being a funny man. His humor is casual, carefree and unself-conscious and wells from a seemingly inexhaustible fount. He can do things with his face that would put a gargoyle to shame. Henry Koster was directing him in Universal's "The Rage of Paris," Danielle Darrieux's first starring vehicle in America. He had to steel himself to watch one of Mischa's close-ups.

Take after take was ruined by his own ill-suppressed snorts of mirth. Finally in despair, he covered his face with his hands. "Do it yourself, Mischa. I won't look." But halfway through the take, he was peering like a fascinated child from between his fingers. "I have seen many actors do many things," he apologized, "but this is the first time I have seen a man turning his face inside out."

Mischa Auer's mind is as facile as his features. As the Indian in "The Gay Desperado," he had to streak, catfooted, over a stretch of ground. The director, explaining the action, grew a little involved.

"I want you to put the spirit of all the Aztecs into this. I want you to run like a mirage. No—wait a minute—a gazelle—that's it. Run like a gazelle, Mischa."

"Male or female?" Mischa inquired patiently.

One night he and his wife were driving home from the Cocoanut Grove. "Wish we could take a trip," said Norma idly.

In Mischa's head something clicked. "We're taking a trip."

"When?"

"Soon as the picture's finished."

"Where?" The words *Normandie Avenue* flashed by on a street sign. "Europe. On the *Normandie*."

And they did. It was a red-letter day for Mischa when they went down for their passports. He, the exile, the refugee, who'd never had anything but a Nansen passport, who'd spent three terror-stricken days on Ellis Island before the gates of America opened, was getting his first American passport. For once he lost his composure and, when they shoved the little book under his nose, he signed it: "Best wishes, Mischa Auer."

Curiously enough, it was Norma who had trouble in satisfying the authorities.

"Nice business," Norma grumbled. "You're a foreigner, I'm an American—quarter Indian, to boot. So they send you sailing through and they hold me up."

"Very simple," explained Mischa kindly, for the benefit of all who had ears. "It's because I'm white."

TONY shows unmistakable evidence of being his father's offspring. He, too, has a talent for slipping out from under. In a moment of stress, a certain invisible Bessie was conjured to the rescue. He was being reprimanded. "That wasn't me who did it. That was Bessie."

"Bessie who?"

"Bessie Purex."

"Where is she?"

"There." He waved into space.

Thereafter, Tony became an angel of light; Bessie, the miscreant, shouldered his misdeeds. Then Bessie faded. "Went to Reno," says Mischa. At four, Tony stands on his own feet.

When he gets into trouble, he's banished to the upper regions, known as Siberia. During his exile he becomes Siberia Sam. Mischa is rarely called on to play the heavy parent. "The rôle doesn't suit me." But Tony had acquired a habit of ordering people about and his father was elected to break it. He found Siberia Sam lying comfortably on his stomach, chin cupped in his palms.

"So I give him this marvelous fatherly-advice speech, this man-to-man basis. 'Let me hand you a tip, Tony. If you yell at people, they won't like you. Be nice, and you'll get more.'"

Carried away by his own eloquence, he went on and on. Tony watched him, transfixed. "I'm going over like a million dollars," thought Mischa. At length he ran down. "Well, what do you think of it?"

Tony spoke with finality. "I think nothing of it. Why do you make such funny faces?"

Mischa's idea of the good life is to live in the tropics on ten dollars a year and do his ape act on the waterfront for drinks. Not that he has any current complaints. He's as gay as when the wolf howled at his door, but no gayer. He'll concede that his present existence has its advantages. "For instance, we moved down to the beach. I left the house in the morning, got down to the beach house at night and there were my shaving things in the bathroom. Then I sensed my power. For the first time I felt like my grandfather. Boy, what a racket!"

Universal loaned him to Columbia for the Capra production of "You Can't Take It With You." He felt at home with the screwball family created by George Kaufman and Moss Hart. Alice, youngest of the *Sycamores*, said of them: "I know they do rather strange things—I never know what to expect next—but they're gay and they're fun and—I don't know—there's a kind of nobility about them. That may sound silly, but I mean—the way they just don't care about things other people give their whole lives to."

We'll waive the nobility, lest Mischa sue for libel. Just the same, he's a *Sycamore* at heart.

BEAUTIFUL *Brat*

BY HOWARD SHARPE

At last! Margaret Sullavan has found what she had always dreamed of and yet never dreamed existed

THE gentlest of spring rains traced delicate patterns in the grime of Chicago warehouses lining the elevated trestle over which the Century roared arrogantly toward the terminal. It was offensively soft weather for the occupant of Stateroom A, Car 112; she wanted flood, explosive thunder, destructive violence—a storm, shrieking and furious, to match the one in her heart.

Maggie Sullavan was in a pet. Hair ruffled, stocking seams unaligned, skirt awry, she lay sprawled on the tiny couch and with one Chinese nail made indignant little slits through a sheaf of telegrams she held. Despite the effacement they were still legible. Dated several days ago, they were all from the studio, remarking that her tests were satisfactory photographically except for a mole on her face.

"Arrive sans mole," said the wires, in effect.

Part of Maggie's anger was retrospective. The plastic surgeon she had gone to, in the first place, had called it a wart—her favorite mole, which she had always thought so distinguished; and in the second place he had billed her \$500 for its removal.

She hadn't paid him yet, which was just as well. Because the thing was infected and half her face was swollen, pulling her nose to the left. Most of the trip out had been spent in front of the mirror and now she confronted it again, poking her face and wincing.

"I can't stand it," she muttered, scowling. "They lure me away from Broadway with too much money—and now *this*. The final humiliation. . . ."

In her hotel suite later, while the doctor she had immediately called waited, she phoned Western Union. The wire she sent to Hollywood stated tersely that removal of her mole had caused infection and that would delay her in Chicago. It was probable, she added, that she would die of blood poisoning, in which case they had best not take the chance of holding up the picture. "Get somebody else," she suggested.

"That's a lie," the doctor, standing near, said. "I just told you the swelling would be gone by tomorrow or the next day."

"I know it." She did not smile. "I need the extra time because there's something important I must do here."

Maggie Sullavan didn't explain, although, in all truth, she might have added, "I have to divorce my husband."

SHE remembered the afternoon, some months ago, when she had got out of a cab in front of Bergdorf's and run into Alice—dear Alice, one of Winchell's sources—on the sidewalk. She had stood unwillingly, her ankles snapping with cold under the lengths of fur she wore, for minutes while Alice sorted and offered her inevitable gossip; it had come out in little sharp swords of frosted breath. But Alice never peddled news except for value received.

"You and Hank divorced yet?" she asked finally.

"Haven't had time," Maggie said. "Six weeks. . . ."

"My dear, the Johnsons—you remember—managed much more easily. In Chicago."

Maggie's cold nose twitched with sudden interest. "How?"

"Darling! You know I never pry into other people's private affairs. Ask *them*."

So Maggie had asked them.

Now, as she lay back in a chair to allow the

surgeon's treatment, she thought, *but I haven't told Hank. He's got a right to know, to have his say. Maybe—*

"Remind me to send another wire when you get through butchering me," she told the doctor.

She got the answer to it that night. In her hotel suite, her cheek smarting under the bandages, her fingers miraculously calm, she opened the yellow envelope and read the single line: "Anything you want is okay good cheer darling."

It was signed, "Hank."

For a long time she sat, unmoving, searching within herself for reaction, for unhappiness, for the empty sense of loss this ending must, by all rights, bring with it. There was nothing. She thought of phrases from songs, written to articulate what she was supposed to feel now—"All my dreams, gone beyond recall. . . ." "Good-bye to spring and all it meant. . . ." "Just friends, lovers no more. . . ." She caught herself snickering with the embarrassment they

Concluding the Story of Margaret Sullavan's Rebellious Life

Maggie, the rebel, has changed. She can bear Hollywood now. She can even like it



There was her surprise marriage to Director William Wyler (above) and the subsequent divorce. There was, finally, Leland Hayward (right). But this time Maggie accepted her good fortune slowly, suspiciously, finding it hard to believe



caused her. They needed enhancement by Lombardo, moony atmosphere. She knew only a sense of relief, an enormous fondness for Hank. That was not right; she felt cheated. Desperately she turned to nostalgia, drawing out the sharp memory of nights pale with light reflected from the beach and the smooth surface of Silver Lake; of football games and the colored autumn: Princeton-Yale, chrysanthemum in her red cloche hat, streamers on a stick, Hank, with a cigarette stuck to his lower lip, shouting while she shouted; small dinners in the Village, desperately Bohemian; rococo supper clubs, and Hank; the bad time, and rice for dinner, and Hank; Harlem at dawn. . . .

There was nothing. *Anyway*, she thought, *one thing's certain. I'll never marry again, since I couldn't make a go of this.* She got up and went to the phone. *Never*, she thought, dialing.

Then she waited, not thinking at all, until the persistent ringing brought a sleepy lawyer's voice to her ear.

AFTER that there was a blank period in her life, a time without meaning. Hollywood and the making of "Only Yesterday" were part of it; the woman named Margaret Sullavan, small and lean and sharp-faced as always but somehow without a certain vital spark in her personality, fumed and raged at the studio and the town and the picture. After the first rushes she offered them \$2500 to release her. They refused, protesting the rushes were terrific. She made the picture as hastily as she could, growling off set.

There were impressions, detached, confused, seen in the light of her bewildering dual character. The press, businesslike, openly prying without apology: the voice of her professionally Southern progenitors returning again to sneer, and her intelligence refuting that; the directors who praised her artistry with one voice and in the next moment reminded her she was there to obey orders, not to be temperamental; the lack of conversation in any company, the tropical laziness everywhere, the sameness. And the loneliness. . . .

She fled to New York the instant she was free. The city, she realized after the first day, was a depression city, dispirited and lethargic under the spell that had begun in 1929. Maggie had been too close, too busy, to understand this before. Besides, she was more than ever alone in the midst of too many friends, all of whom demanded time and strength from her who needed, just then, both from others.

In Hollywood there had been long periods when her nagging mind, still battling furiously with the thought of failure and the evolvment of her dim future, had been induced by the peaceful slow pace of the Coast world to sleep for long periods, release her from turmoil. Days—even weeks had gone by in which she had eaten and slept and worked without remembering such things as maladjustment, or emptiness of feeling, or stalemate of personal progress. But here in this harsh realism, with every phase of her past brought sharply to notice, once again her mind took up its relentless march—to nowhere.

There was, she thought, nowhere to go. In analysis she realized now that so far her life had consisted of two great phases: her childhood and early youth, spent fighting the restraining clutch of an earlier generation, a softer generation—an eternity spent seeking escape and achieving escape.

Then had come love, the second phase: Hank,

and the years until marriage, and the year of marriage, and the time afterward when the same love had the same importance but translated to the past tense and the passive voice.

Now she had escape and it bored her. Now she had love no longer. . . .

Hollywood, waving its magic checkbook, enjoined her to return and make "Little Man, What Now?" with Douglass Montgomery. She accepted almost listlessly. When it was over (she liked Hollywood no better afterward) she checked her resources, found them replete, and sailed for Europe.

For a while she lost herself in the strangeness of a different world, in the excitement of discovery.

Health, mental and physical, would not long tolerate her state of mind and Maggie was congenitally robust, wiry; when her boat docked at Manhattan again her heart was singing in a manner that was almost cheerful, and she had a plan.

She remembered her greatest happiness as intrinsic in the summers she had spent playing stock. Well, it was summer—of 1934—and there was the Mt. Kisco Stock Company preparing its season. She went there and for two months, until August, she had a kind of happiness: negative, but peaceful.

Then again Hollywood wired a picture was waiting for her and she at once made aeroplane

reservations with what amounted to excitement. The turbulent spirit, long dormant, had revived. She was ready, again, for anything. If there were nothing, she would create something.

Let Hollywood, and the world, look out. It has been too long, too long—

DIRECTOR WILLIAM WYLER, his eyes red with fury, flicked the sweat from his forehead and planted himself in front of his star, arms folded. He said, with menacing calm, "Now you listen to me. You've disrupted this company, you've made this picture—don't *interrupt!*—last twelve weeks when the shooting schedule was seven and you've all but demoralized me . . . now this is the end. You're going to enter left, stand on that chalk mark, twist that vicious pan into the semblance of a human face and drench this scene in pathos. You're not going to underplay or suffer silently by gritting your teeth. You're going to cry—get it? Bawl. And like it."

Maggie Sullivan heard him out in silence, her chin an insult. Then, without a word, she turned on her heel and left the set of "The Good Fairy" for the twenty-second time since shooting began.

Half an hour later, while she sat in her dressing room and shook with rage, there was a knock, the door opened, and Willie Wyler came in.

"Now then, Sullivan," he said.

She bit her tongue to keep from screeching. With the utmost venom she told him simply, "Wyler, I hate you—"

"But you respect me," he interrupted. "Don't you?"

Her mouth opened for retort, then closed, since there was none. The lump of her anger dissolved. She grinned weakly. "Yes."

"I'm going to take you to dinner," he said then. "Get ready. You're smart enough to know I'm only doing this in the hope of talking you out of being difficult, so I can finish the picture."

A gleam of grudging admiration appeared in her eyes. She reached for a jar of cream, dipped out a blob with her fingers and began removing grease paint . . .

IN his car she settled comfortably and looked coldly out of the window, refusing to help. She heard his voice: "Where would you like to eat?"

"I don't care." She looked at her nails. "I'm restless—let's go somewhere silly, do something without any sense to it."

He turned the car toward Santa Monica.

They dined on the terrace of a café overlooking the beach; and with the crab flakes he talked smoothly of new novels and art, with the clam broth of the stage and contemporary acting, with the lobster of personalities and Hollywood as a social phenomenon. His voice was calm, assured, reassuring. While she heard it Maggie could not remember clearly the source of her hatred, nor of her fury, nor of her blasting temper that afternoon. She felt suddenly that she was losing to this man a fight which she herself had started; and so, jerking herself from the mood of relaxation his words made, she pushed back her plate and her chair.

"I'm tired of fish. Shore dinners always sound better than they taste. Let's do something to digest—if it's possible."

He paid the check, grinning. "Do you like roller coasters?"

She shrugged.

A few minutes later, waiting on the platform for the little string of cars to come roaring in, she had a momentary qualm. The trestle loomed so high, like a giant's mad plaything; the distant screams of those already riding seemed such authentic fright . . . Then she was in the front seat, with Willie impassive

beside her, and they were climbing jerkily up the first steep incline, toward black starlit doom.

In the screeching downward rush, the next moment, her stomach constricted warningly and she felt a momentary blankness, familiar to roller coasters. As she came out of it she heard Willie's voice in her ear, yelling above the scrape and whine of the wheels.

"I've loved you from the first time I saw—" and then the pitch over and down again drowned the sentence. It was a lesser dip. Going up once more she allowed herself to think, to hear his next shout: "Will—you—marry—mee-e-e . . . ?" The wind spaced the words.

Shock was short-lived. She had the sensation that there was no time, no opportunity ever again for clear consideration—or for sanity. Her mind raced, blinding her with quick impressions, attuned suddenly to the speed and lurch and swoop of this ride. Her life seemed to her in that clear instant to be like this fantastic apparatus, now up, now down, now turning with sickening speed; beside her, his arm holding her against the seat safely, strongly, was the only reality in the voice and person of Willie. He could hold her in check, lend his strength to her weakness, make living a straightforward, solid thing. He could slow its pace for her, or he could hold tightly to keep her from being thrown out . . .

She put her mouth close to his ear and screamed. "Yes!" Over the sound of wind and wheels and the hysterical laughter of two young girls in a seat behind, she shouted, "Yes! As soon as we can—"

Then the car shot one last time down, under an arch, turned, slid braking slowly onto the platform where the crowd waited, and stopped.

Maggie, blinking, her hair a tangle, sat quietly, realizing what she had done.

THEY were married the next week in Yuma, to the extreme consternation of Hollywood. It took them six hours, there and back, by air, and they had breakfast on the set next morning, hurriedly, with flurried press photographers and amazed grip boys surrounding them with bedlam; and there was that.

There were the next few months, during which she did not think but lay back in the warm flood of relaxed dependence being married to Willie meant. She could concentrate on career, now, and did, making "So Red the Rose" that year and "Next Time We Live," which was an emotional gem and caused the studios, as well as theater audiences, to be Jimmy Stewart conscious. Maggie was glad of that. Besides her sincere fondness for the lanky boy, she recognized in him a link with the earlier years—Silver Beach, Falmouth, the great beginnings . . .

Jimmy had come ambling into town along with Hank. She saw them both, of course. There was no drama: she was not a remarried divorcee meeting her ex-husband with too much poise and too much artificial gaiety. They had written to each other, they were friends. She did what she could for Hank, introduced him, gave him advice. Sometimes, late from the studio, she would wander vaguely into the mad household he had set up with Jimmy and John Swope, and ask for dinner. Hank, shaving to go out, would yell instructions to the cook; Jimmy would fold himself behind the miniature bar to concoct merriment for them all.

There was a pleasant understanding here, a careless insanity that made work and play and existence as a whole a carefree, rather exciting thing. It reminded Maggie, increasingly often, of the years—the inestimably good years—she had spent in this manner, living this way.

Until at last she came to view her marriage to Willie with a mild astonishment. It had been built on a maladjustment, on a foundation of personal complexes. But they were gone, now. She was happy, she was sure again.

There were these things, and there was her separation from Willie as a matter of course; and following that came 1936, and "The Moon's Our Home" made with Hank as co-star, and the press reports that they would marry again, and their delighted chuckles over that, and their pleasurable sad nostalgia over that too; and there was her divorce from Willie—(*I will not think about this now, this second failure*)—and the resultant publicity; and there was the autumn, and the broken arm that kept her out of "Imperial Hotel," and New York at last for a rôle in "Stage Door." There was, finally, wonderfully, Leland Hayward, God-sent.

SHE had had love, unthinking, selfish, furious—a love of rages and reconciliations, of heights and depths, of glamour and reality—all mingled, forming an exciting and an unbearable muddle.

She had had love, careful, constructive, unimaginative—a love restraining and blunting her high stormy spirit.

The rebel Maggie Sullivan had married Hank Fonda, for romance, for glamour.

The well-bred conventional Margaret Sullivan had married Willie Wyler for safety, for reassurance, for sanity.

But Leland Hayward was the impossible. He was neither and both. He was her indefatigable Luck, reappearing after too many knockout blows. He was brilliant and charming and possessed of her same exhaustless vitality and he was love, once more; yet he was not alone these things. His culture was congenital, socially basic; he could laugh with her and he could calm her exuberance when her laughter was too loud or too long. He wanted a home and children but he wanted to work and be amused as well.

He was the man she had always dreamed of and yet never dreamed existed, and she accepted her good fortune slowly, suspiciously, finding it and him hard to believe.

"I want to wait a while," she told him that day in his skyscraper office, standing at the window to watch the rain sift in wavering lines to the street far below. "I know I'm in love with you. We can make it a real engagement. But I have to check with myself first."

She looked at him for courage. "I botched the others."

"Much as I hate stooping to truisms," he said without expression, "I hate to remind you of that third-time gag. The charm you know."

"We'll see," she said. A nagging voice whispered. Now . . . She added, "I'll let you know."

But it was a year before she did.

They were married in the winter of 1936 and she had his baby, a girl named Brooke, the next year. That was before she signed the long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, before they bought a Colonial house in Hollywood and remodeled it: she could bear Hollywood now. She could even like it.

From the Studio Biographical Questionnaire returned by Margaret Sullivan:

Closest friends are: The birds and the bees and the flowers.

What living person do you most admire? Leland Hayward.

Hobbies: Looking at houses.

Favorite Scent: Brooke Hayward.

Greatest Ambition: To be an actress on screen, a person off.

Occupation: Housewife. . . .

WHO'S MARRIED TO WHOM?

Here are the answers to the roto spread found on pages 42 and 43

1 and 42: Madeleine Carroll and Captain Philip Astley

3 and 32: Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow

5 and 22: Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres

7 and 28: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda

9 and 34: Anne Shirley and John Payne

11 and 46: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery

13 and 36: Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin

15 and 18: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burns

17 and 30: Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman

19 and 26: Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben

21 and 8: Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy

23 and 2: Mary Astor and Manuel Del Campo

25 and 20: Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson

27 and 6: Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown

29 and 14: Jean Arthur and Frank Ross

31 and 40: Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews

33 and 16: Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard

35 and 10: Danielle Darrieux and Henri Decoin

39 and 38: Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hayward

37 and 44: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy

43 and 12: Mr. and Mrs. Fernand Gravet

45 and 24: Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer

41 and 4: Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray

"Kiss me Again"



HONEYMOON TENDERNESS

—keep it through the years—
let Lux Toilet Soap help you
guard against Cosmetic Skin

WISE is the woman who cherishes the charm of lovely skin. She does it the easy Hollywood way—with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather removes *thoroughly* the stale cosmetics, dust and dirt which, if left choking the pores, may mean unattractive Cosmetic Skin, with its dullness, tiny blemishes and enlarged pores. Use this fragrant white soap before you renew make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed.

LOVELY SKIN IS VERY
APPEALING ! THAT'S
WHY I ADVISE EVERY
GIRL TO GUARD
AGAINST **COSMETIC
SKIN** AS I DO

I REMOVE STALE
COSMETICS THOROUGHLY
WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**.
IT'S A SIMPLE, EASY CARE
THAT LEAVES SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

LUX
TOILET SOAP

LORETTA YOUNG
IN THE 20TH CENTURY—
FOX PRODUCTION
"SUEZ"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars

use Lux Toilet Soap



Close ups of Hollywood Designers

PRODUCED BY PHOTOPLAY

DIRECTED BY GWENN WALTERS

Above left, Galer
Above, Voris

Lights! Action! Camera!

YOUR Fashion Editor, enthused by the gay holiday spirit, has gone Hollywood with a vengeance and replaces her regular Fashion Letter with a surprise package which brings you a Hollywood production designed to reveal not only the important trends of the moment, but also to provide a keen insight into the careers of outstanding creative geniuses whose courage and vision combined to make their names bywords in the fashions of the commercial world as well as the motion-picture world.

Quiet, Please! Roll 'em!

Close Shot: Galer at the age of ten conceived and executed all of his mother's hats (with emphasis on "executed" at Galer's request)! Cut To: Helen Ainsworth (Cupid to her Hollywood friends) at the age of ten played office instead of house. Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Galer and Cupid are partners in the millinery business, for it was *she* who decided that *he* should design hats for *her*, and who shortly thereafter decided that *he* needed a promoter and—*he* decided he *did*! So, together, as pioneers of the now famous Sunset Strip, they opened their Hollywood shop and decided *together* that they would create the best hats for the best people that would eventually be available to the more hat-conscious women of the world. And they did!

Now during 1938 they are tasting the luscious first fruits of their labors, for they count among their following some of the most glamorous stars of the cinema. (Here are a few names selected at random from the many that adorn their famous autograph board that greets you as you enter their shop—Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye, Jean Arthur, Billie Burke, Helen Hayes.) They also have a wholesale outlet the length and breadth of these United States—you will find the Galer label in the better shops of every metropolitan city; and they also ship Galer models to Australia, London and South America. They, Galer and Cupid, make hats that go to the heart as well as the head!

Galer loves "chats about hats." He said, "Color, color and more color is my creed for the winter of 1938. I am featuring two pet color combinations. Number one: pink and black, designed for Mrs. Don Ameche; Number two: dark brown enchantingly lifted by 'romance' purple, designed for Jean Arthur."

Noted for his more whimsical flights of fancy, Galer also makes the practical sport hat of felt which can be worn by "Sixteen" or "Sixty."

So Galer and Cupid have arrived—you will see some of their hats in PHOTOPLAY's fashion pages next month. Fade Out.

Fade In: "Suedes By Voris" is the imposing nameplate that distinguishes the famous "little" shop that belongs to the petite, charming Voris, whose career has been as unusual as the medium she uses in her designs. Still in her twenties, she started her leather-designing ca-

reer with a bit of chamois swiped from her younger brother. Out of this leather she made miniature garments which were soon interpreted into life-size models. Today she has the distinction of being the only person in the world who designs exclusively in leather from head to foot. Her models are styled for active spectator sport and evening wear. Such star names as Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald, Irene Dunne, Bette Davis and Virginia Bruce are included in her clientele.

Voris' style trends are staple and simple. She features frocks, one and two-piece, swagger top coats, "the separates," gored skirts, dressmaker blouses, bags, gloves and hats.

Always having an eye for romance and individuality in her creations, her color chart for cruise and winter suggests an itinerary for a glorious California holiday—Golden Gate Gold, Santa Anita Blue, Desert Tan, Spanish Tile, Redwood Brown, Mission Pink, Cactus Green and Poinsettia Red!

Voris discards the old adage, feeling "a stitch in time . . ." is a "waste" of time, so she cements her creations together—they last a lifetime, as does their style!

Bullock's-Wilshire, which carries her creations, recently sponsored a Voris all-suede fashion show—the first all-suede show ever held in Hollywood fashion history.

Leading stores throughout the country carry Voris designs, so, luckily, you don't have to live in Hollywood to own one. Fade Out.

Print Them! That's All For Today!



Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious

Double Mint Gum



Lovely and light hearted—that describes
Hollywood's attractive young star
DEANNA DURBIN

whose merry mood is caught in the camera shot *above*. And it is just such gayness and happiness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. The reason—double-lasting, wonderful tasting Double Mint gum is so delicious, it helps take your mind off your minor cares and you become more natural and at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve

tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely.

Try it. Satisfy yourself as have millions of others how easy it is to be lovely and happy by chewing refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum. Get some today.

Healthful, delicious
Double Mint Gum aids
your digestion, helps
sweeten your breath and
relax tense nerves. Also it
helps polish your teeth
into a lovely smile.
Sold everywhere. 5c.
Get some today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, endearing **DEANNA DURBIN**, Universal Pictures' star now playing in "That Certain Age"—gave Double Mint gum permission to show this fashion

sketch of her new party dress, *the one photographed above*.

From her personal wardrobe. Designed for her by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. It's easy to make and flattering.

Just purchase **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2951 at any Simplicity dealer or write Simplicity, 200 Madison Ave., N. Y. City. But remember Double Mint helps you to be lovely and happy—the first essential to looks. Enjoy Double Mint gum today.



For carefree lounging, Marjorie Weaver, who is now appearing with John Barrymore in 20th Century-Fox's "Hold That Co-Ed," wears pajamas of mauve Skinner satin designed by Hogan. The contrast piping is of Josette green. Marjorie's stunning pajama, "Night Flight" by name, was selected from the Broadway-Hollywood

Kornman

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

More Like a Honeymoon!



*SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN**



Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."



Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days . . . "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. **Extra 'skin-vitamin'** in Pond's

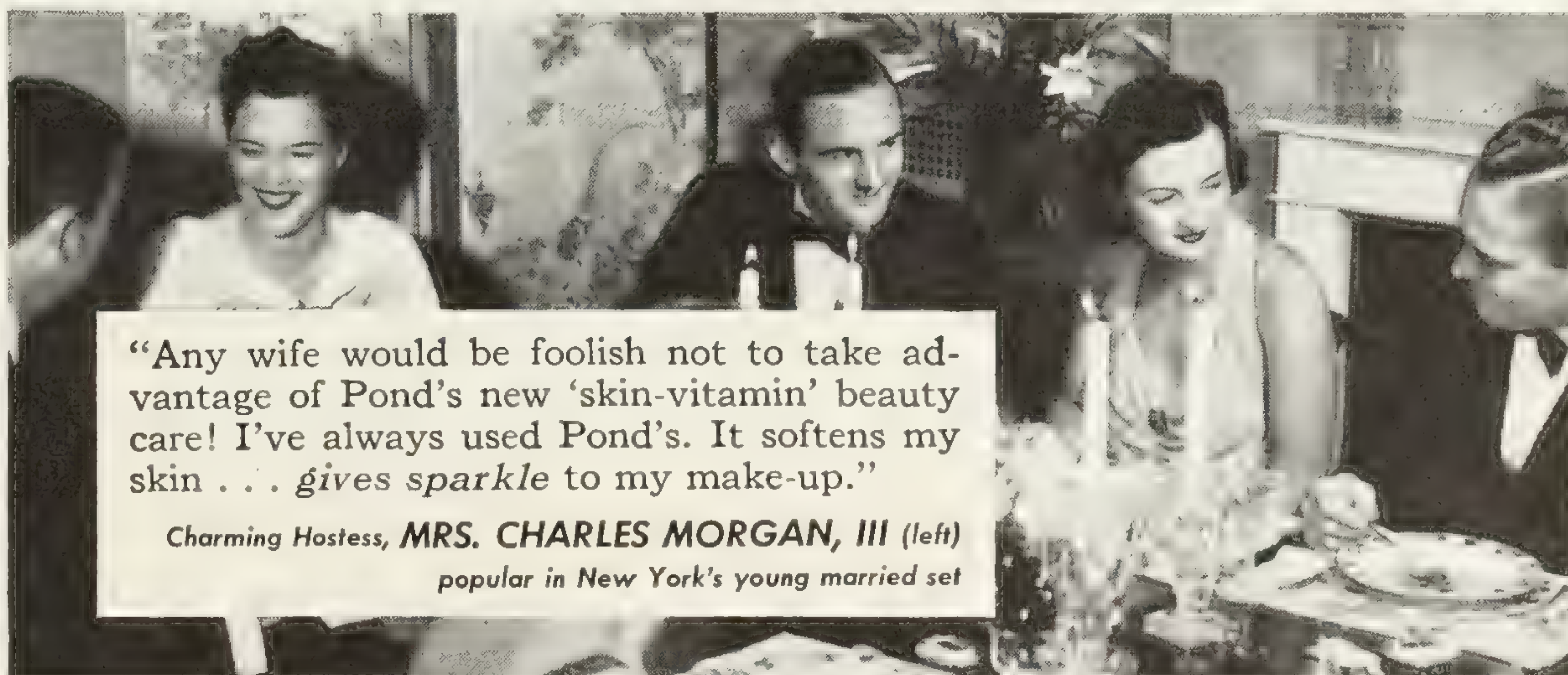


Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin." (above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health.

- In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III** (left) popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. **BOTH** for the price of the Cold Cream.

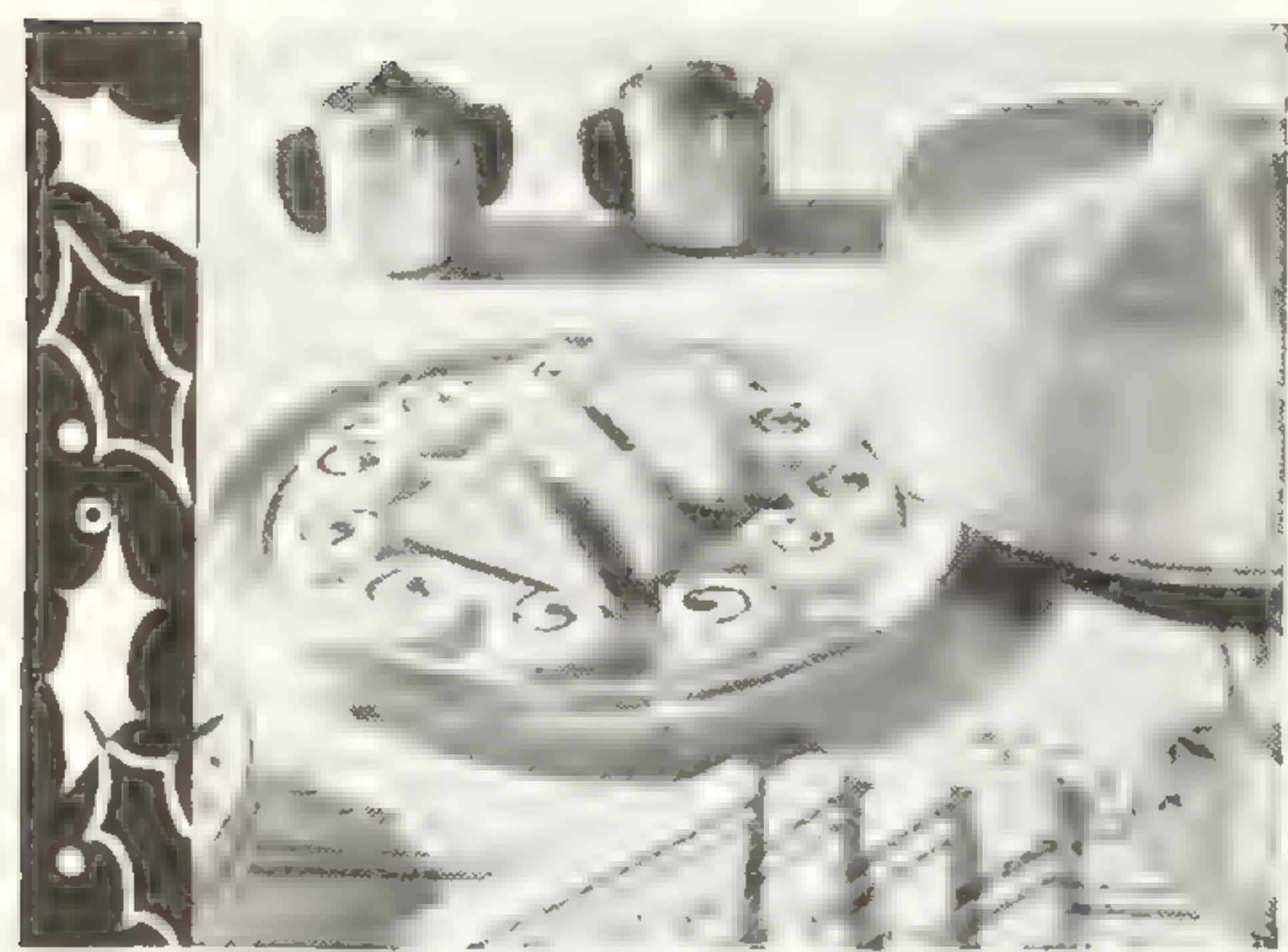
LIMITED SUPPLY . . . **GET YOURS TODAY!**

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

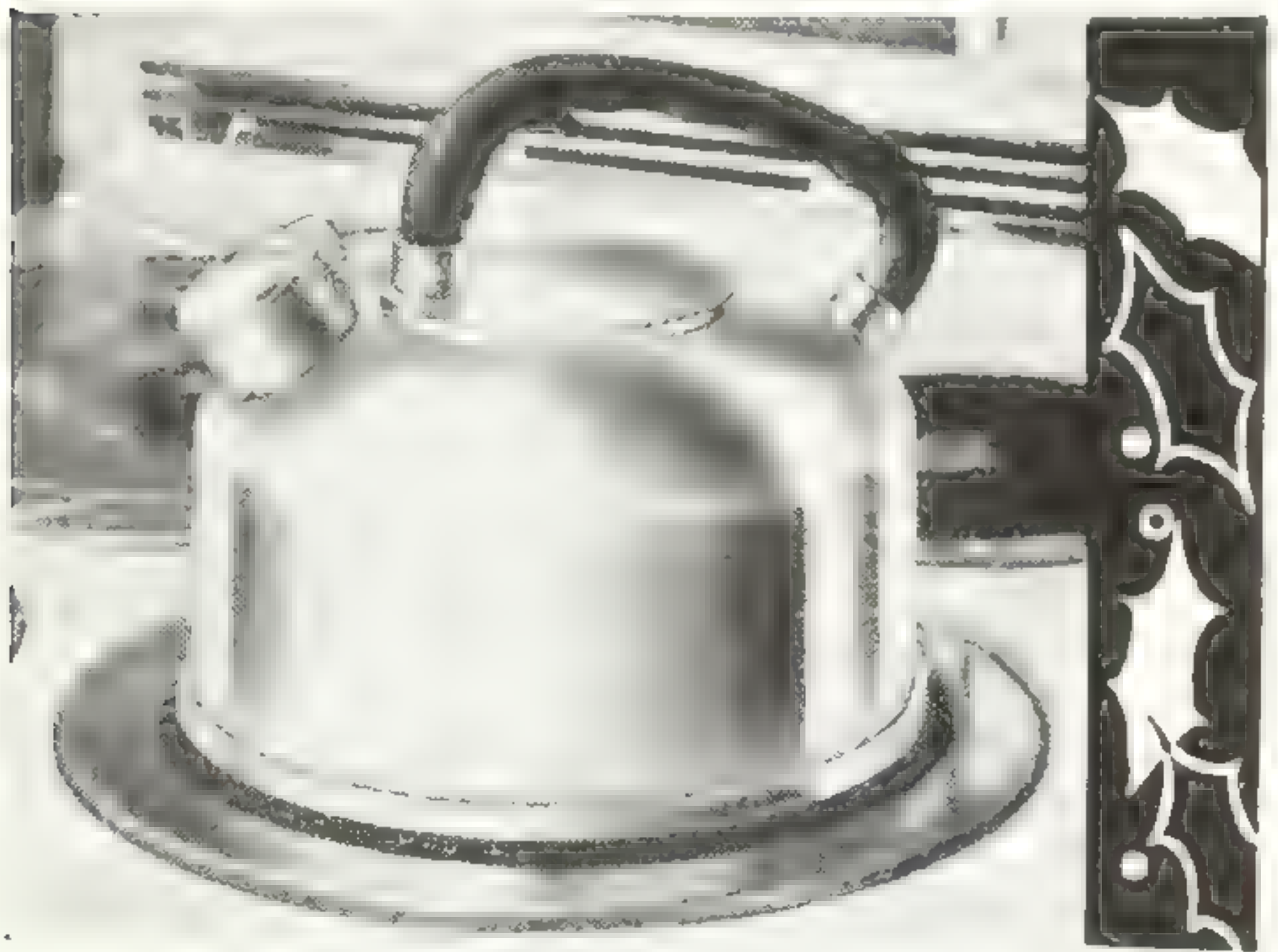
Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

New Gifts by WEST BEND



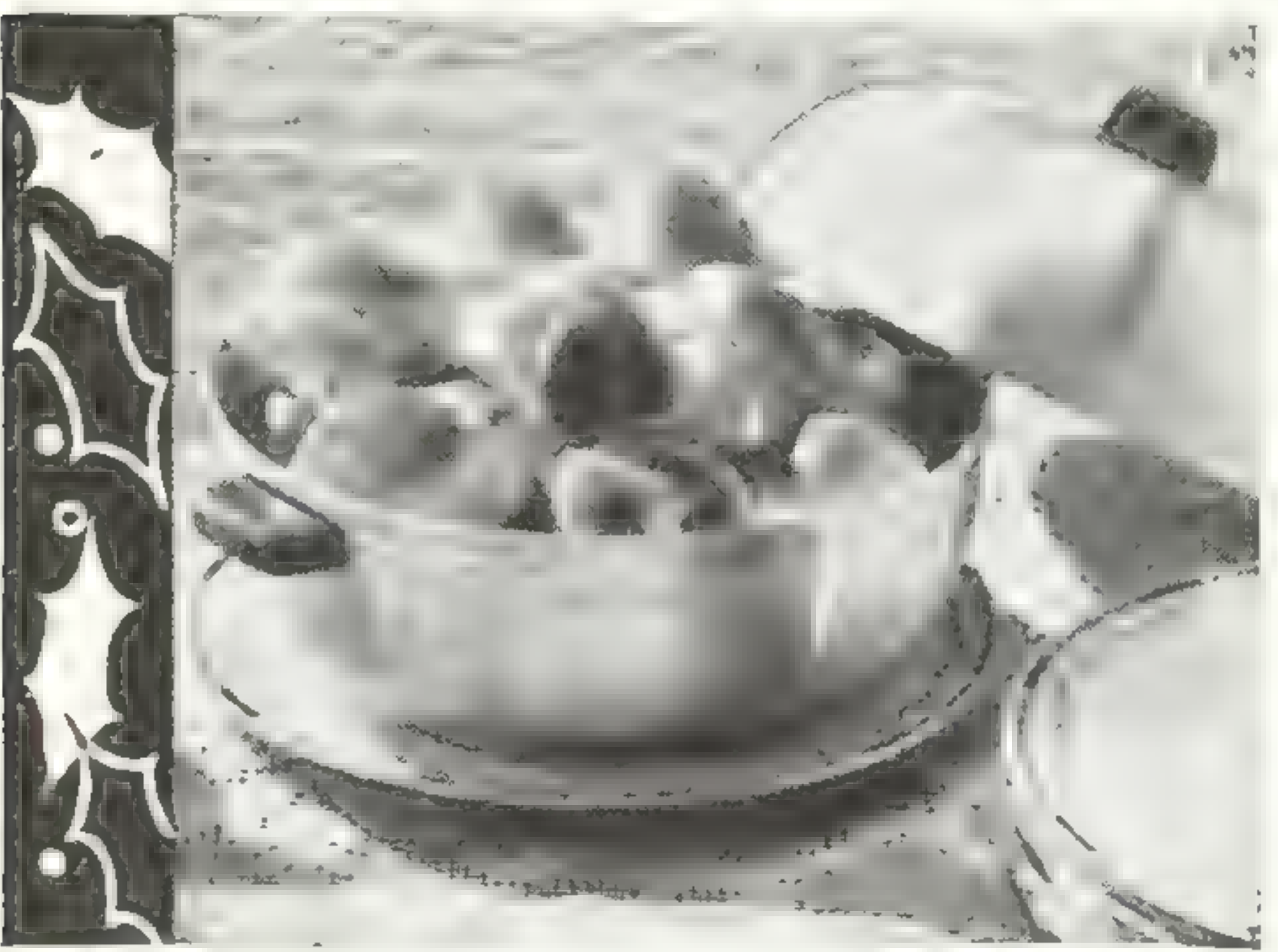
Sta-Fresh Server

This handsome accessory — smartly designed to grace any table — has an ingenious humidifier in the top, to prevent drying out of cake, sandwiches, baked goods, etc. With the cover, it keeps foods moist and tasty — without, it's a full-size service tray with handy removable wooden inset. An impressive gift, fashioned in "spun" aluminum.....\$2.75



"Trig" Tea Kettle

One finger on trigger easily opens and closes the spout when filling or pouring — leaving the other hand free. Cool Bakelite handle. 2½ qt. capacity. The "Trig" whistles when water boils. Useful and attractive. Available in "spun" or polished aluminum.....\$2.85



Serving Oven

This good-looking, practical invention — the hit of the year in giftware — heats, crisps, freshens rolls, muffins, crackers, and similar foods — on any stove — and keeps them piping hot at the table. Smart for luncheons, dinners, buffets. Consists of basket, cover, and base in "spun" aluminum. Bakelite handles.....\$2.75

Buy West Bend Giftware at leading department stores and gift shops. If your favorite dealer cannot supply you, order by mail.

See coupon below!

WEST BEND ALUMINUM CO.
Dept. 47, West Bend, Wis.

Please send me the following as marked.

.....Sta-Fresh Servers at - - \$2.75 each

....."Trig" Tea Kettles
—spun or polished - - \$2.85 each

.....Serving Ovens at - - - \$2.75 each

Prices on all three items are \$2.95 each from Denver west.

I understand the above prices include postage and packing and, therefore, will be delivered to my home without additional charges.

I enclose check/money order for \$..... herewith:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Even His Best Friends Don't Know Him

(Continued from page 27)

quiet and secluded, not the giddiest Hollywood rendezvous, but it gives Tyrone satisfaction to go there. And when he speaks of Alice, his voice is charged with emotion. He feels that without her encouragement that black night he would have lost his nerve completely, and if an actor ever does once lose his nerve he's through.

There is, too, the contrasting incident of Tyrone and a Hollywood Glamour Girl. Around three years ago, Tyrone was in Hollywood, but he had no work. Nonetheless, he knew a pretty girl when he saw one and he knew how to get an introduction too, and the very moment he did meet the girl he tried to get a date with her. But she was a Glamour Girl and he was a nobody, so she couldn't be bothered. However, when Tyrone clicked, the girl sought him and insinuated that a date with her would be very much in order. But this time Mr. Power was busy, very busy.

You see, he has a remembrance of things past.

It is right here that I believe Tyrone is deeply fortunate. For all his talent, for all his handsomeness, there runs through his life a strain of bad luck that is the best protection he has. The devastating loss of his father forced him into a quick maturity. The fact that he couldn't get work easily has shown him the awful value of money and the vast need of true friends. Getting his ears slapped down by a director at the very instant when he first clicked in Hollywood undoubtedly kept him from getting the big head. And the fact that several lovely ladies of Hollywood looked at him with eyes like frozen glass before he was a hit protects him from those same ladies who now melt beneath his cynical glance. For one of the biggest distortions that has been printed about this star is that he is a "perfectly normal young man." He is as un-normal—and don't get me wrong: I said un-normal, not abnormal—as they come.

For he is distinctly wiser than his years and wilier than an Irish politician (he's Irish, anyhow, so that's probably where he comes by the instinct). If, on his arrival in stardom, he did the natural thing and took out attractive girls like Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and numerous others, he now is retreating just as quietly from the traps that are laid for his handsome feet. And, believe you me, those traps are laid. In other towns, a beautiful girl is pursued wherever she goes, but in Hollywood the reverse is devastatingly true. A handsome young man in Hollywood may be able to call his soul his own, but that is usually all that escapes. But, at the moment, Ty is quite fancy-free and I'd bet my bottom dollar that he has been heart-whole all the time. For, while he is undoubtedly romantic and will talk on and on about his "ideal girl" (keeping her description so generalized that she sounds like no one on earth), the thing he really loves is acting.

A FEW months ago I happened to be in Kansas City waiting for a plane out for New York. By pleasant happen-chance, Tyrone was there at the same time, waiting for the same plane. So we went to see a movie together. Unfortunately, however (that typical Power bad luck), we got in on the "B" feature of the program and had to sit through the performance of one of the most ghastly actors on the screen. I asked Ty, "What makes him so bad?" "Well, he was acting," said Ty and he gave the word

"acting" a great emphasis. "You don't have to act."

"What is it you do then?"

"You have to feel," Ty said. "You've got to know what the emotion is like to put it across, but you've also got to keep yourself out of it, stay cold and listen to yourself and stop yourself the moment you hear yourself getting phony." He paused for a moment, his sun-tanned face concentrated. "Look," he said, "that's why actors aren't really great lovers. That's why so few of us have satisfactory marriages. What have you got to give, at home, when you return from a whole day of doing love scenes? All day long you've had a beautiful girl in your arms, and you have said the most beautiful speeches to her, speeches that some other man has written for you. She has answered you, too, in lines that have been written for her. Yet her lines and your lines are almost the words you must say in a real love scene at home. That girl, waiting for you outside the studio, wants you to say them to her. But you can't repeat them. You can't go on saying those things over again, those things that have been work to you all day. So there you are. You have nothing to give. But you can't expect your girl to understand that, unless she, too, is an actress, and not always then."

Now you must admit that is no normal young man speaking. A normal young man would just go ahead and get married, as Don Ameche did. Tyrone thinks that perfect Ameche marriage is one of the loveliest things on earth and in the moments when he is lonely, and those

it comes to real friendships, he has about him a very few but trusted and loyal acquaintances. Except for the very mild gatherings he has with this little clan, he is much alone. For he is, as I've said, a moody guy who likes solitude in which to read and think and listen to music. His favorite composer is Johann Strauss, and certainly no one has ever written more romantic music.

WHAT is actually happening, of course, is that behind his fame, he is trying to discover himself and find out what manner of man he wants to be. He is so grateful to his public that he feels a sense of responsibility toward it. He is glad that he has been cast in romantic rôles, feeling that since there is almost no romance in modern life perhaps he can be the medium that will bring it into lives that might otherwise be utterly colorless. For this reason, he likes costume rôles, reflecting as they do the glories of gentler days than ours.

He is still young enough that he believes that life can have significance, young enough to believe that there is beauty to be had, and friendship and loyalty. But he admits these things only to the people who are close enough to him to understand him. To casual acquaintances, to the world at large, he can be just a young fellow who—in the Hollywood phrase—"has a lot of laughs." Actually, his humor is devastating and his descriptions of people have a hilarious but biting edge to them. But he has learned to hide this side of himself, too, having watched the destructive



Tyrone Power and his mother at the dedication of a plaque in honor of Tyrone's father, who played the rôle of Brutus in "Julius Caesar" in May, 1916, in Beechwood Canyon. It was the first play to be given on the site of what is now the famous Hollywood Bowl

moments are numerous, he wishes he had gone and done likewise. He watches with almost equal envy Richard Greene carrying on, quite unmolested by the press, his romantic courtship of Arleen Whelan. He doesn't realize that neither of these handsome men has about him that electric spark that automatically attracts attention to everything he does.

The reason for his loneliness actually is the most romantic thing about him. For try to hide it as he will, try as much as he can to play the sophisticated man of the world, actually the boy is a romanticist. Today, with his great rush of fame, with his sudden new and exciting wealth, he still has, buried deep within him, a set of ideals that he is trying to work out. One of these ideals concerns itself with friendship. Being the politician he is, he goes dutifully to the parties that he should go to and smiles at all the proper ladies; but, when

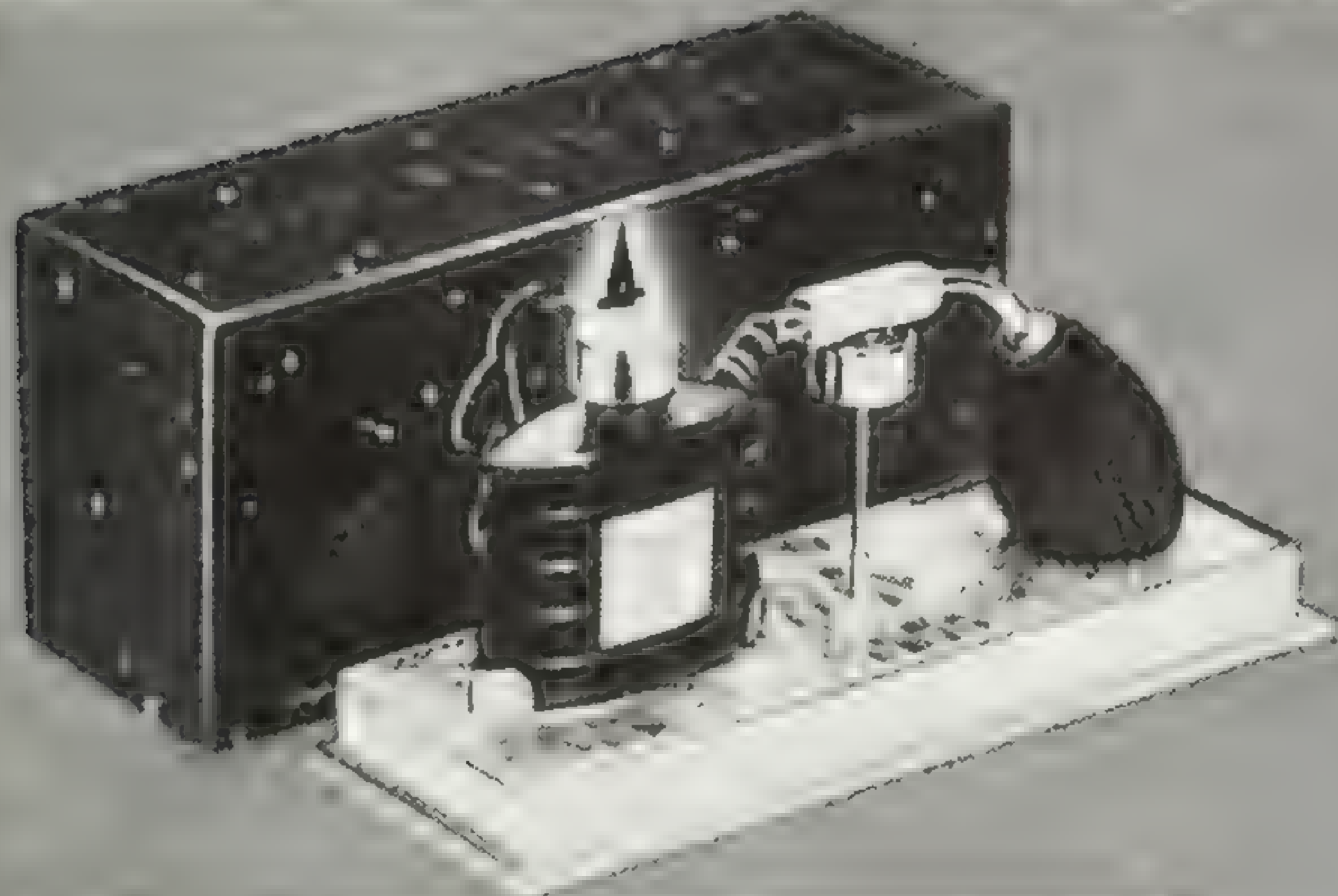
quality sharp wit has when it gets on paper in the form of a quote from a popular actor.

Pinned down to a formal interview, he gives out select, careful phrases which could come from any one of a dozen of Hollywood's younger generation of stars. But catch him alone and he will talk on and on for hours, on every subject under the sun, till your whole mind will take fire from his enthusiasm and you will finally see him for what he is—a brilliant, highly wrought, sensitive artist whose head rules his heart and whose heart rules his face.

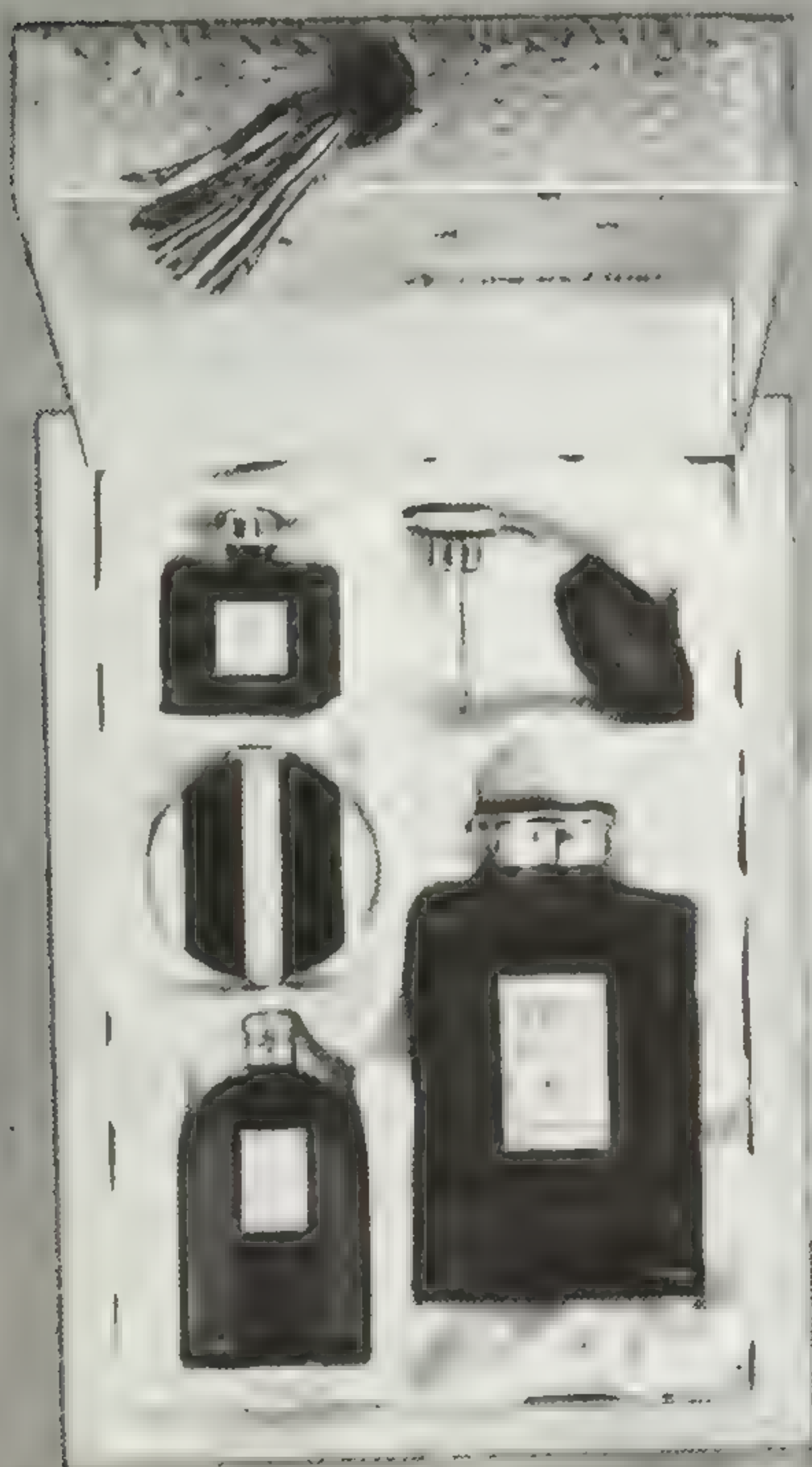
If this doesn't make for simple happiness, of this you may be sure—he will live whatever it is to the final drop, living it with every sense he has and with that alert mind of his savoring its special flavor, always expecting disillusion, yet always dreaming of perfection.

GIFTS THAT SPEAK A LANGUAGE

Every woman loves!



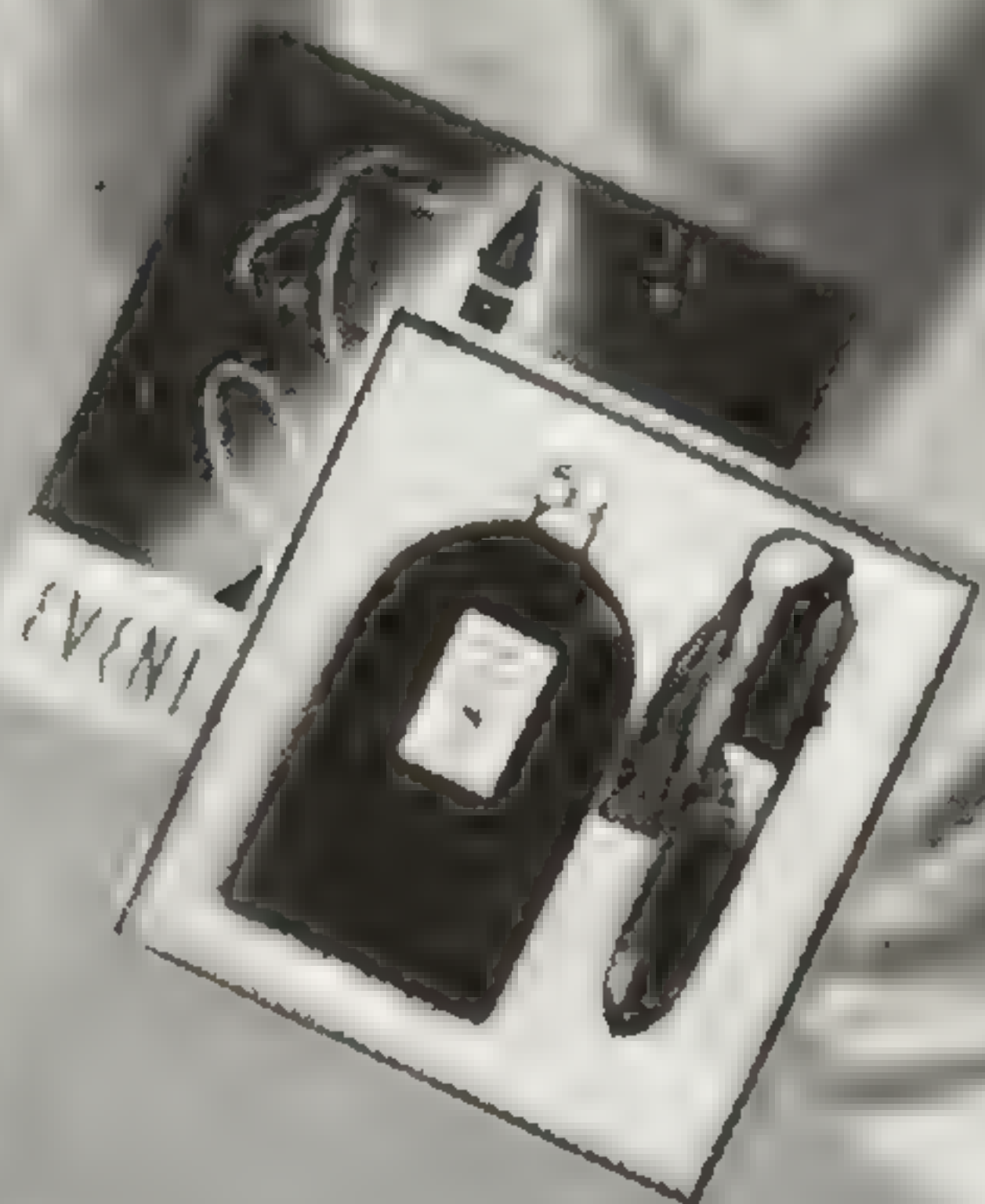
A smart new bottle of Evening in Paris Perfume, with its own, efficient, lasting atomizer. **\$1.75**



Evening in Paris Perfume with its own efficient atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Single Vanity. . . **\$4.00**



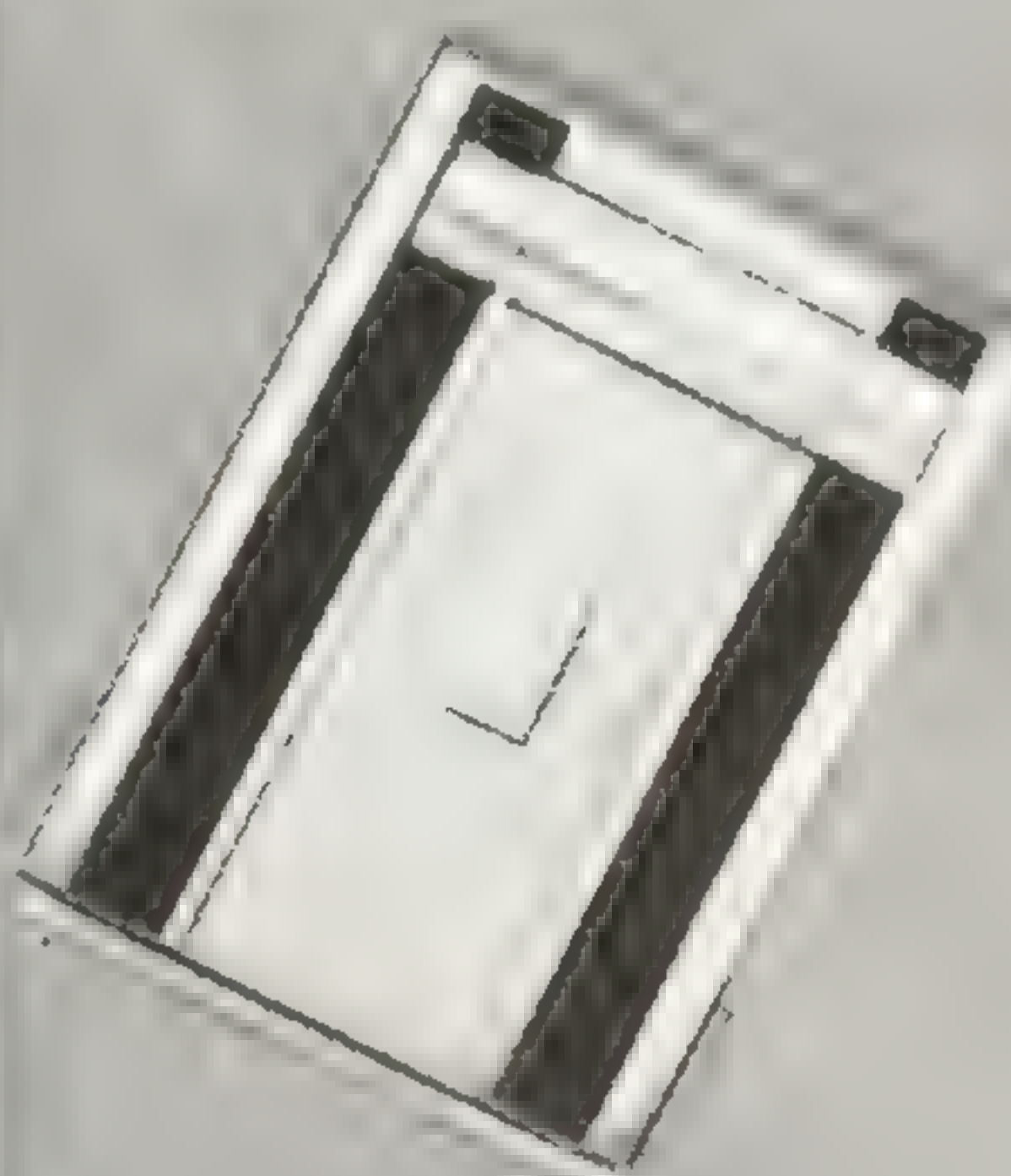
Evening in Paris Perfume, in luxurious presentation boxes, **\$1.10-\$10.00** Purse Flacon . . . **55¢**



Evening in Paris Perfume in purse flacon, and Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne. **95¢**



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder and Single Loose Powder Vanity. . . **\$7.75**

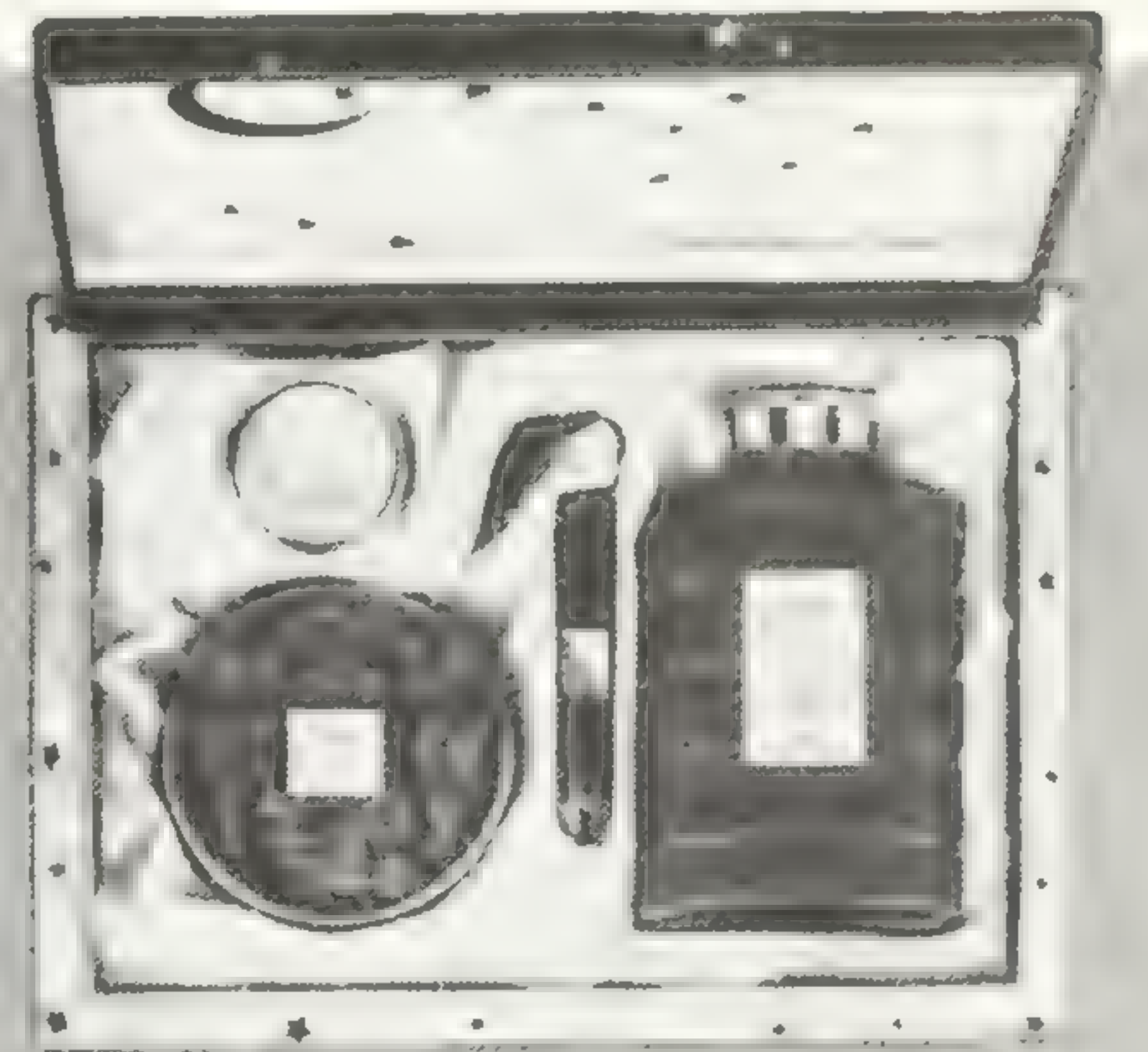


New Evening in Paris Vanities. All types and sizes. **\$1.25-\$5.00**

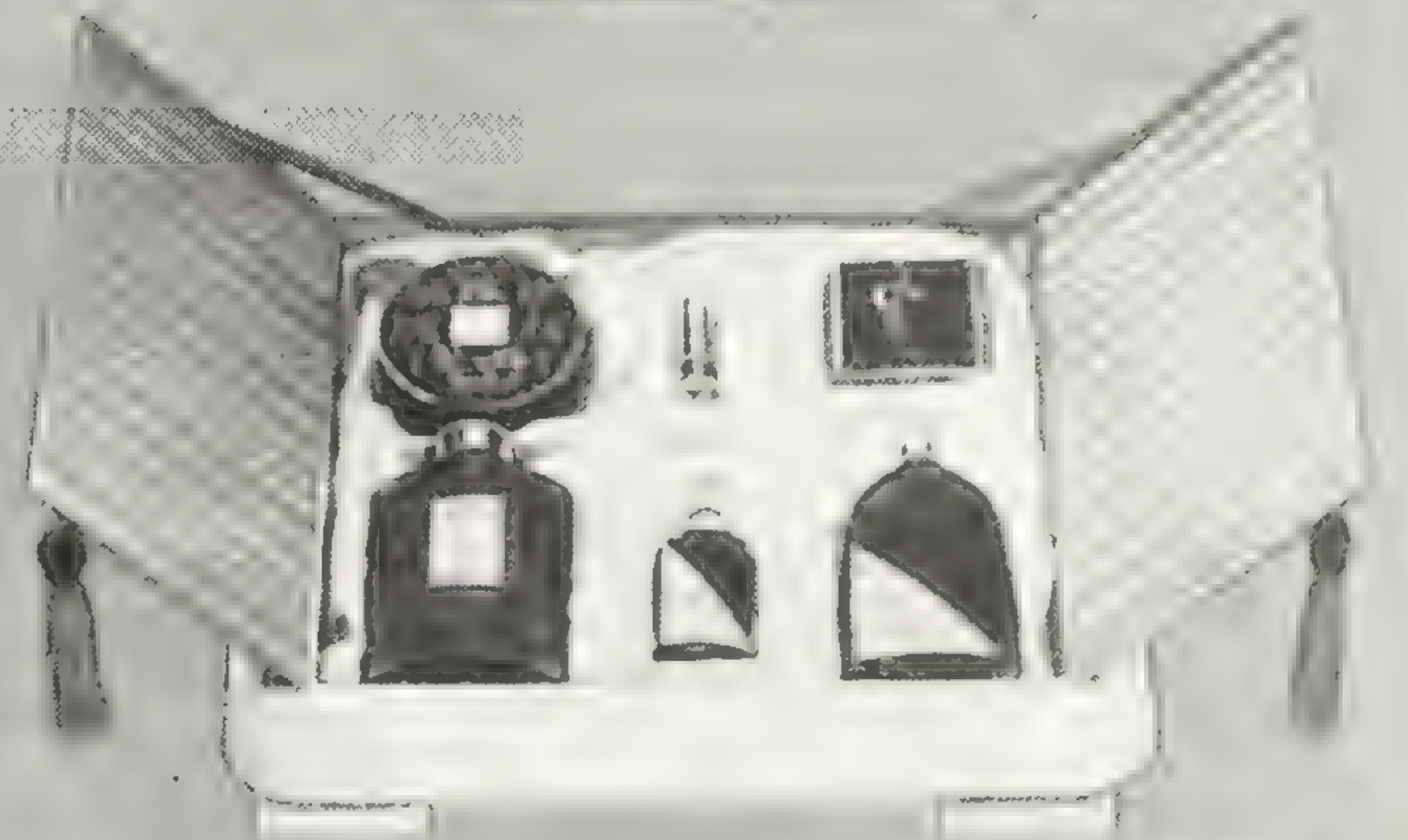


Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Talcum Powder and smart new Single Loose Powder Vanity. . . **\$5.00**

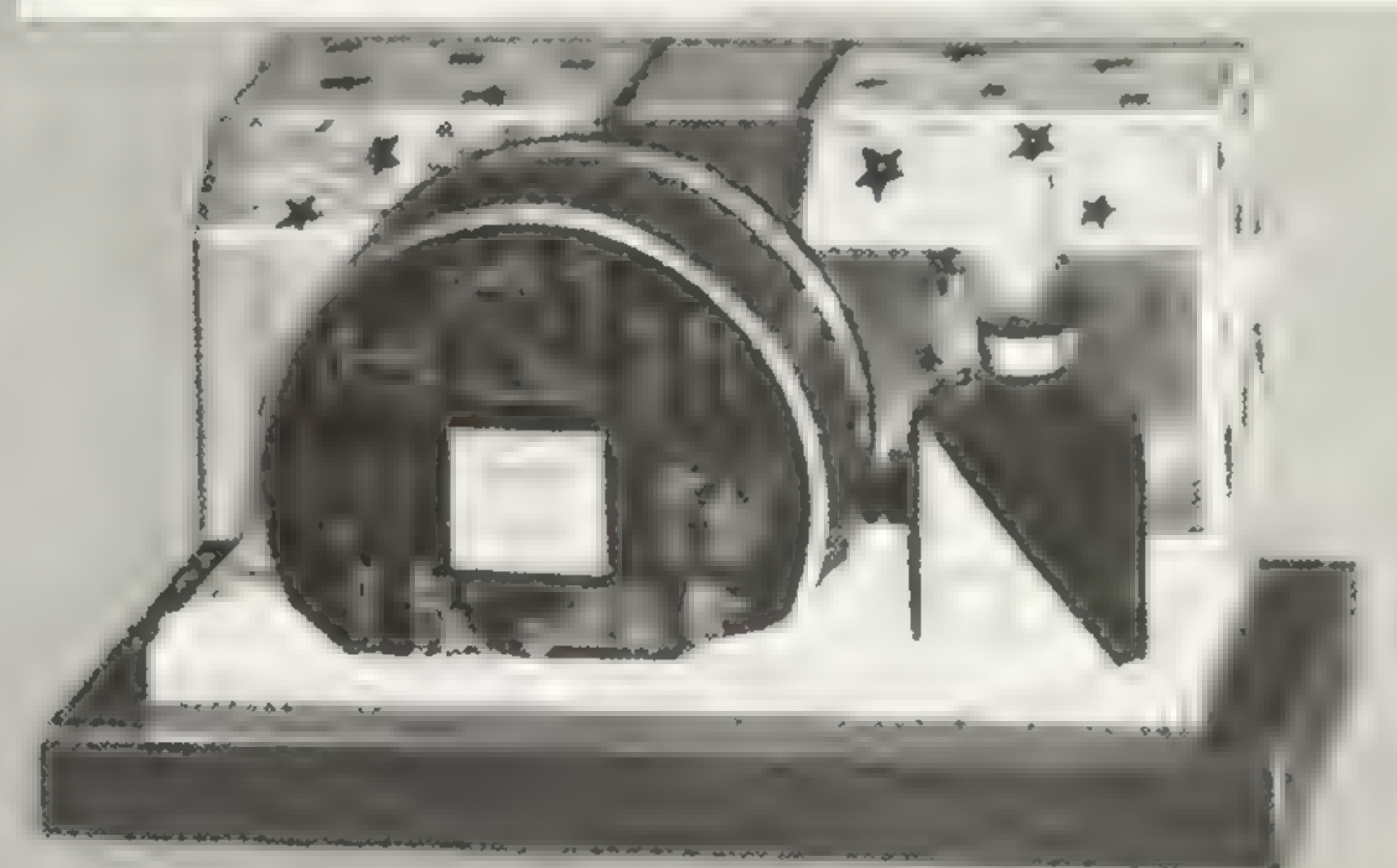
Evening in Paris Perfume in Purse Flacon, Face Powder, Rouge and Talcum Powder. . **\$2.95**



Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder and Double Loose Vanity. Handsome box with rich, satiny lining. **\$10.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume and Evening in Paris Face Powder rest in a gift chest of rich-looking blue and silver. **\$2.25**



Evening in Paris

CREATED BY **BOURJOIS**

MARGO DE MAR'S
"Gorgeous Hussy"



Packed in
Individual
Gift Boxes

MAGIC LUXURY at a Magic Price

"Gorgeous Hussy"—seductive, alluring—truly a Hollywood glamour coat—of lustrous Crown Tested rayon, skilfully needled. Slim and sleek with spool waist and wide flaring skirt. And you need look no further for her perfect Christmas gift—at half the price you'd expect to pay.

Wide Spool waist shirred with Lastex to fit every waistline; full length zipper; swirling, wide skirt. Up'n up sleeves. Sizes 12 to 20. Victorian flower bouquet on Teal Blue, Wine and Black ground.

\$3.95
EACH

See your dealer for the "Gorgeous Hussy"—if he doesn't have it, mail this coupon today.

THE STERLING COMPANY
210 West Monroe Street - Chicago, Ill.

Please send Parcel Post Prepaid "Gorgeous Hussy" Hostess Coats at \$3.95 each

☐ Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.

Add'l Post Office Charge of 12c each on C.O.D. Shipments

Quantity	Color	Size

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Orders Accepted Only for United States and Possessions

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 31)

couldn't do it. She was finally defeated—not by others, but by herself. She died in obscurity, but those letters remained to her dying day as her cherished possessions."

"Where are those letters now?" I asked.

"As nearly as I can find out," he said, "Charles Temmler obtained possession of those letters and wanted to sell them. His chauffeur stole them and approached the studio which has Woodley Page under contract. The studio delegated Frank Padgham to handle the matter. Padgham reached an agreement with Wright; Foley was the lawyer who drew that agreement. Temmler discovered the theft and naturally resented it. He employed a private investigator named Thompson Garr to steal the letters from Carter Wright. I found out that Garr was planning to get possession of the agreement before Carter Wright had signed it. He thought there would be a clue in that agreement to the location of the letters. He didn't realize that Carter Wright was far too smart for that."

"So what?" I asked, breathlessly.

"So I went to the house to protect the interests of Woodley Page. I entered the house. Apparently, no one was home. I started wandering around investigating. I got as far as the upstairs bedroom when someone who had been hidden behind the door cracked me on the head. We struggled. I got another crack and lost consciousness. When I came to, I was tied, gagged and in the closet."

"How long was that before I arrived?" I asked.

"Probably about ten minutes before you arrived. I don't know how long I was unconscious."

I pushed the key across the tablecloth. "The lockbox," I said, "is in the bank in Las Almiras and arrangements have been made with the man in charge of that bank to write into a blank power of attorney the name of any person who presents this key."

For a moment, Bruce Eaton didn't reach for the key. His eyes, instead, were on my face. "What a fine, true-blue girl you are," he said, and I didn't need to be as expert as William C. Foley to catch a note in his voice which sent blood surging into my veins.

Then his hand came slowly across the table. His fingers closed over the key. He said, "I don't need to tell you . . ." and broke off as a shadow fell on the tablecloth.

I LOOKED up to see the cold, cynical eyes of the detective who had been investigating Mildred Parker's injury. "Well," he said, "fancy seeing you here, and lunching with Bruce Eaton!"

Bruce Eaton stiffened. "Friend of yours?" he asked me.

I met his eyes. "No," I said.

Bruce Eaton started to push back his chair. The hand of the detective closed on his arm. "Now, just a moment," he said, and his left hand flipped back the lapel of his coat to give Bruce Eaton a flashing glimpse of a badge on which appeared the words, "Special Investigator."

"What was that the little lady handed you just now?"

I thought fast and was speaking almost before I realized that I was talking. "Mr. Eaton," I said, "this man is a detective who has been investigating certain matters in connection with the injuries of Mr. Foley's former secretary. He has shadowed me before and

I have every reason to believe that he has followed us here."

The detective held his right hand clamped in a grip of steel on Bruce Eaton's right arm. The key to the safe-deposit box was clenched in Bruce Eaton's right hand. The two men seemed frozen into immobility. Eaton said, "I'm putting the cards on the table. If you and I start battling, it's going to be front-page news. It's bad publicity for me as an actor. Now, I'm warning you: Keep out of this."

THE detective turned to me. "So I've been shadowing you, eh? Where were you last night?"

I felt a sudden surge of rage. I pushed back my chair and got to my feet. "Where were you last night?" I demanded and I knew that my eyes were blazing into his. "You tried to follow me, and . . ."

His face twisted, his voice suddenly raised in pitch, "Say, you ain't . . ." He stopped, took a deep breath and roared at me, "Nix on it, Sister! You keep the hell out of this. And what I want to know is, what's this you're handing to . . ."

Bruce Eaton jerked his right hand out from under the other's grip.

"Give me what you're holding in that right hand," the detective shouted at Eaton. And I saw that the eyes of everyone in the dining room were on our party.

"Take this hand instead," Bruce Eaton snapped.

He landed a hard, smashing impact to the jaw with his left fist, a smooth, well-timed blow that packed plenty of force behind it.

The detective staggered back. Then he came in with a rush.

I'd read in a picture magazine that it was never necessary to use doubles for Bruce Eaton in the fight scenes. He was one actor who could take it and who could dish it out. Now he dished it out.

The proprietor came running, but the detective was completely vanquished before he got there. "What is it?" the proprietor asked.

Bruce Eaton indicated the bruised, battered detective. "This man," he said, "was annoying the lady."

The proprietor turned to the detective. "Out you go," he said.

The detective started to say something. Bruce Eaton caught him by the collar. "Out you go," he repeated, and with one hand on his collar, the other on his belt, started him on a rush to the door.

I was seized with a sudden inspiration. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to one. There was a telephone booth near the cashier's desk, and I went to it, dropped a nickel and called the office. To my relief, I heard Mr. Foley's voice on the other end of the line.

"This is Miss Bell, Mr. Foley," I said. "I've just had an experience . . . I . . . I wanted to ask you . . ."

"Yes," he said crisply, "go ahead, Miss Bell. What is it?"

"You remember that detective who was investigating. . ."

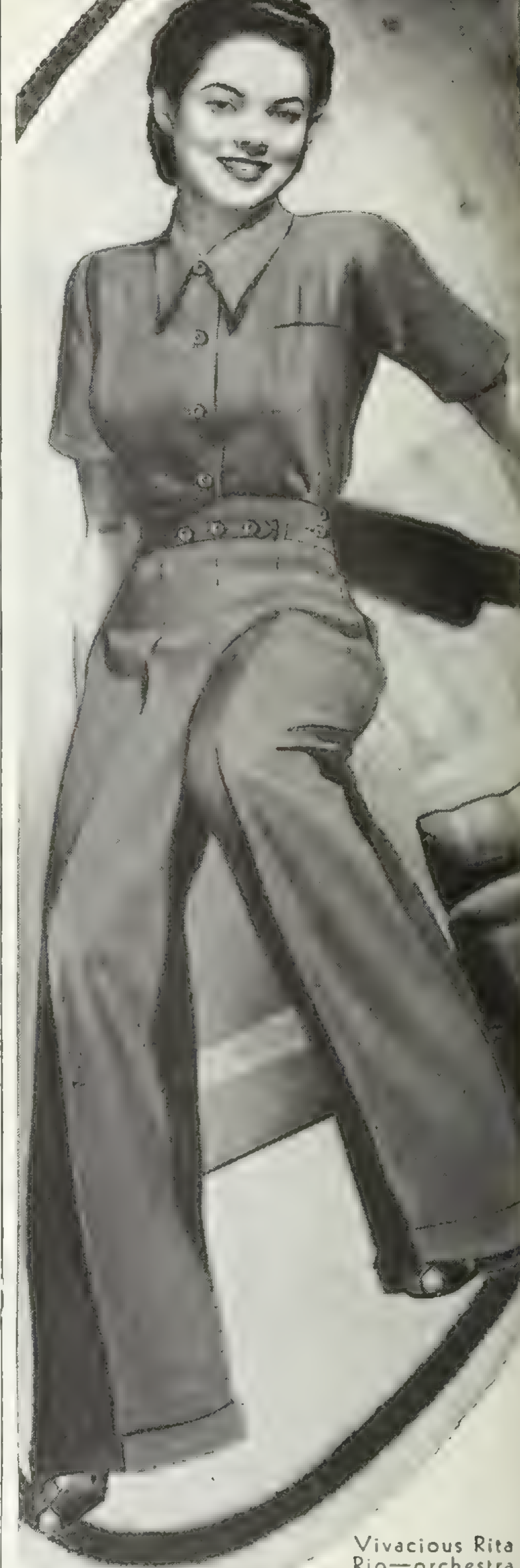
"Yes. What about him?"

"I'm having lunch with a . . . with a friend. A few minutes ago the detective came in. He started to make a scene. He's evidently been following me."

"Why should he follow you?" Mr. Foley asked.

I thought for a moment I should say

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something about that key, but instead I heard myself saying, glibly enough, "I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, what happened?" he asked. "He asked me, in a loud, accusing voice, where I was last night, and I got angry and jumped to my feet and said, 'Where were *you* last night?' and started to accuse him of shadowing me."

"Yes," Foley said anxiously, "what happened?"

"There was a very peculiar change came over him."

"You mean his facial expression?" Foley asked.

"No, in voice."

"What did he say?" Foley asked. "He said, 'Say, you ain't . . . ' and then stopped."

"How did his voice change?"

"I don't know as I can tell you. It was pitched a little higher and . . ."

"How about the 'you'?" Mr. Foley said crisply. "Did he accent the 'you'?"

"No."

"You're certain of that?"

"Absolutely. In fact, he sort of slurred the 'you ain't' all together, and then suddenly quit, for a second, and then started browbeating me."

"What I'm particularly interested in," Foley said, "is whether he emphasized the 'you'."

"No, I'm certain he didn't."

"All right. What was the angle of his head when he talked? Was his head forward or back?"

"Why, I hadn't noticed . . . let me think . . . back, I guess . . . no, it wasn't either. He ducked his head forward. That was it. I remember now; his . . . why that's one of the things that gave his voice such a funny tone. His chin was down against his collar."

"And you say he followed you to lunch?"

"Yes, I'm certain he must have."

Mr. Foley said, "That, of course, is serious. If he followed you last night, he must have known . . . I'm glad you telephoned me, Miss Bell. Thanks a lot. Now go back to your lunch and leave the rest to me."

Bruce Eaton was back at the table by the time I returned. "I'm frightfully sorry about this," he said.

I smiled at him. "I'm not. I only wish I'd been a man so I could have put in a punch or two of my own. You . . . that is . . . he didn't get the key, did he?"

"He did *not*," Bruce Eaton said.

I laughed then, with relief. "I think," I said, "that he knew I was handing it to you."

Bruce Eaton frowned at that bit of information. "Let's check out of here," he said, "and get down to Las Almiras."

It was hot after we'd swept out of Los Angeles and started to skim over the Pomona boulevard. By the time we turned off the main boulevard, the sun, beating down from an intense California sky, dried moisture from our systems as fast as we could take it in.

"When we get there, I want you to keep entirely in the background," Bruce Eaton said, as we whizzed down out of low, rolling hills and hit the straightaway which led to Las Almiras.

"That's out, definitely," I told him. "You can't afford to figure in this. I'm going inside. I'm going to have the banker put *my* name on that power of attorney. You're to wait outside in the car. If anything goes wrong, *you* must be in the clear. You have too much to lose. After all, you know, this key came from a house where a man had

been murdered. Lord knows who dropped it! Carter Wright didn't, because it wasn't in the room where his body was found."

"Yes," Bruce Eaton said, "Carter Wright would have kept the key with him. Whoever murdered him took the key and then found it necessary to tap me over the head and tie and gag me. While he was bending over trussing me up, the key slipped out of his pocket . . . the police will reason that out. Whoever murdered Carter Wright took the key. Therefore, whoever has the key murdered Carter Wright."

"And we have the key," I said.

He smiled across at me. "I have the key," he corrected.

"But you can't," I told him. "You simply can't. I can do it and you. . ."

He interrupted me by sliding the car to a stop in a wide place in the road near a group of one-storied, wooden structures. Just opposite the front wheel, a curbed cement sidewalk began. It ran for some fifty feet to the corner. The only curbed sidewalk which Las Almiras boasted—directly in front of The First National Bank.

Bruce Eaton jumped out from behind the steering wheel and dashed into the bank. It took me a few seconds to get the big door to swing open; then I, too, stepped to the curb.

Las Almiras is a little place in the midst of an agricultural district. The city itself consists mostly of two large stores selling general merchandise, a restaurant, a gasoline station, garage and The First National Bank. It was, I judged, a bank maintained largely for the convenience of the big cattle ranches which had pay rolls to meet and large checks in payment of livestock to clear. As far as life was concerned, the streets were virtually devoid of motion.

I REACHED the screen door of the bank and pulled it open. The interior, I saw, was arranged upon the lines of a conventional bank. The counter was surmounted by a heavy mesh screen in which arch-shaped openings were cut for tellers. I gathered that the banking activities varied from virtually nothing to hectic periods of activity twice a month when pay-roll checks were being cashed. The banker was in the vault with Bruce Eaton.

He glanced up when he heard the screen door slam, nodded to me. He was a young man with bulging brows and thick-lensed spectacles which distorted his mild, watery blue eyes. The skin was taut across his cheekbones and I knew at once he'd picked Las Almiras in an effort to get away from the impure air of the city. "I'll be with you in just a moment," he called.

Apparently, he managed the bank all by himself—at least, in between pay days. I saw a lacquered metal lunch box and a thermos bottle just inside the grilled window. Near them were a package of cigarettes and an ash tray.

I cleared my throat, getting ready to say something, and then stopped self-consciously as I remembered Mr. Foley had told me that was an indication of nervousness and lack of confidence. I heard the banker say to Bruce Eaton, "This young woman isn't with you, is she?" And Bruce Eaton, looking at me with calm, disinterested appraisal, said, "No, I've never seen her before."

That put me in a spot. I couldn't say anything without undoing all of the good I'd tried to do. I was furious to think of how I'd been jockeyed into such a position; yet there was nothing I

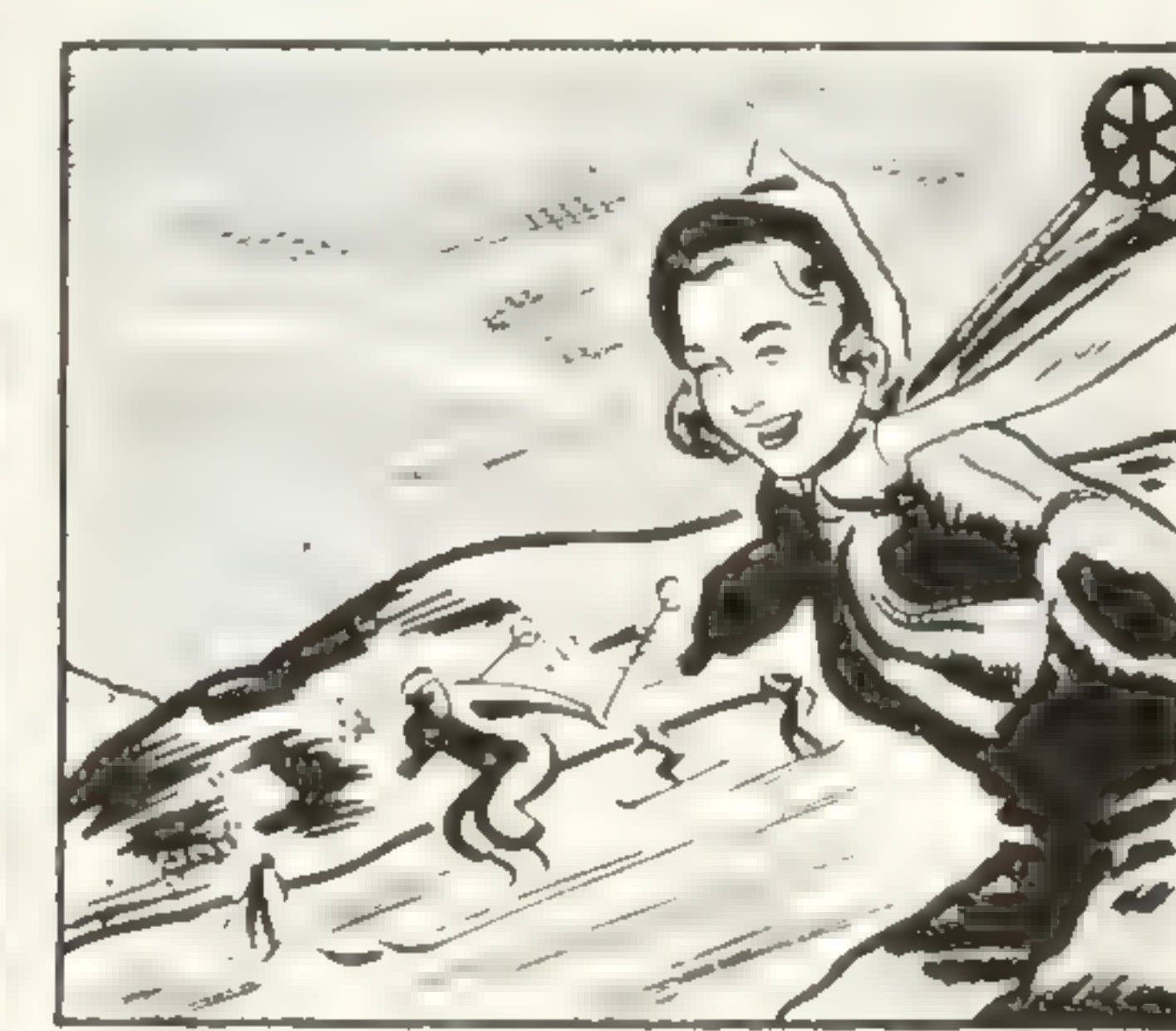


"I was living only eleven months a year"

Poor Peg! She really *lived* only eleven months a year. Utterly wasted a month of precious days, because she thought she had to avoid activity during menstruation to save herself discomfort and pain.

And now, the best skiing party of the winter—just at the wrong time. Luckily, Doris knew Peg's trouble, and how to help. "Midol keeps me on my feet," she said. "So you're taking some, right away!"

"Give Midol the glory for a grand afternoon," Peg later confides. "For pleasure I thought I'd have to pass by. There's going to be a new month on my calendar—a month of days no longer wasted!"



MILLIONS of women—you, perhaps, among them—still believe that giving in to pain during menstruation is as natural and necessary as the process. But many doctors say much of the pain can be relieved. And Midol proves it. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding medical or surgical treatment, most women who try Midol find it not only relieves the pain swiftly, but permits them to live normally, actively and comfortably through the time which they once gave up to inactivity and suffering. Midol is made for this special purpose. It acts quickly. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. All drugstores have Midol in trim aluminum cases.

MIDOL



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3 P.M. Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!



9 P.M. . . . LURES THE STAG LINE



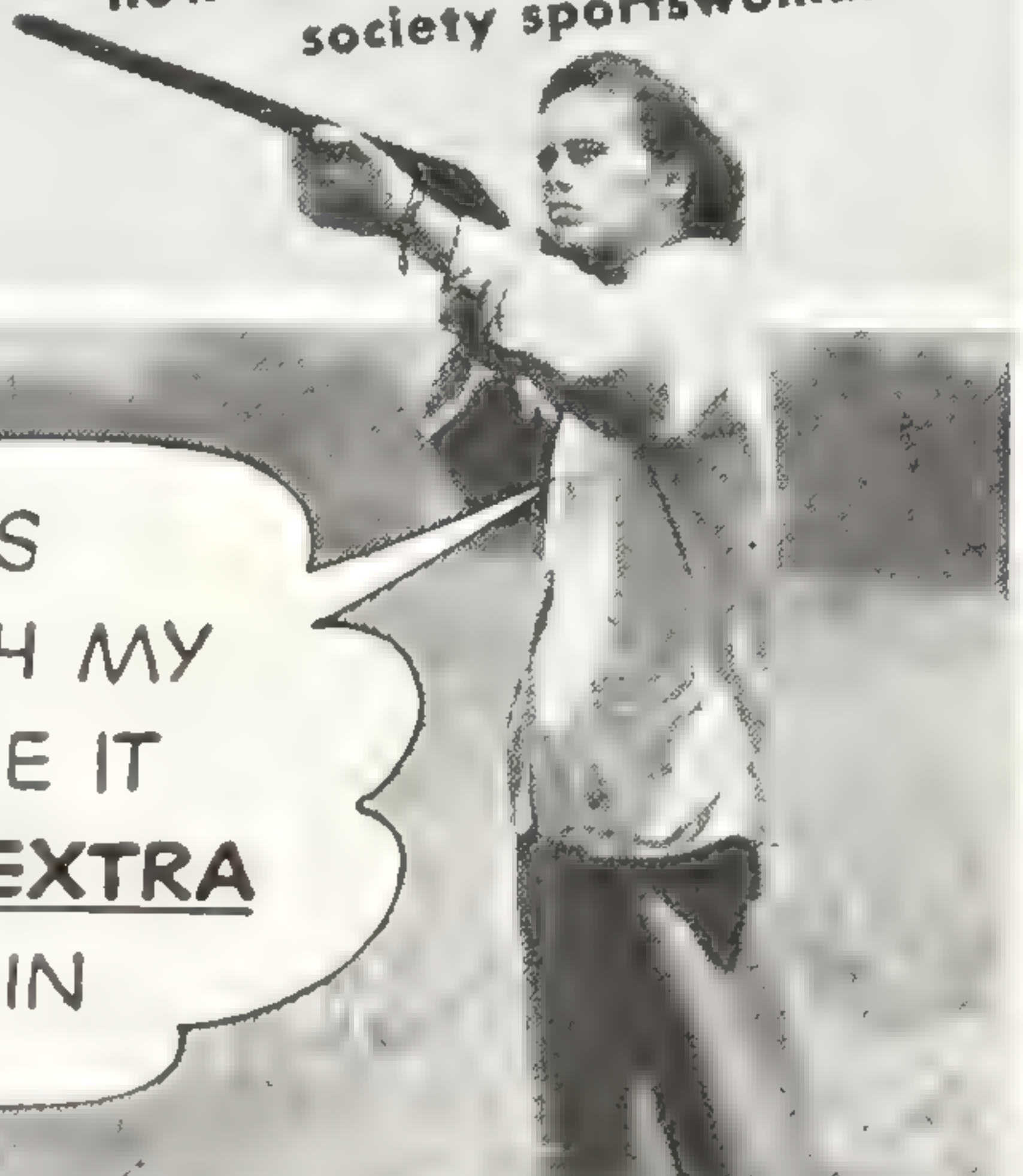
COLD WEATHER DOESN'T
HURT MY SKIN. I ALWAYS USE
POND'S VANISHING CREAM
TO HELP SMOOTH AWAY
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WITH ONE APPLICATION

**NOW
SMOOTHING AWAY
ROUGHNESS
BRINGS EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
TOO! ***

Now—give your skin extra beauty care. Smooth extra "skin-vitamin" (Vitamin A) into it by using Pond's Vanishing Cream! When skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to it, it helps skin become smooth again. If your skin has enough of this vitamin, it stores some of it against a possible future need. Same jars. Same labels. Same price.



JOAN BELMONT
now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey,
society sportswoman



I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S
VANISHING CREAM TO SMOOTH MY
SKIN FOR POWDER. NOW I USE IT
OVERNIGHT TOO. IT SMOOTHS **EXTRA**
"SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO MY SKIN

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N. B. C.

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could do about it except stand there at the counter seething inwardly but apparently waiting complacently.

At any rate, I could keep a lookout, making certain that Bruce Eaton had an avenue of escape open if anything went wrong.

APPARENTLY, the banker hadn't recognized him. I could see that he was nearsighted as he bent over the paper he was filling out. Then Bruce Eaton handed him a driving license, showed him a wallet containing a passport. I realized then that "Bruce Eaton" was only a stage name. I remembered having read somewhere that his real name had been considered far too unromantic by the studio publicity department. Of course, his driving license and passport would be under his real name.

The banker inserted a key into the upper lock on the safe-deposit box. Bruce Eaton inserted the key I had given him in the lower lock. I gripped the counter, fascinated, wondering if the key would work. Had I been right in assuming . . .

The key turned and I could hear the lock click smoothly back. The banker turned away from Bruce Eaton. His figure, partially concealing the interior of the vault as he came toward me, prevented me from seeing just what Bruce Eaton was doing.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting. You see, I'm all alone here in the bank afternoons. What was it you wanted?"

I blurted out the first idea which came to my mind. "I want to cash a check."

"A check on *this* bank?" he asked courteously.

"No," I said. "I'm afraid it will have to be drawn on my Los Angeles bank."

"How much is the check?"

"I can get along with five dollars," I told him, smiling my best smile. "You see, I left my purse in the rest room at Pomona. I want to telephone back about the purse and get enough gas to carry me on through to San Diego."

"You have your checkbook with you?" he asked.

I started to produce it, and then suddenly realized that it was in my purse, and my purse was hanging just below the level of the counter. Having made that crack about losing my purse, I certainly couldn't let him see it now.

"No," I said, "my checkbook was in my purse. I'd have to fill in a blank check."

He blinked owlily at me through the thick lenses of his spectacles.

BACK in the vault, I heard Bruce Eaton slam shut the door of the safe-deposit box and breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be all right if I could only hold this banker in conversation for a few more seconds. I pushed my leg against my purse, clamping it tight against the counter and then trying to ease it down to the floor. But the purse was of smooth leather; it slid out and dropped with a bang. The banker looked puzzled. I said, hurriedly, "Of course, I can put up my wrist watch as collateral," and started to take it off. As I partially turned, I looked out through the plate-glass window, past the gilt letters which proclaimed the name of the bank, its capital, assets and the names of its directors. I saw a car slide in close to the curb and stop. On the upper right-hand corner of the windshield was a huge spotlight with a red circle of glass, the telltale insignia of a police car.

There were five men in the car; one of them, wearing a huge black sombrero, looked as though he might be the sheriff of the county. The other four were quite probably detectives from the city.

They opened the car door and debouched to the sidewalk, forming in a compact little group.

I tried coughing. It didn't seem to catch Bruce Eaton's attention. The banker said, "Just a moment, Miss," and then pushed his head out through the arch in the window to stare down at my purse lying on the floor. "Isn't that your purse?" he asked.

I called out, sharply, "Bruce, look! Hurry!"

He was still in the vault, apparently checking up on a bundle of letters he was holding in his hand. From where he was standing it was impossible to see the car containing the officers.

"Bruce! Hurry!" I cried.

The banker said suspiciously, "What's all this? What's all this?" and jumped back in alarm. I could see now that he thought it was a stick-up, with me to hold his attention at the teller's window while Bruce Eaton was back in the vault. His face was white with alarm. His bleached blue eyes, magnified and distorted by the thick lenses of his spectacles, seemed as large as warped dinner plates.

I saw him fumble at the handle of a drawer and knew he was looking for a gun.

A FRANTIC glance out through the plate-glass window showed me the officers were starting purposefully toward the bank.

I thought only of getting Bruce Eaton out of there and finding some place to hide those letters he had taken from the safe-deposit box. He was alarmed now and coming toward me, but still didn't appreciate the danger of the situation. The banker was pulling a gun from the drawer. The officers were rounding the corner.

I ran to a door in the partition, jerked it open. The banker raised his gun and shouted, "Stop where you are, both of you."

I collided with Bruce Eaton, snatched the letters from his hands and yelled, "Run! Officers!"

The banker pulled the trigger on a big, blue-steel revolver which he'd dragged from the drawer and which looked as large as a cannon. The reverberating roar of a report filled the room.

When my ear drums started functioning again, I could hear the tinkle of falling glass.

The cashier dropped his gun. Evidently the jar of the recoil had jerked it out of his hand.

He half stooped as though to pick it up; then, apparently overcome by panic, ran through the door in the partition, half crouching, screaming, "Help! Police!"

The officers were approaching the door of the bank. The running banker burst through the swinging screen door to collide with them. I heard someone say, "Stick 'em up," and then a drawling voice, evidently that of the sheriff, "Wait a minute. This is Frank Stout, the cashier here. What's the trouble, Frank?"

The banker's lunch box was on the table in front of me. I had to think fast and, at that, had no choice in the matter.

I jerked open the cover, dropped the little bundle of letters inside and slammed the cover back into position. The officers poured through the screen door into the bank and I raised my eyes to confront a bristling row of artillery.

"The jig's up," the sheriff said.

Madman, money, revenge—why was Carter Wright murdered? January PHOTOPLAY brings the surprising answer to this exciting murder mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner.

What Makes Love Tick?

(Continued from page 29)

tough," you are apt to think. No? Well, two items of history, never before printed, will clarify. Universal tried its best to get the McCrea smile to star opposite Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris," but Sam had lent Joel to Zanuck for "Three Blind Mice." And—this one hurt—Capra tried vainly to borrow Joel for "You Can't Take It With You." The cautious father could have snagged from \$75,000 to \$100,000 each on those pictures had he been free.

Joel has never squawked. Long ago his father told him, "The most important thing in life is living." When Joel thought security the best thing for the McCrea family, he paid the price.

When Frances restricted herself to two pictures a year and Joel sold himself down the river to Sam-on-Legree Goldwyn (a durn good boss, says Joel) all Hollywood wagged what passes for its head. "If those two can commit career suicide, they'll certainly do it."

At the moment Joel was lendable. Paramount offered both the leading rôles in "Wells Fargo" to the McCreas. Free advice became frantic: "Romance on the screen between husband-and-wife actors! Screwball idea! Idiots! The public won't take it!"

Joel and Frances talked over the story with Producer-director Frank Lloyd, argued vividly both ways and—(they love to disregard advice)—announced blandly, "We'll do it."

It seems hard for the McCreas to lose. "Wells Fargo" strengthened both. Frances' assignment opposite Ronald Colman in "If I Were King" was sought by a dozen leading actresses and now Joel prepares for a De Mille triumph in "Union Pacific."

Friends peck at Frances and Joel for "the secret." Both declare they have never made each other any special

promises and neither one has ever asked the other to make any particular sacrifice. Yet the record shows they both stand ready, all the time.

A fellow actress pressed Frances most of one afternoon on how she "handled" Joel. Finally one tip came, so practical, so illuminating, it takes the breath away:

"I don't believe 'matrimonial vacations' are necessary or desirable. The place to work out problems and find happiness is with each other.

"But when either husband or wife does go away, remember this: there's bound to be a feeling of relief—from strain of work, perhaps from details of homemaking.

"Better be sure the husband or wife doesn't attribute that relief to *being away from the loved one*.

"If there's personal strain between you, that's not the time for a trip.

"Joel and I never part from each other, even for overnight, except when we're at our very happiest."

That sounds more like brains than luck!

To know what you really want in life, to peg away at it all the time, to be prepared to make any necessary sacrifice—that's the McCrea formula. (And somehow the sacrifices turn out to be gains.)

The other evening Frances and Joel were both kept late in town, effecting a rare appearance in a Hollywood restaurant. One of the town's most cynical columnists read his own column the next day and scratched his head. He had written:

"They came and ate and went away, and they had no eyes for anyone but each other. Every watcher followed them through the door with envious glances."

Yes—it pays to put love first.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

has brought forth similar plans from others, one of the most prominent of which is the merge between Vic Orsatti, another high-powered flesh peddler and John Emerson, the producer and co-author of "San Francisco" . . .

PERHAPS it is because of this producer situation that there is, today in Hollywood, so much friction between the creative personalities and their producers . . . so perhaps if these new production schemes in which the personalities have a share work out, all these vivid people can forget their quarrels and go back to giving us some fun . . . and whatever the new plan does, it should do away with some of the horrible miscasting under which stars now suffer . . . privately I think it is a waste of talent to put an enchanting comedienne like Claudette Colbert in the creaky old "Zaza" . . . the real reason Miss Colbert is doing "Zaza" is simply because Paramount was stuck with it when they discovered that Isa Miranda, whom they had brought over from Italy, simply couldn't play the rôle . . . certainly you can't blame stars for protesting against such rulings . . . certainly it looks sensible for them to follow the examples of men like Cary Grant and Ronald Colman who, under definite commitments to no one studio,

manage to pick rôle after rôle that keeps them at the very top. . .

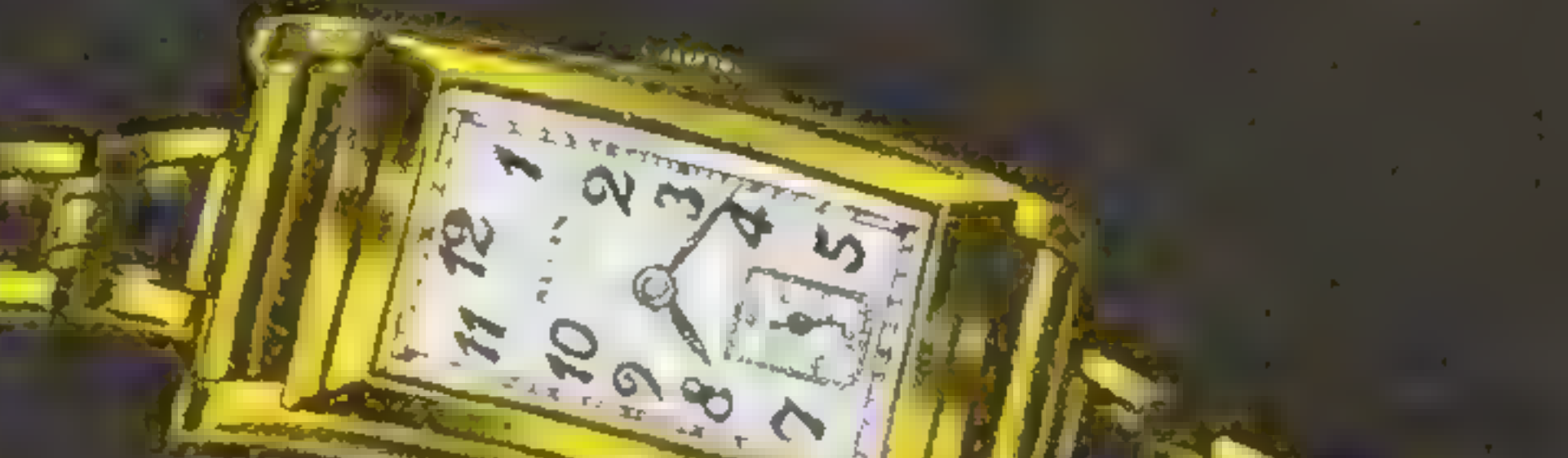
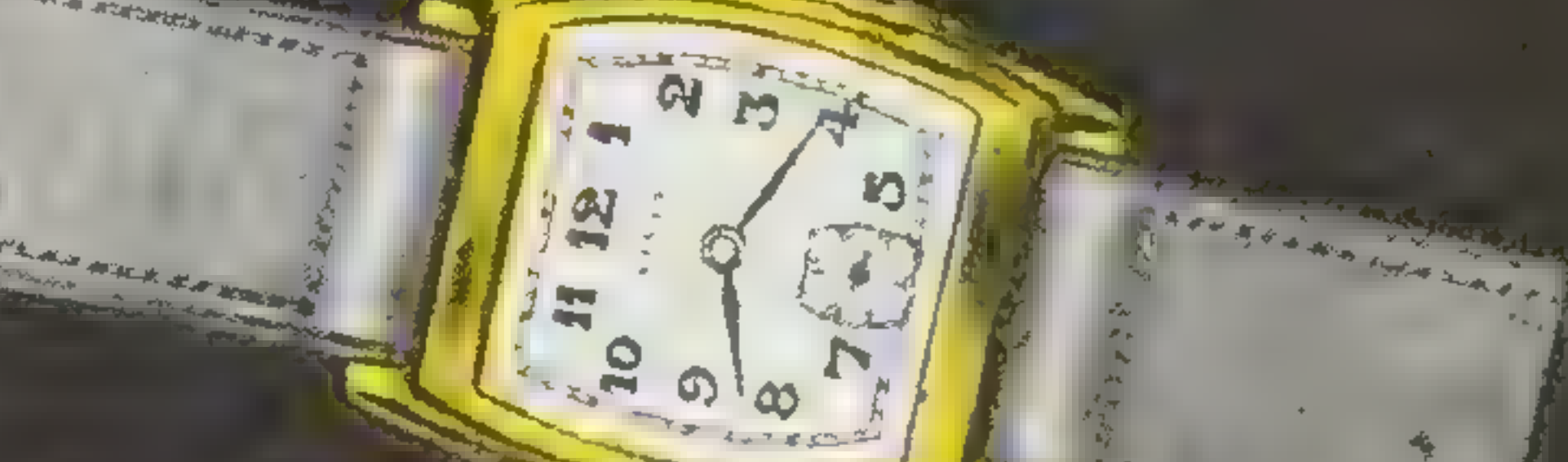
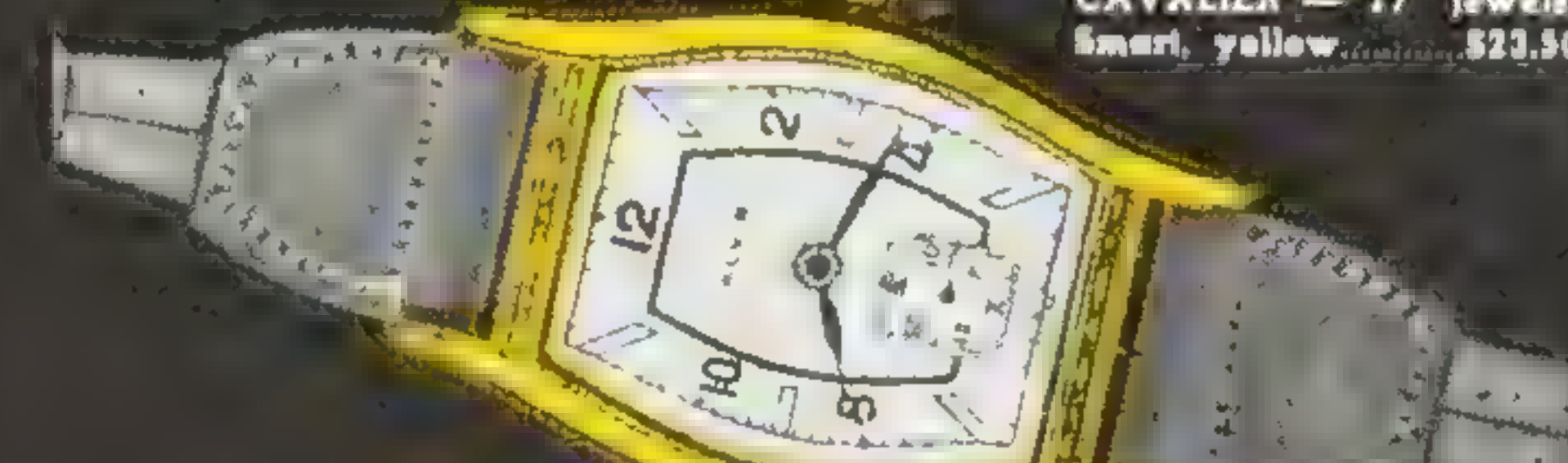
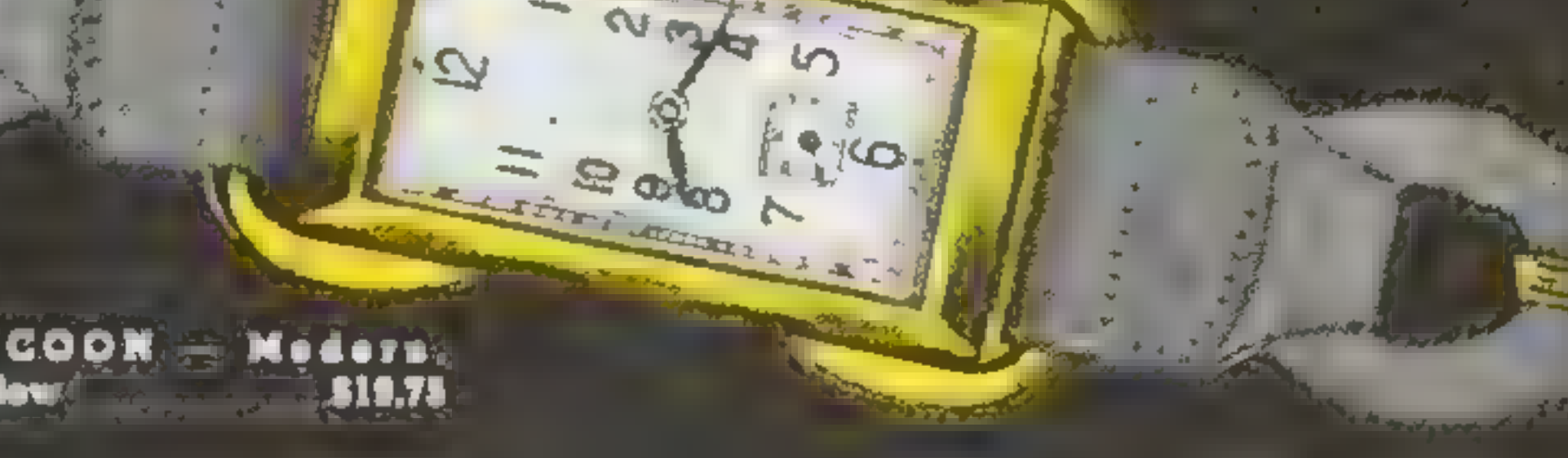
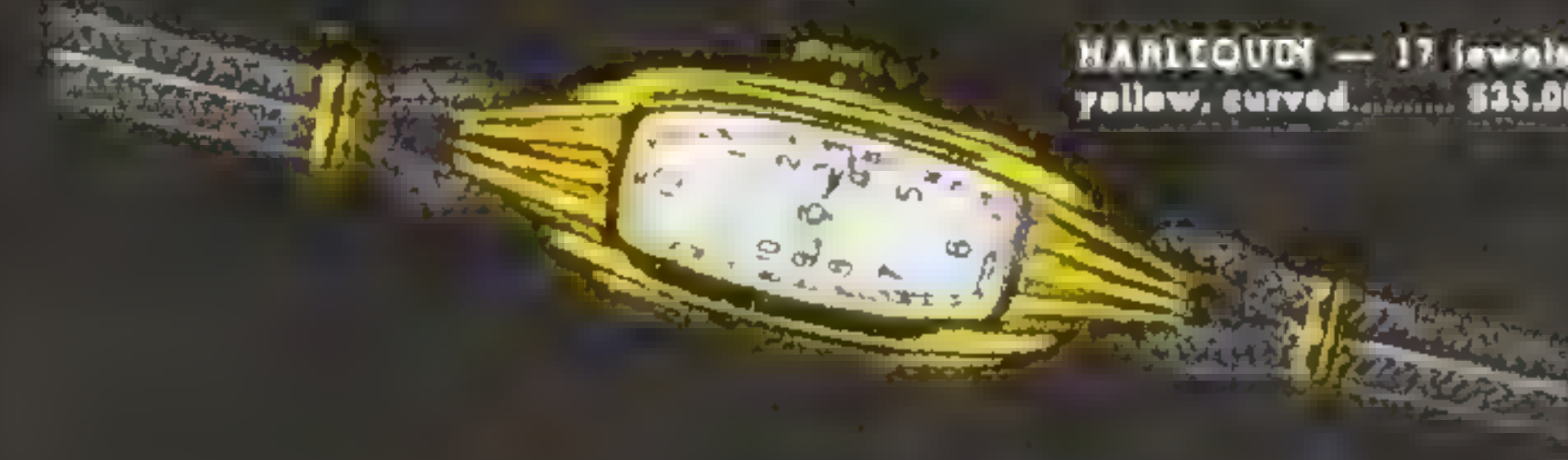
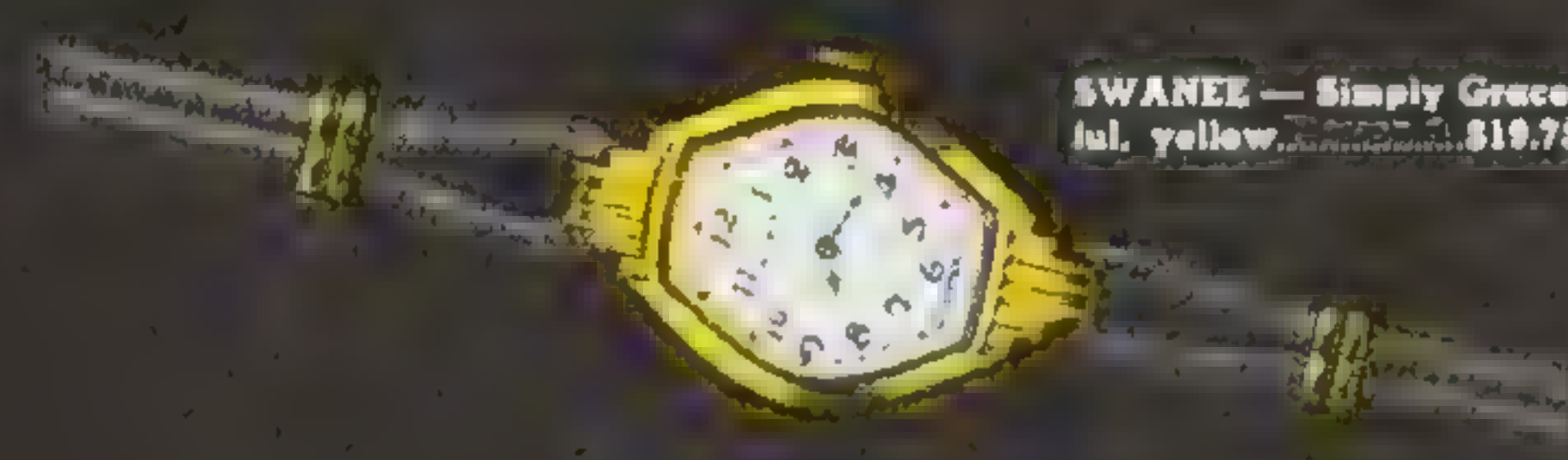
As regards a writer like Mr. Emerson being a success as a producer, here's a story which I believe will prove to you that his chances are very high. . .

After the preview of "San Francisco," all official Hollywood was carrying on in high glee over having another hit . . . pushed around in the lobby crowd I happened to find myself beside the author and I immediately piped up my congratulations, too. . .

"Why shouldn't it be a hit?" asked Mr. Emerson, grinning. "Every situation in the piece, but one, is planned along the lines of situations that have been hits in melodramas since they began. We just strung them along to make a set of thrills. We did have to have one absolutely new situation and it had to be shocking. We couldn't think of anything more shocking than a crook striking a priest. So we wrote that scene."

Which, of course, is a grand spoofing way to talk of one's "art" since it tells nothing of the labor it takes to "string them along to make a set of thrills" . . . but we feel that a man with as much honesty and sense of humor as Mr. Emerson won't lose those qualities even when he becomes a movie producer out on his own. . .

Alvin WATCHES



The World's Fair 1939 Models Are Ready

So this is an especially fine time to give—and to receive a thrilling gift. And that is just the kind of a gift an ALVIN is. For time-honored value—accurate timekeeping—style that is new and smart—for quality that you will pay more for elsewhere, be sure its an ALVIN.

ALVINS are made for most purses—and at each price are *the best to be had*. The quality that has been inbuilt since 1848 and proven by nearly a century of fine watchmaking is proudly reflected in these new World's Fair 1939 Models.

Alvin service is universal, available the world around at prices resulting from complete standardization of parts; and Alvin parts are available everywhere. For supreme watch value, the best in quality and style at whatever price you care to pay, ask your dealer for

Alvin WATCHES

ALVIN WATCH CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

SINCE 1848 SOLD THE WORLD OVER

THE COACH
COULDN'T HELP
GRINNING



It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he, "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

He Really Mows 'Em Down

(Continued from page 21)

still remember their fierce warnings—"Quiet! I said—Quiet!" The whole set trembles.

Well, when Joe McDonough's first roar rang out, it had an echo—

"Quiet," piped Charlie McCarthy.

"Settle down," glowered Joe.

"I said 'Settle down!'" squeaked Charlie.

"Roll 'em!" ordered Joe.

"Sure," agreed Charlie. "Roll 'em."

It was very disconcerting, but it takes more than a haranguing dummy to get in Joe McDonough's hair because, for one thing, Joe hasn't much hair. The elements themselves had to come to Charlie McCarthy's aid for the supreme satire on assistant directing.

In the middle of a later scene, one of those brief but violent California thunderstorms broke over the San Fernando Valley and the stage at Universal shivered with a peal of thunder. In the hush that followed, the strident voice of Charlie McCarthy rang out:

"Quiet!" he yelled.

The thunder ceased immediately.

"Boy," said Charlie, "that's telling 'em!"

BREAKING up scenes, aided or not by the rumblings of nature, was one of Charlie's specialties.

One day Charlie, Edgar and Andrea Leeds were tied up in a heavy scene when the writer on the picture strolled onto the set. Being nervous, as most writers are, he was absent-mindedly flipping a half dollar which presently missed his palm and dropped with a silvery clink on the floor. It wasn't enough noise but what the sound monitor could fix it; it was enough, though, to touch off Charlie.

He whipped his face to the sound of silver.

"Tails!" he cried. That broke it up.

In fairness to Charlie, however, it should be said that his studio-set influence wasn't all destructive. Often, in his unique fashion, Charlie actually helped things along.

There was one time, during the filming of "Letter of Introduction," when Charlie's fresh antics amply aided a scene. It was after a long afternoon of a very difficult shot. Charlie had been sliding down a banister all afternoon. Something was wrong with every take. Finally, after about three hours' work, they made a perfect shot. Whereupon Charlie, while the cameras still whirled, turned to Bergen:

"Don't look now, Bergen," he whispered hoarsely, "but I think I picked up a splinter!"

When Stahl yelled "Cut!" the laughter was mixed with groans. The fresh little guy had spoiled it. But Stahl smiled—"We'll keep it in the picture," he said. "I think it's funnier that way!"

THE really funny part about the whole McCarthy-versus-Hollywood business is that Charlie, who is, after all, only a wooden doll, gets the blame, or credit, for all of it. The man who actually says and does the things that have given the brittle little brat his reputation escapes scot free. That is because, for some reason or other, Charlie McCarthy is invariably regarded by everyone he meets as real flesh and blood.

John Stahl admitted he couldn't watch anyone else but Charlie when he was in the scene. Once he okayed a take where Bergen had made a mistake—so busy was he watching the McCarthy. Even the script girl, meticulously

trained to observe everything, blushed once and admitted she couldn't tell what Andrea Leeds had done in the shot previous.

And on no one does he exert it more than on his boss and alter ego, Edgar Bergen. Bergen and Charlie, of course, are as different as day and night. Bergen is shy to the point of reticence. He says little and in a crowd always hunts the deepest corner. With girls he is polite but uncomfortable; Charlie is fresh and confident. Bergen is formal with his directors, his fellow stars, all the people who work for or with him. Charlie is familiar, insulting.

Tommy Farr, the prize fighter, visited the studio while "Letter of Introduction" was shooting. He was brought on the set for some publicity pictures and met Charlie. When he left, he was fighting mad. Charlie aped his odd Welsh accent, inferred that as a fighter he was a cream puff and a number of other extraordinary, uncomplimentary things. But Edgar Bergen was never in any danger. The big scrapper muttered only against Charlie. It is really amazing.

In fact, the game has been played so long by Bergen himself that there is no doubt but that he at least subconsciously believes it. To him, Charlie is a real little person.

IN Bergen's new house, Charlie has his own room, his own wardrobe, bed, chairs, stationery, even pictures on the wall, made of various colored woods and carved in appropriate McCarthy design. He is taken in this room every night and put to bed beneath the stuffed head of a mountain goat and an air rifle. Under the B-B gun hangs this defiant McCarthy boast—"The Hell I didn't!"

Sweethearts of Edgar Bergen's have testified before to the impossibility of rivaling Charlie McCarthy for the af-

fections of Edgar Bergen. As his mentor's romance buster-upper, the kid bats a thousand per cent.

This distinct and separate personality reality has let Charlie pick on Bergen himself as much as on any of the rest of his Hollywood quarry. In "Letter of Introduction," moreover, it allowed him to act as a sort of prompter, conscience and general outlet for Edgar's nerves.

In one particular scene—a rather simple one—Edgar simply couldn't get going. Patiently Stahl put him through a dozen takes—but all of them Bergen "blew" to the skies. It struck Edgar himself funny after a particular bad mix-up and he began to laugh.

"Shut up," commanded Charlie. "This is no laughing matter!"

"Sorry, Charlie," Bergen apologized.

Charlie turned to Stahl. "He'll get it right this time," he promised.

Bergen got it right.

JUST how long Charlie McCarthy can go on deflating puffed personalities and wilting stuffed shirts in Hollywood, not to mention keeping his own creator in hot water, is something that no one seems competent to foretell. Maybe, when Edgar started work on the new and different dummy, he had a hunch that the kid is getting out of control. Maybe he believes that Charlie's sins will soon catch up with him and swallow him from the rear in one avenging gulp.

Certain it is that Charlie has rushed in where angels hitherto have feared to tread. Often you would swear that Bergen is not only surprised but downright mortified when Charlie annihilates reputations at Hollywood parties and sizes stars in the public frying pan which always precedes live-air time on the Chase and Sanborn broadcast.

Even the one annual event which all Hollywood respects and takes seriously, the Academy Awards Banquet, took it on the chin from Charlie.

You'll recall that a special award was voted to Edgar Bergen and Charlie. It was a tiny one, presented for unusual merit in a field not included in the regular classifications.

After the announcement and presentation, Edgar Bergen took the spotlight with Charlie roosting on his arm.

He made the kind of modest, appreciative speech you would expect. He said he was deeply touched by the honor and especially by the hospitable way all Hollywood had received him and Charlie. He said a number of nice, sincere, to-be-expected things.

But all the time Charlie McCarthy was peering at the tiny statue in Bergen's hand and then at the big ones lined up for the other stars. And right away he set up a howl.

"What's the idea?" yelled Charlie. "Why don't we get a big one, Bergen?"

Edgar tried to shush him. He kept on with his speech of thanks. But it was no use. Throughout it all the insistent yips of Charlie McCarthy were sounding out. "I want a big one! It's fixed! Unfair! How come?" and so forth.

As Bergen walked away, bowing and blushing, the irrepressible little realist on his elbow was yelling at the top of his boxwood lungs.

"They can't do this to me, Bergen! I'll mow 'em down!"

But turnabout is fair play. Oddly enough, that's the very fate that may await Charlie McCarthy in Hollywood—if he doesn't watch out!

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conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured. Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education. The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

for a Hollywood star when she's making a picture.) A salad, a small broiled chop or steak, a green vegetable, squash or some other in-season vegetable. Her dessert is a dish of stewed fruit or sherbet.

As she doesn't have to worry about gaining weight, she eats starches when she likes, usually potatoes with her evening meal and pastries about twice a week. Never overdoing it, you see.

Dorothy's diet is well-balanced and rich in all the elements that go to make up a strong, healthy body, clear skin and lustrous hair. If you are neither underweight nor overweight, I'd suggest that you follow it, too, and I'm sure that you'll notice an improvement in the condition of your skin and hair as well as in your general health. It's an energy-building diet, too.

"How do you take care of your skin at night?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't do very much to it," Dorothy replied. "I think the most important thing in skin care is to keep it clean all the time. So I remove my make-up with at least two applications of cleansing cream. Then I smooth a rich cream into my face, wipe most of it off and leave just a touch of it on overnight. I never put on make-up, though, without first cleansing my face thoroughly. I think it's very bad for your skin to keep adding make-up all day. And, as I said, I always wash it with soap and water in the morning.

"I generally have a facial pack and treatment about once every two weeks to keep my skin in good condition, too."

You, however, don't need to have a professional facial, because there are several very good ones on the market that you can apply yourself at home.

"You use a special make-up at night, don't you?" I inquired. "You practically threw glamour all over the place the other night at the Troc. How did you get the effect?"

"I guess it was the powder," said Dorothy. "You see, I have a powder that's blended specially for me. It contains a lot of lavender and I use it only for evening wear." (So that's what gave her skin the lovely transparent look it had!)

"In the evening, I use a little more mascara and some eyeshadow, which I blend almost up to the brows. Every now and then, when I want a more dramatic effect, I have the eyeshadow flecked with gold or silver grains. I don't use rouge at night, either, and of course the color of my lipstick blends with that of my dress."

That's an important point, too, and one that can't be mentioned too often, especially this season when vivid colors are so smart. Use a bright, clear red with black. If you're wearing the new plum or purplish colors, be sure that your lipstick has blue as its basic tone, so it will blend with your costume.

Dorothy brushes her hair constantly. She is one of the very few girls in pictures who has long hair, and by using a stiff, long-bristled brush she keeps it smooth and lustrous. The only other care she gives it is having it shampooed once or sometimes twice weekly with a very fine, pure soap.

"Now how about exercise?" was my next question.

"Well, when I was much younger, I was inclined to be plump and I was afraid of gaining weight. I discovered that tennis and swimming and dancing kept down my weight and gave me the long, slim lines I wanted, so I went in for these sports with a terrific bang. I don't have that problem any more and I don't want to lose any weight, but I still play tennis about three times a week when I'm not working and try to go swimming once or twice weekly. I don't take any calisthenics, though, because I don't need them, but everyone should take some kind of exercise to keep in good condition."

Dorothy practices diligently to strengthen her throat muscles, however, and it's a very good thing for you to do, also. She throws her head back and then drops it forward on her chest as far as possible. Moving the head to the left as far as you can and then to the right is also very fine.

To keep her eyes clear and bright, Dorothy exercises them daily, too, by rolling them from left to right, then up and down, closing them; then opening them and starting all over. She does this twenty-five times. She washes her eyes with a good lotion daily. If she has time, she lies down for a half-hour before dinner and takes advantage of this respite by dipping cotton pads into an herb eye solution and placing the pads over her eyelids.

I NOTICED Dorothy's hands, which are smooth and velvety, with beautifully shaped nails, and asked her what she did about them. "Just hand lotion morning and evening and whenever my hands have been in water. Cuticle cream on my nails before I go to bed. I have a thorough manicure once a week and generally have my nail polish changed daily."

To sum it all up, Dorothy believes that everyone to be glamorous must be immaculate in appearance so that she'll never be caught unawares, and that cleanliness is definitely the biggest and most important step toward the achieving of glamour. The final touch of glamour is her use of perfume. She applies a drop to the lobe of each ear, a drop to her hair, another under her chin, and on her wrists, so that there will be a delightful aura of scent all about her.

You need no proof of the efficacy of Dorothy's beauty routine, because, when you see her on the screen, you see the finished result.

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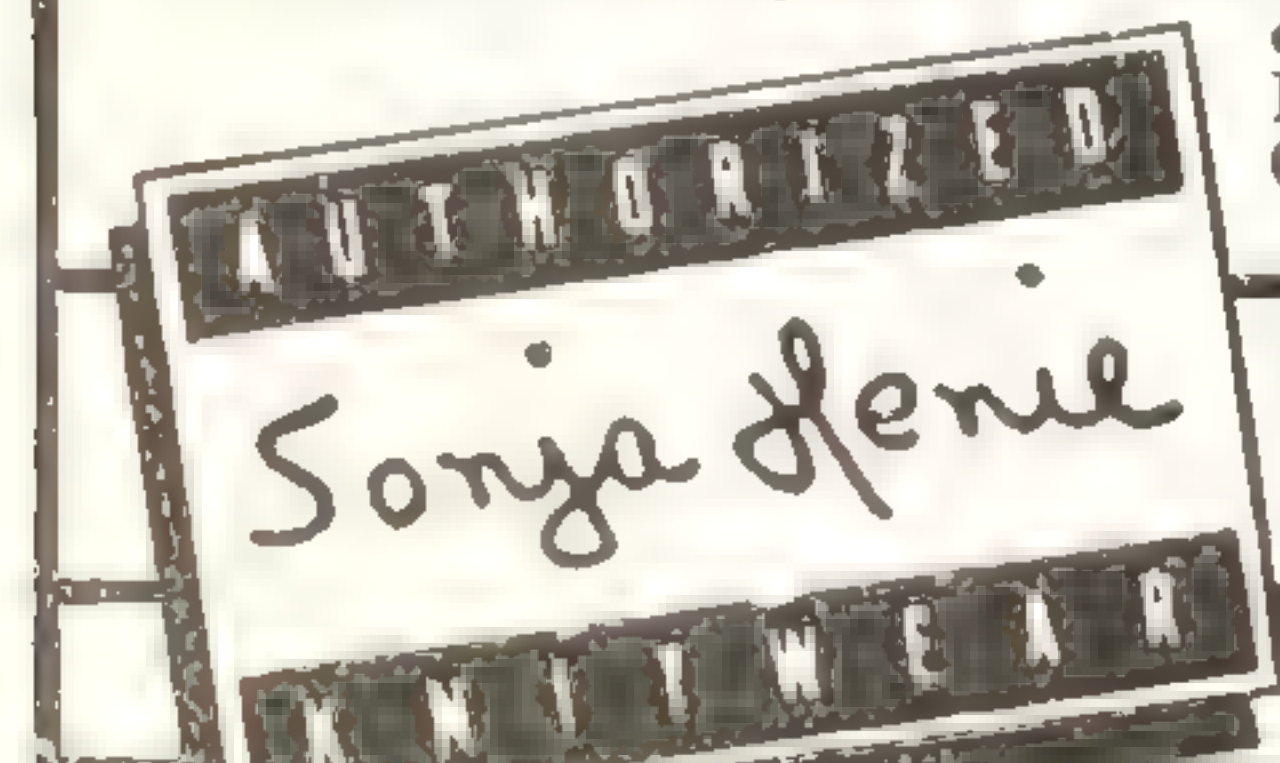
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NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Portrait of a Man Walking Alone

(Continued from page 32)

provocation. He is a poor student of politics and has a positive mania for buying antiques. He wears a wrist-watch, is good at spelling and listens to advice easily.

He would rather be the talker in a discussion than the listener.

He is a good manager of his own business.

He thinks women have lost nothing by affecting mannish styles. He spreads his feet and braces himself as if for a fight when he sings.

He does not like being guest of honor at a large function and it is easy for him to admit he is wrong. His knowledge of history is rather disjointed.

He thinks good taste is the result of education.

He is not quick-tempered.

He spends most of his time when at home in his own bedroom which is fitted out with all the conveniences of other sections of the house. He carries a lighter and his favorite flower is the rose.

His beard is heavy and he does not like to watch soccer or basketball.

He is able to sing in French, German, Italian, Russian, Yiddish, Spanish and Latin. He has never read "Penguin Island" or the works of Gertrude Stein.

He has his own pewter beer mug at Jeager's Restaurant, New York.

He thinks Kirsten Flagstad the last of the great dramatic opera stars. He considers himself a realist, a sentimentalist and a cynic with a slight predominance of the first.

He likes farmyard smells and does not care for modernistic interiors.

He never uses oil on his hair.

HE was born in a New England type house and does not like highly spiced foods. He reads the comic strips, loves museums and never attends the concerts at the Hollywood Bowl.

He is frank and forthright. His father was a machinist engaged in naval work. He does not like to read publicity about himself.

His rarest possession is a cook who welcomes big parties.

He dislikes taking long walks and remains unflattered by autograph hounds. He thinks Fontainebleau Forest the most awesome park he has ever seen. His outlook on life is optimistic.

He has a particular hatred for being interviewed by women.

He is extremely nervous at his own previews and has never worn silk underwear. He enjoys prize fights, tennis matches and loves the travesty of modern wrestling.

He is not of a suspicious nature and cannot stand Hawaiian music. He has an aversion to singing by request at the homes of friends.

He is addicted to considerable whistling, humming and singing when by himself. He has no preference in suit colors and he thinks human nature has not changed fundamentally during the last hundred years.

He dislikes writing letters, likes wearing neckties, and his eyes are blue.

He has been happiest in Hollywood and thinks war will never be abolished. He is not a fatalist.

He still reads fairy tales.

He has a radio in his car and likes to hear symphonic recordings. He has no thought of retirement or escape from anything. He hates starched collars.

He is a very poor after-dinner speaker and he cannot understand the writings of Kant. He feels that money has nothing to do with happiness, its con-

summation depending entirely on one's capacity to be happy.

He likes sea travel and makes no point of seeing all the pictures made by other singers.

Nelson Eddy is high-strung.

He has grown an inch in the past four years, making him six feet, one inch tall.

He makes no pretensions at being an actor and never goes in for winter sports. He thinks radio has raised the average of music appreciation in the United States.

He is very moody and prefers doing his reading in bed. His favorite number is Wolfram's Song to the Evening Star from "Tannhauser."

He dislikes double-billing of movies and has a special fondness for little out-of-the-way restaurants. He always wears business suits and has an extraordinary physical stamina.

He doesn't care when he goes to bed.

He likes baseball and football and dislikes barber shops.

He likes to drive on long motor trips. He has never had his hand read or an astrological chart made for him. He is one of the few actors in Hollywood who is not a Kentucky Colonel.

HE practically forced himself into a taste for Brahms. He has no ambition to climb a mountain and he prefers bathing under a shower rather than in a tub.

Nelson Eddy learned many operatic arias from phonograph records. His first job was as a telephone operator in an iron works and he was fired from an advertising agency because he paid too much attention to music.

He voted the last time fifteen years ago. He is very sensitive to other people's opinions and he is addicted to soft-collared shirts.

He never wears jewelry, doesn't like hamburgers and is always punctual.



For ten years, husky George O'Brien has been one of American boys' idols in outdoor he-man action pictures. Happily married to Marguerite Churchill, he is an example of another side of effete Hollywood too often neglected by the sensation-minded

He was a boy soprano in a church choir and if he had not been a singer he would rather have been a fiction writer. He respects the work that colleges do and believes that an educated man is more receptive to the finer things of life. He owns a Welsh terrier and had great difficulty studying dialogue when he first came into pictures.

He is systematic, easily depressed and wears both jacket and pants of pajamas to bed.

HE likes listening to political commentators on the radio. He has never been to a hot mineral springs and he does not enjoy the adulation he gets in public places. He particularly enjoys murder mysteries on the screen. His fondest memory is one of boyhood when his mother played the old square piano and with his father the three of them sang old hymns.

He likes riding horseback, takes pretty good care of his money and hates stupidity and chicanery.

He is not vindictive.

His only desire is to continue working as long as he is in demand. He was seasick only once in a storm on the North Sea.

He has a fetish for shoes and is constantly buying new ones. He hates being alone and is always seeking companions.

He likes to go shopping. He thinks the chief virtue of American pictures as compared with the European is a feeling of physical cleanliness—the film, the sets and backgrounds seeming cleaner.

He was born in Providence, Rhode Island. His hobby is modeling and he values beyond any price his first torso. He feels that he has utilized his fullest capacities in life.

He thinks the most beautiful sight he has ever seen was an autumn sunset over Frenchman's Bay seen from Winter Harbor, Maine. He catches cold easily.

He drinks little coffee, much milk and seldom wears a lounging robe.

His first song on the screen was in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady." He has never gone hunting, belongs to no lodges, clubs or societies. He plays solitaire and never has a hunch. He prefers city life and suffers a slight astigmatism.

He has visited the Chinatown of every major city in the United States and thinks most night clubs are stupid.

He plays golf badly, dislikes gambling, hates formal dress and thinks Slater Park, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the loveliest he has ever seen. He considers "Naughty Marietta" his best picture. His favorite restaurants are Solari's in San Francisco and Count Arneaud's in New Orleans.

He thinks swing is the bad dream of music. He likes early autumn, medium-rare roast beef, and he is of English descent with a slight dash of Holland Dutch. He does not think success and happiness are synonymous.

He never plays bridge, has never dieted, takes calisthenics every morning and is devoted to Shakespeare's sonnets.

Nelson Eddy's first job was a recital of American Revolution songs for the Colonial Dames in Philadelphia. A generous lady rewarded him with twenty-five dollars. In later years he sang at her funeral when his price for a song was considerably higher.

His success has been gradual, life has been good to him and he is determined to enjoy it.

Bob Burns of Van Bazooka

(Continued from page 23)

ays and does, yet never stains his material with the muck of moral manure or flaunts the bad weeds of envy and malice. And for a final comparison, there is about Burns as there was about Rogers, a constant radiation of modesty—gratefulness for and pride in having climbed high, but never any cheap ostentation, any obvious posing, any arrogance of pretense. Bob Burns is as easy to get along with as an old pair of shoes—and not much prettier.

ALMOST anybody can be a successful failure. It takes a stout soul and a clear head not to become a private failure after worldly success has arrived and especially as it arrived in Burns' case, almost, so to speak, overnight.

Three years ago or a little better, Bob Burns was hard put to it to earn an average of \$1,500 a year. In this year of grace, 1938, he is making as much—or more—in a day as he made then in a year.

And, if I am one to judge, it hasn't spoiled him, hasn't altered him out of his mold of loyalty to the environment from which he came or fondness of his mates of those lean times, or affection for the memories of the days when he was a struggling, underpaid vaudevillian.

People who knew him back there tell me he is the same Bob Burns he was then.

Three men I think of who largely

built their fame on continued and everlasting devotion to their home towns—Will Rogers, the late O. O. McIntyre and Bob Burns. Will put Claremore on the map and, by constant whimsical references, loyally kept it there. McIntyre dealt tenderly and sentimentally with boyhood scenes in Gallipolis. Now along comes this copper-crested fellow Burns and, through jokes about a host of imaginary but enormously comic kinfolks and neighbors, makes of Van Buren a shrine of humor—a place which inevitably you picture as a place where people do laughable things and say laughable things but never mean or sordid or cruel or dirty-minded—nor ever vulgar.

Take that tale of Bob's—a favorite of mine—about his fabulous "Uncle Fud," who always was tolerant and gentle in his estimates, who never had a harsh word for anybody or anything. Bob, coming home for a visit, heard that Uncle Fud had been sentenced to the penitentiary for forgery and at once went to call on the unfortunate in his cell.

"Look here, Uncle Fud," he said, "you can't read, can you?"

"Nary a word, son," said the prisoner.

"Nor write either?"

"Can't even write my own name, Robin."

"Well how on earth could any jury find a man guilty of forgery who can't read and write?"

"Well, boy," said Uncle Fud, "studyin' it over, I'm beginnin' to think mebber I didn't have a very good lawyer."

Perhaps Burns himself doesn't know it, but I am of the opinion that had he followed the course which the average man under like circumstances might have followed, he would never have attained to his present place in the popular estimation. Had he gone Broadway—had he gone Hollywood, either—he might have been by now a cynical, shrewd, sarcastic commentator on the passing show, passing out sidewalk repartee and playing the Bazooka excellently well—and like so many of the run of the theatrical breed, been looking for a job. But by some instinctive magic he kept the small-town viewpoint, kept close to the homespun verities of life which the city so often strangles, kept the angles and slants of the real underlying Americanism which you'll still find, if only you know how to look for it, in the Claremores and the Gallipolises and the Van Burens of the land.

Having come to know its most distinguished citizen and favorite native son, I'd like to go to Van Buren myself someday. Thar's gold in them hills, pardner!

And from there Bob Burns brought some of that same gold in his heart. That today he is drawing fat dividends from it is all the more to his credit—and Arkansaw's.

What Really Happened to Bette Davis' Marriage?

(Continued from page 25)

like a sick man? There was nothing at all the matter with him; he simply was being difficult and spoiled.

Her will tried to make it that way, but for once it failed. She didn't want Ham to be unhappy, or ill, or disturbed; didn't honestly see why he should be. Things had been all right so far; why did they have to change now?

But Ham had reached the psychological moment where things *did* have to change, and he with them, as he very well knew. The silent moody young man, wrapped in an impenetrable wall of gloomy reserve, was not the most stimulating companion in the world for a mercurial, brilliant wife.

So Ham threw a suitcase in his car and drove back East, back to New England. He visited all Bette's relatives and his own. But, chiefly, this is what he did: he went back to every one of the places in Massachusetts and Connecticut that he and Bette had shared in their early courtship. He did not write letters to her, but every few days a postal card would arrive, with the picture of some landmark in their lives, and the message on it would say, simply, "I remember the blue dress you wore here on a Sunday night in June." Or, "They have fixed the leak in the canoe, but the trees are the same" . . .

Bette, tormented and distracted, was hard pressed by her emotions. She didn't honestly know whether it was right to try and pick up the raveled ends of their separated lives and try to weave them back together again, or to break it off sharply, then and there. But the chance was that a too-hasty reconciliation would merely work around to the same impasse again and they would be right where they were before Ham went East.

She was on vacation, so she took sister Bobbie and went up to Lake Tahoe, on the Nevada border. This immediately gave rise to the rumor that she was there for a divorce. This was not true.

TO squelch this divorce rumor, Ham tore across the continent, driving six hundred miles a day, and joined Bette in Tahoe.

But not the same Ham who went away. This one, Bette says, looks and talks and thinks and laughs more like the boy she married seven years ago. A measure of his old independent spirit came back with him and Bette is triumphantly proud of it.

This extraordinary Bette is that rarest of rare human beings—an absolutely honest person who is honest even with herself. More than once I have heard her say, "I feel sorry for these poor devils of Hollywood husbands. They lead a dog's life and they never get a break. They are among the forgotten men and the unsung heroes of this world, with very few exceptions!"

And so, Bette gives Ham all the best of it—she would—and she wants it that way. She wouldn't speak again to anyone who made it, by the word spoken or written, any other way. In all justice, there are faults on both sides, as in every comparable case.

The real reasons behind the difficulties of any two married persons are known only to themselves, and to no other. No divorce judge, however astute, no lawyer, no friend ever knows the *real* reasons.

Generally they are so pyramided and interlocked that the very persons involved could not accurately separate and identify and catalogue them. If

they are very smart, they don't even try; they just go on from there. And that is what Bette and Ham are trying to do.

BETTE and Ham are both back in Hollywood now, living apart in a "trial separation," and subsequent developments are exactly where Bette says, "in the lap of the gods." We who know and love Bette are aware that she has been protecting and defending her marriage for some time—not consciously, for she is not a person to discuss casually her intimate relationships. But she was determined to make it endure and she has tried, perhaps more sincerely than most women would have, because marriage to her is a permanent institution not to be entered or abandoned lightly.

If, during this supercharged interval of uncertainty, someone should come along to interest Bette more than Ham does, even temporarily, it would complicate things—but even then, unless she fell sincerely in love, I do not think she would rush off for a divorce. The same thing could, possibly, happen to Ham. Persons in their indeterminate state of mind are always at the mercy of their undefended emotions. They may be back together again tomorrow—or they may decide their only solution is divorce. The weight of opinion is toward the latter solution.

I will let all the masterminds and the columnists make all the definite predictions and keep you posted exactly as to what is going to happen to Bette and Ham from day to day. As for me, I merely know them pretty well, love them dearly, admire them greatly, see them frequently—and haven't the faintest idea what they are going to do next.

WHY DOES THE BRIDE

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Golden Girl

(Continued from page 22)

contract was cancelled in a nightmare and I ended up shining shoes."

On the walls of the bedroom are two pictures. One is of the girls' mother when she was a little girl; the other is of their niece, daughter of sister Martha, married to Maxwell Edwards, English instructor at the University of Illinois.

Over each bed are flower prints and the outstanding object of furniture is an unpretentious maple desk, cluttered with perfumes and toilet waters—a Priscilla fetish—abetted by smitten boy friends.

PRISCILLA explains that her fracture of the romance with Wayne Morris was caused by nothing more serious than her ambition to give herself a chance in the career now warmly beckoning.

"I won't marry—not now—not for at least five years," she confided. "I've heard it somewhere before—but it holds true with me just the same—career and marriage don't mix."

As this is being written, Priscilla is being escorted frequently by Orin Haglund, an assistant director, "but—" as she said to me, "it's no romance."

Five feet two-and-a-half inches tall, the youngest of the Lanes weighs 102 pounds, has corn-silky blonde hair, sky-blue eyes—and the smallest waist in Hollywood—just barely eighteen inches all around with a true tape measure. She doesn't drink and uses no make-up save a dab of lip rouge. A scar on her right shoulder blade is the result of leaning against a hot radiator at a tender age when her shoulder blade reached no higher than the radiator's summit. She also has two tiny moles on each side of her neck. "One is my 'no' mole—the other my 'yes' mole," is her whimsical comment "They never agree."

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" is Priscilla's favorite book and "Little Women" a runner-upper. She has read each at least fifteen times, she estimates. She prefers classical music but admits, until recent years, she dreaded the thought of music lessons. She wears a 4½ C shoe, insists she is not superstitious but won't walk under a ladder and carries with her, as a good-luck token, the tiny beret she wore in "Four Daughters."

She won't wear blue on Mondays, considers seven her lucky number and Wednesday her lucky day. That is because it was on a Wednesday that she started with Waring, also the day she started broadcasting, was cast in "Four Daughters" and started working in "Brother Rat."

Nightgowns are her passion. She boasts two hundred of them—in silk, flannel, satin, lace-fringed and fur-fringed.

But she has a mere dozen pair of bedroom slippers.

Priscilla made her first public appear-

ance at the age of nine—at an amateur night in a Des Moines theater. She did a tap dance and nothing more would have been said of the occasion if she hadn't tripped while making her exit, falling flat on her freckled face. The crowd liked that—and roared. Priscilla leaped to her feet, dashed into the wings and then, sticking her pert head out, yelled, "Yoo hoo, folks. I meant to do that." Perhaps, although I don't believe it, that is why, in later years, she and Rosemary were hired by the same theater to sing accompaniments to Lola Lane's pictures.

Priscilla had made up her young mind that she was to be an actress and cajoled her parents into sending her to the Fagin Dramatic school in New York to study acting. She was fourteen then. At the end of the term, her mother and Rosemary arrived to take her home. And then one of those movie situations occurred. The three stopped in at a music-publishing firm to buy some new music. The girls tried out the songs there and Fred Waring, passing in the hall, heard them. Curious, he entered, liked their faces and their voices and signed them to sing with his Pennsylvanians. They remained with Waring for five years.

Priscilla tells me her first show with the band was at the Roxy Theatre in New York and now, being many years past her amateur debut at nine, she was jittery. To calm her nerves, she stuck a piece of gum into her mouth before the performance and was still chewing when Waring gave her the cue to start singing. Annoyed when he saw her mouth wagging, he stopped the band and chided her. Priscilla made a flip-pant and undeniably impertinent remark. As on that other occasion, the house roared and from then on she was stamped as a comedienne—and comedienne she seemed doomed to remain until Hal Wallis cast her in "Four Daughters," where she proved herself capable of more serious emotions.

Priscilla confesses to gratitude to Waring for whatever success may be her portion. It was when Warner Brothers signed Waring and his band for "Varsity Show" that she and Rosemary got what is commonly termed

their first "break"—because he it was who suggested that the girls be cast for rôles in the picture. As I told you earlier, the studio saw great possibilities in Rosemary—and was merely tolerant toward Priscilla. Nevertheless, both youngsters came through satisfactorily and Warners purchased their contracts from Waring.

Waring, of course, is not to be blamed for Priscilla's devotion to cats—about a dozen of them run loose at her home. Among them is no longer the one she picked up near the ranch—a lady cat which did not turn out to be a lady—she bit Priscilla. It was a wildcat!

THE girl is an expert tennis player and equestrienne, deft at lassoing and spinning a trick rope. She once won a red ribbon at a rodeo and she can roll her own cigarettes.

She is up at five every morning, being awakened by her mother who has a hot breakfast waiting for her—and at night, upon her return from the studio, a hot dinner. Mama Mullican is her business manager and invests her money in government bonds and annuities—placing Priscilla on an allowance.

The home they live in is rented but has been completely furnished and decorated by the girls themselves. They moved in without any furniture and started to buy one piece at a time—adding the pieces whenever they saw one that hit their fancy. The white wooden fence encircling the grounds was painted by Priscilla herself.

In conversations with the young star, I learned that recently she had had two wisdom teeth extracted, that she hated night clubs and parties and all things formal, that she loved mystery and adventure stories, especially at night when they scare the stuffings out of her, also that she likes books on horses, and pulp magazines, with fudge to chew upon while reading them.

Priscilla doesn't like fancy clothes. Lola and Rosemary design dresses and experiment with them by making Priscilla wear them. She has never cared much for the garments they have thrust upon her. Her roadster is of an inexpensive, popular make, numerology is

her fad and she writes music proficiently. During the making of "Four Daughters," the cast desired to express its appreciation of Director Mike Curtiz, so Priscilla wrote a song, words and music, and the cast sang it to him.

"I'll never be as pretty as Rosemary," sighs Priscilla, "nor as smart as Lola, nor as studious as Leota, nor as content as Martha. Maybe I'm the family misfit." But Lola and Rosemary and Leota and Martha modestly insist that most of the fame of the Lane family will rest upon the shoulders of the little ugly duckling who became a Golden Girl, confused fables or have it your way!



Clara Bow, despite the many efforts to get her back on the screen, continues to be the happy housewife of a Nevada ranch. Husband Rex Bell holds George, age six months, while Rex, Jr. watches

(Continued from page 4)

\$5.00 PRIZE**200% AMERICANS**

WHOEVER started this insane search for foreign talent? Annabella, Simone Simon, Franciska Gaal, Ilona Massey, Danielle Darrieux! Names like these are crowding out the names of such celebrities as Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye and Norma Shearer. And can someone tell me why?

Danielle Darrieux is a beauty! So what? There's nothing wrong with the Lombard profile and La Faye could make a man swoon any day. Luise Rainer is THE actress because she won two Academy awards. Well, maybe she is good. (Who am I to doubt it?) But let's not forget Bette Davis and Janet Gaynor. They also have "Oscars" and it's my prediction that they will still be tops long after Rainer "suffers" herself right out of the movies.

These foreign imports have nothing over our own American lassies and yet they monopolize the front pages. Not that I entirely object to these stars-of-other-lands, but why not forget them for a while and concentrate on the less publicized, but just as talented Anne Shirleys and Claire Trevors?

LORETTA WALSKI,
Hammond, Indiana.

\$1.00 PRIZE**MORE POWER TO JESSE JAMES**

ANY old-timer can spend an afternoon telling you that these Ozark Hills still remember the visits of the outlaw brothers, Jesse and Frank James; but never will these same Ozark Hills forget the return of those brothers in the flesh and blood of Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda.

The small town of Pineville, Missouri, has been made into a replica of Liberty, Missouri, stamping ground of the James Gang sixty-five years ago.

The day I watched production, Tyrone, in the leading rôle, smiled his best atop a dated train engine. It was hot as Hades, but still he smiled. I had my doubts about Tyrone. Now I know I like him. He isn't fabulous as I expected. There is even something of the small boy about his solicitude.

But Henry is the same Henry of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It seems to me he hasn't quite the same personal, vibrant contact with all the public as has Tyrone. He's shy. The company should leave Henry when they go. He was made for these Hills.

R. ROBERTS,
Wheaton, Missouri.

What Hollywood Is Thinking

(Continued from page 17)

believe in it for myself."

One feminine objector declared: "Sounds all right in books, but, in real life, the woman always gets the worst of it."

One masculine endorser said: "Yes, if both parties have intelligence enough to understand responsibilities involved."

Of the male dissenters, the majority seemed to feel that conventions, as a whole, are better respected. One cautious youth ventured to remark that such a procedure involved "too much responsibility."

Another felt that "love must remain idealistic to last."

The majority of dissenters, both men and women, were married.

PHOTOPLAY'S fourth question was one which has been creating something of a furor since the turn of the century:

"Do you believe in birth control?"

"Yes," said sixty-nine per cent of the Hollywood women.

And: "Yes!" said ninety-nine and one-half per cent of the men!

Among the feminine "fors," one young star presented the interesting theory that "prospective parents should have time to prove parent worthiness." Several more were of the mind that "modern civilization has gone beyond the laws of nature. To have a baby every year would be unthinkable, physically and financially."

The majority of women, however, gave lack of financial resources as the main reason for birth control.

"I'm working hard, now, and saving my money. I'll have my babies later—but not more than I can afford," one married woman star declared.

For the most part, the feminine dissenters gave religious reasons as the basis of their objections to birth control.

As for the men—they were more laconic on the subject, but the great majority gave lack of adequate finances as the main reason why birth should be controlled.

"When a man can't make enough to support children, he shouldn't have 'em," one wrote.

"It's a tough world and children don't ask to be born. You owe them good breaks or you shouldn't have them," commented another.

"Do you believe a woman is entitled to a career after marriage?" was the next question and one which Hollywood, being a career town, answered characteristically. Ninety-three per cent of the women said yes; and seventy-eight per cent of the men.

"I believe extra-domestic interests help to cement, rather than to break up a marriage," one woman star wrote in support of the idea. She is the wife of a non-professional and their marriage is counted as one of Hollywood's happiest. They have two children.

"Extra money coming in is nice, say what you will," said another young contract player. "I have servants to do my housework, now, but otherwise I might have to do it myself and I am the world's worst cook. I am sure my husband (another non-professional and not wealthy) likes me better this way."

On the other hand: "Laugh, if you like, but I think a woman's place is in the home," wrote a recent bride. She is still working, but vows she is going to stop after her next picture.

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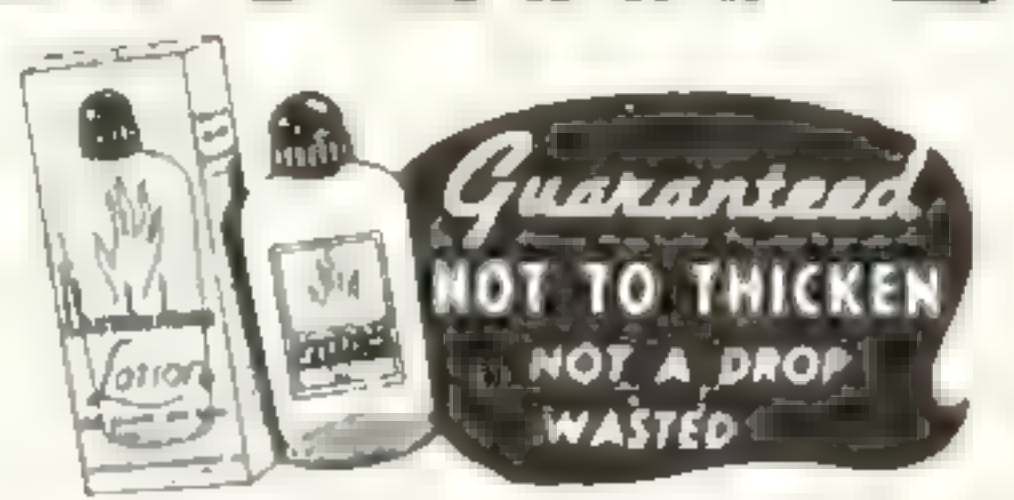
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Of the men favoring wives as career women, several qualified their answers by saying: "If the career is established before marriage."

A few more said yes, they believed a woman to be entitled to a career but that they would oppose their own wives' having one.

"In theory, it may be okay," wrote one. "But in practice, it is the bunk!"

Among the masculine dissenters a goodly per cent admitted that the idea of a wife's working is bad for the masculine ego.

"I like the idea of paying a wife's bills, provided they're not too big," one remarked. Another: "The old 'protective instinct' gets an awful kick in the pants from the 'career woman.' I'm against her!"

HARD on the heels of Photoplay's question concerning career women came this one:

"Do you believe that half a husband's earnings is rightfully his wife's?"

Results were rather unexpected. Only fifty-one per cent of the women questioned believed in this share and share alike plan, while a chivalrous seventy-seven per cent of the men embraced it!

"A wife earns her keep, all right, and then some!" one young married woman declared.

Another, however, while endorsing the idea, had a different slant on it.

"Yes," she wrote, "a wife has a right to half her husband's income, but he also has a right to half of hers!"

A few of the women who were against the theory said they thought the less financial independence a married woman has, the better off she is.

"It is the right of the male to rule, as well as his duty to protect the female," one wrote. "I think new-fangled financial practices do a lot towards promoting divorce!"

On the other hand, "I don't want my wife to have to ask me for every cent she has. She is entitled to her share of my earnings," insisted a certain male star. "In fact," he added, "her responsibilities are more exacting than my own."

Turning from marriage to a deplorable but often logical sequence of events, Photoplay next concerned itself with questions on divorce.

"Do you believe in divorce?" was the first of these.

"Yes," said sixty-seven per cent of the women and ninety-five per cent of the men.

"Certainly I believe in divorce," wrote one young woman star (unmarried). "If you make a mistake in choice of a career or in any other choice, you try to remedy that mistake. I believe the same practice should apply to marriage."

"Divorce is the only answer to some marital problems," wrote another star (divorced), with decided conviction.

"Yes, I believe in divorce, but only as a last resort," said a third, conservatively. "I do not think a couple should conduct their marriage with the thought of a divorce court forever present, though."

On the other hand: "I am not a Catholic, but I believe that marriage should be for life!" said one of the dissenters. "I should think a long, long time and try every other remedy before I even considered it!"

"I am for divorce—but only as a last resort!" was the consensus of the masculine "fors."

"I never think of divorce, even when I quarrel with my wife, but I suppose it is a good thing in some cases," said another.

"Emphatically, I do not believe a divorce court the solution of marital trou-

bles! If divorce was not so easy, fewer couples would jump into hasty marriages," wrote a second male dissenter.

"I think I know what I'm talking about," he added. He should. He has been divorced himself.

"THE most frequent cause of serious marital difficulties?"

Among the women who answered that question, thirty-seven and one-half per cent selected money trouble, eighteen per cent selfishness and lack of consideration, nine per cent sex maladjustment and nine per cent plain incompatibility. The rest of the reasons were well scattered, including jealousy, personal or professional, no sense of humor, moral instability, infidelity, lack of friendship between parties, lack of common interests, lack of good manners.

In contrast, thirty per cent of the men considered jealousy the villain in the marital peace, twenty-nine per cent chose selfishness, fifteen per cent sex maladjustment and only ten per cent believed money the root of all marital evil. One thoughtful young star added to his choice of drink as the greatest cause of trouble, "the neurotic condition of modern women." Another considered "nagging" the main source of trouble. Still another, "inability to see another's point of view."

A majority of women who voted for money trouble apparently believed the old adage: "When poverty walks in the door, love flies out the window."

The women divorcees were almost equally divided in their belief that either money or lack of consideration was the cause of marital trouble. The divorced men favored jealousy, although describing this in several cases as "professional, not personal."

"What do you consider ample grounds for divorce?" was the next question.

"Incompatibility!" answered a majority of both men and women.

"Such a reason may sound a little vague, but try and live with a person who goes against the grain!" wrote one feminine star, herself recently divorced.

"Incompatibility is harder to take than villainy!" declared another divorcee.

"If you are not compatible, you've nothing left when the novelty wears off," wrote a young actor, married.

Second choice of just grounds for divorce among the women was habitual drunkenness.

"Some things can't be helped," one wrote contemptuously, "but this can! And if it is not helped—then I want a divorce!"

One man wrote: "A male drunk is bad enough, but a drunken woman is beyond the pale."

A CORRIGAN SCOOP!

Here for the first time is the real reason why the famous flyer, "Wrong Way" Corrigan, is going into the movies. Also, a hitherto unpublished story of Lindbergh's Hollywood venture. Both these unusual features to be found—

in January PHOTOPLAY

A majority of the men, however, considered infidelity second to incompatibility as justification for divorce.

One said: "A fellow might still love an unfaithful wife, but his pride would take him to court."

A fair-sized group of women also considered infidelity grounds for legal separation, but, in general, for a different reason. As one said, "Things would never be the same again if that happened."

Other grounds cited by both men and women included non-support, habitual nagging, public humiliation, refusal to have children, gambling.

"If necessary, would you gain a divorce by mutual consent (illegal in most states and known as 'collusion')?"

To this question, next on the list, sixty-five per cent of the women answered an unequivocal yes, while only a slight half of the men felt that way about it.

"The only civilized method," stated one young woman player, flatly.

"Emphatically yes. Should be legal in every state!" wrote another.

"The only intelligent way," said one of the men supporting it.

The "against," with scarcely an exception, took their stand because collusion is so extensively illegal.

"We've enough of law breaking, without conspiring to do it," one young star wrote.

THE last question in the first section of Photoplay's questionnaire, was: "Should there be alimony?"

The answers to this stacked up rather illogically, for only fifty per cent of the women said they believed in alimony, while sixty per cent of the men declared themselves for it.

Of the women "fors," twelve and one-half per cent of the original fifty per cent demanded alimony only in case there were children to be supported.

A large majority of the men, who went on record as being against alimony in general, qualified this by agreeing that it should be paid in case it was needed for children's support.

Comment for and against was emphatic.

"My father never paid my mother alimony and she was too proud to ask it. But he should have! She gave him the best years of her life!" wrote one girl star, bitterly.

"I wouldn't accept alimony if I were starving!" said another.

"I suppose alimony is all right if there are children, but I am against it in principle," said a third.

Most of the men "fors" considered alimony a "just obligation." "But not in excess," said several, cautiously.

"Women who have done their best to make marriage a success, even though that best is not good enough, should have help until they can make their own living," said several.

On the other hand, "Women have made such a show of being equal . . . Well, here's their chance to see how it works. DOWN with alimony!" concluded a small but militant group of males.

Strangely enough, of those questioned, more of the divorced men favored alimony (although within reason) than the divorced women.

"It's too hard to collect," explained one of the latter, wearily. "I find it easier to work at a job."

This is the first of two PHOTOPLAY articles on "What Hollywood Is Thinking." Next month: the stars' answers to such vital problems as child raising, sterilization, social theories, politics and religion.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and George Sessions Terry. Based on a story by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Alfred Santell. The Cast: *The Arkansas Traveler*, Bob Burns; *Mrs. Martha Allen*, Fay Bainter; *John Daniels*, John Beal; *Judy Allen*, Jean Parker; *Matt Collins*, Lyle Talbot; *Constable*, Irvin S. Cobb; *Benjamin Franklin Allen*, Dickie Moore; *Butcher*, Ralph Remley.

"CAMPUS CONFESSIONS"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Lloyd Corrigan and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Cast: *"Hank"* Luiselli, Himself; *Joyce Gilmore*, Betty Grable; *Susie Guinn*, Eleanor Whitney; *Wayne Atterbury, Jr.*, William Henry; *Freddie Fry*, John Arledge; *Lady MacBeth*, Fritz Feld; *Dean Willon*, Roy Gordon; *Wayne Atterbury, Sr.*, Thurston Hall; *Coach Parker*, Russ Clark; *Buck Hogan*, Richard Denning; *Ed Riggs*, Matty Kemp.

"DOWN ON THE FARM"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on original stories by Homer Croy, Frank Fenton and Lynn Root. Based on the characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The Cast: *John Jones*, Jed Prouty; *Mrs. John Jones*, Spring Byington; *Aunt Ida*, Louise Fazenda; *Herbert Thompson*, Russell Gleason; *Jack Jones*, Ken Howell; *Roger Jones*, George Ernest; *Lucy Jones*, June Carlson; *Granny Jones*, Florence Roberts; *Bobby Jones*, Billy Mahan; *Cyrus Sampson*, Eddie Collins; *Tessie Moody*, Dorris Bowdon; *Emma Moody*, Roberta Smith; *Tommy McGuire*, Marvin Stephens; *Hofferkamp*, William Haide; *Marvin*, John T. Murray; *Coleman*, William Irving.

"GIRLS' SCHOOL"—COLUMBIA.—Original story by Tess Slesinger. Screen play by Tess Slesinger and Richard Sherman. Directed by John Brahm. The Cast: *Natalie*, Anne Shirley; *Linda*, Nan Gray; *Michael*, Ralph Bellamy; *George*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Duchess*, Cecil Cunningham; *Gwenie*, Margaret Tallichet; *Mrs. Simpson*, Doris Kenyon; *Miss Armstrong*, Marjorie Main; *Monsieur*, Franklin Pangborn; *Miss Laurel*, Gloria Holden; *Betty*, Dorothy Moore; *Nell*, Marjorie Deane.

"IF I WERE KING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Justin Huntley McCarthy. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Director, Frank Lloyd. The Cast: *Francois Villon*, Ronald Colman; *Katherine de Vaucelles*, Frances Dee; *Louis XI*, Basil Rathbone; *Huguette*, Ellen Drew; *Colette*, Alma Lloyd; *Johan LeLoup*, Colin Tapley; *Father Villon*, C. V. France; *Noel*, Bruce Lester; *Renee de Montigny*, Stanley Ridges; *Guy*, William Haade; *Anna*, May Beatty; *Colin*, Adrian Morris; *Casin*, Francis McDonald; *Tristan*, Walter Kingsford; *Captain of the Watch*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Oliver*, Ralph Forbes; *1st Ruffian*, William Merrill McCormack; *2nd Ruffian*, Russ Powell; *Robin Turgis*, Sidney Toler.

"KING OF ALCATRAZ"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Irving Reis. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: *Dale Borden*, Gail Patrick; *Raymond Grayson*, Lloyd Nolan; *Steve Murkil*, J. Carrol Naish; *Robert McArthur*, Robert Preston; *Bonnie Larkin*, Virginia Dabney; *Nora Kane*, Nora Cecil; *Captain Glennan*, Harry Carey; *Mathew Talbot*, Porter Hall; *Harry Vay*, Richard Denning; *Dixie*, Dorothy Howe; *Lou Geadney*, Anthony Quinn; *1st Radio Operator*, John Hart; *2nd Radio Operator*, Phillip Warren; *Pietr Mazda*, Harry Worth; *Gun Banshek*, Tom Tyler; *Bill Lustig*, Gustave von Seyffertitz; *Dave Carter*, Eddie Marr; *"Nails"* Miller, Paul Fix; *Silver*, John Harmon; *Ed Verrick*, Jack Knoch; *Bartender*, Dick Rich; *Olaf Gustafson*, Emory Parnell.

"LADY OBJECTS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Charles Kenyon. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The Cast: *William Hayward*, Lanny Ross; *Ann Adams*, Gloria Stuart; *June Lane*, Joan Marsh; *George Martin*, Roy Benson; *Mr. Harper*, Pierre Watkin; *Ken Harper*, Robert Paige; *Charles Clarke*, Arthur Loft; *Baker*, Stanley Andrews; *Mrs. Harper*, Jan Buckingham; *Miriam Harper*, Bess Flowers; *Miss Hollins*, Ann Doran; *Langham*, Vesey O'Davoren.

"MAN TO REMEMBER, A"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on Katherine Havilan Taylor's story "Failure." Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Garson Kanin. The Cast: *John Abbott*, Edward Ellis; *Jean Johnson*, Anne Shirley; *Dick Abbott*, Lee Bowman; *George Sykes*, Granville Bates; *Homer Ramsey*, Harlan Briggs; *Jode Harkness*, Frank M. Thomas; *Clyde Perkins*, Charles Halton; *Johnson*, John Wray; *Robinson*, Gilbert Emery; *Howard Sykes*, William Henry; *Dick Abbott (child)*, Dickie Jones; *Jean Johnson (child)*, Carolee Leete; *Jorgensen*, Joseph De Stefani; *Roy*, Lew Fulton; *Ellie*, Sarah Edwards; *Bookkeeper*, Gladys Sutton; *Superintendent*, Julius Tannen.

"MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF"—RKO-RADIO.—Original story by Mark Kelly. Screen play by Philip G. Epstein. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. The Cast: *"Doodle"* Bugs, Joe Penner; *Janice Martin*, June Travis; *Offside Jones*, Larry Wendel; *Professor Minorows*, Billy Gilbert; *Larry Wendel*, Ben Alexander; *Mickey Wells*, Alan Bruce; *Ellory Bugs*, William Davidson; *Martin*, George Irving; *Wendel*, Pierre Watkin; *Hammond*, Frank M. Thomas; *Sophomores*, Wesley Barry, Bob Parrish, Steve Putnam; *Brennan*, Jack Arnold; *Terry*, Bob Nash; *Delivery Boy*, Edward Arnold, Jr.; *Student Musicians*, Bill Corson, Harry Campbell, Walter Sande, Ned Crawford.

"NIGHT HAWK, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Earl Felton. Directed by Sidney Salkow. The Cast: *Slim*, Robert Livingston; *Della*, June Travis; *McCormick*, Robert Armstrong; *Otto Miller*, Ben Welden; *Parrish*, Lucien Littlefield; *Lefty*, Joseph Downing; *Willie*, Roland L. Gott; *Captain Teague*, Cy Kendall; *Spider*, Paul Fix; *Bobby McCormick*, Billy Burrud; *Longan*, Charles Wilson; *Colley*, Dwight Frye; *Larsen*, Paul McVey; *Mulroney*, Robert Homans.

"PRAIRIE MOON"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Betty Burbridge and Stanley Roberts. Directed by Ralph Staub. The Cast:

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"ROOM SERVICE"—RKO-RADIO.—Scenario by Morrie Ryskind from the Broadway comedy hit by John Murray and Allen Boretz. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Gordon Miller*, Groucho Marx; *Henry Binelli*, Chico Marx; *Faker Englund*, Harpo Marx; *Hilda Manning*, Ann Miller; *Christine Marlow*, Lucille Ball; *Leo Davis*, Frank Albertson; *Joe Gribble*, Clifford Dunstan; *Gregory Wagner*, Donald MacBride; *Dr. Glass*, Charles Halton; *Simon Jenkins*, Philip Wood; *Sasha*, Alexander Astro; *Hogarth*, Philip Loeb; *Elevator Boy*, Donald Kerr; *House Detectives*, Bruce Mitchell, Max Wagner and William Ruhl.

"SISTERS, THE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Myron Brinig. Screen play by Milton Krims. Directed by Anatole Litvak. The Cast: *Frank Medlin*, Errol Flynn; *Louise Elliott*, Bette Davis; *Helen Elliott*, Anita Louise; *William Benson*, Ian Hunter; *Tim Hazeltin*, Donald Crisp; *Rose Elliott*, Beulah Bondi; *Grace Elliott*, Jane Bryan; *Sam Johnson*, Alan Hale; *Tom Knivel*, Dick Foran; *Ned Elliott*, Henry Travers; *Norman French*, Patric Knowles; *Flora Gibbon*, Lee Patrick; *Flora's Mother*, Laura Hope Crews; *Stella Johnson*, Janet Shaw; *Doc Moore*, Harry Davenport; *Laura Bennett*, Ruth Garland; *Anthony Biltlick*, John Warburton; *Caleb Ammon*, Paul Harvey; *Blonde*, Mayo Methot; *Robert Forbes*, Irving Bacon; *Tom Selig*, Arthur Hoyt.

"SONS OF THE LEGION"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Lillie Hayward, Lewis Foster and Robert McGowan. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: *Charles Lee*, Lynne Overman; *Linda Lee*, Evelyn Keyes; *Bluch Baker*, Donald O'Connor; *Grandmother Lee*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Uncle Willie Lee*, William Frawley; *Steven Scott*, Tim Holt; *Billy Lee*, Billy Lee; *David Lee*, Billy Cook; *Baker*, Edward Pawley; *Commander of the Legion*, Richard Tucker.

"STABLEMATES"—M-G-M.—From the story by William Thiele and Reginald Owen. Screen play by Leonard Parkins and Richard Maibaum. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: *Tom Terry*, Wallace Beery; *Mickey*, Mickey Rooney; *Mr. Gale*, Arthur Hohl; *Beulah Flanders*, Margaret Hamilton; *Barney Donovan*, Wm. Watson; *Mrs. Shepherd*, Marjorie Gateson; *Pete Whalen*, Oscar O'Shea.

"STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by M. M. Musselman and Allen Rivkin. Based on a play by Damon Runyon and Irving Caesar. Directed by David Butler. The Cast: *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Denny*, Richard Arlen; *Linda*, Ethel Merman; *Barbara Drake*, Phyllis Brooks; *Drake*, George Barbier; *Hannibal*, Willie Best; *Potter*, Paul Hurst; *Broderick*, Sidney Blackmer; *Syd*, Will Stanton; *Peruvians*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Gregory Gaye*, Rafael Storm; *Slippery Sol*, Stanley Fields; *Terrible Turk*, Tiny Roebuck; *Promoter*, Ben Welden; *Globe*, Ed Gargan; *Taxi Driver*, George Chandler; *Bartender*, Ralph Dunn; *Carter*, Clay Clement; *Grouch*, Harry Hayden; *Referee*, Pat McKee; *Slout Woman*, Grace Hayle.

"THAT CERTAIN AGE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bruce Manning, Charles Hackett and Billy Wilder. Original story by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The Cast: *Alice Fullerton*, Deanna Durbin; *Vincent Bullitt*, Melvyn Douglas; *Ken*, Jackie Cooper; *Mr. Fullerton*, John Halliday; *Mrs. Fullerton*, Irene Rich; *The Pest*, Juanita Quigley; *Mary Lee*, Peggy Stewart; *Tony*, Jackie Searl.

"THERE GOES MY HEART"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Eddie Moran and Jack Jevne. From an original story by Ed. Sullivan. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. The Cast: *Bill Spencer*, Fredric March; *Joan Butterfield*, Virginia Bruce; *Peggy O'Brien*, Patsy Kelly; *Pennypacker E. Pennypacker*, Alan Mowbray; *Dorothy Moore*, Nancy Carroll; *Mr. Stevens (editor)*, Eugene Pallette; *Cyrus Butterfield*, Claude Gillingwater; *Flash Fisher*, Arthur Lake; *Hinckley (Secretary)*, Etienne Girardot; *Detective O'Brien*, Robert Armstrong; *Mr. Dobbs*, Irving Bacon; *Dr. Snezude*, Charles Waldron; *Mr. Gorman*, Irving Pichel; *Robinson*, Sid Saylor; *Mrs. Crud*, Mary Field; *Officer*, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"TOO HOT TO HANDLE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings. Based on a story by Len Hammond. Directed by Jack Conway. The Cast: *Chris Hunter*, Clark Gable; *Alma Harding*, Myrna Loy; *Bill Dennis*, Walter Pidgeon; *"Gabby" MacArthur*, Walter Connolly; *Joselito*, Leo Carrillo; *Parsons*, Johnny Hines; *Hulda*, Virginia Weidler; *Mrs. Harding*, Betty Ross Clarke; *"Pearly"* Todd, Henry Kolker; *Willie*, Willie Fung; *"Fake"* Hulda, Patsy O'Connor.

"TOUCHDOWN ARMY"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Lloyd Corrigan and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The Cast: *Brandon Culpepper*, John Howard; *Jimmy Howell*, Robert Cummings; *Toni Denby*, Mary Carlisle; *Kirk Reynolds*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Jack Hefferman*, William Frawley; *Dick Mycroft*, Benny Baker; *Colonel Denby*, Minor Watson; *Bob Haskins*, Raymond Hatton.

"VACATION FROM LOVE"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Patterson McNutt and Harlan Ware. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The Cast: *Bill Blair*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Patricia Lawson*, Florence Rice; *John Hodge Lawson*, Reginald Owen; *Flo Heath*, June Knight; *Barney Keenan*, Edward S. Brophy; *Mark Shelby*, Truman Bradley; *T. Ames Piermont III*, Tom Rutherford; *Judge Brandon*, Andrew Tombes; *Oscar Willebach*, Herman Bing; *Dr. Waxton*, George Zucco; *French Judge*, Paul Porcasi; *Danny Dolan*, J. M. Kerrigan.

"YOUTH TAKES A FLING"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Myles Connolly and Tom Reed. Directed by Archie Mayo. The Cast: *Joe Meadows*, Joel McCrea; *Helen*, Andrea Leeds; *Frank Munson*, Frank Jenks; *Jean*, Dorothea Kent; *Madge*, Virginia Grey; *Tad*, Brandon Tynan; *Captain Walters*, Oscar O'Shea; *Mr. Judd*, Granville Bates; *Mr. Duke*, Grant Mitchell; *Girl on the Bench*, Marion Martin; *George*, Willie Best.



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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

THERE is something cozily satisfying about this unpretentious, girl-gets-boy romance and we're inclined to believe ninety per cent of the satisfaction comes from the swell performance delivered by Joel McCrea. As the Kansas farmer boy who yearns with all his might and main to go to sea, Joel scores in every scene. Andrea Leeds, as the shopgirl who lures Joel away from his ocean-going notion by the good old home-cooked-dinner method, seems a bit too serious in the rôle, but manages to provide a proper balance for Joel's delightfully light performance. The comedy (and it's plenty good) is furnished by Frank Jenks and Dorothea Kent, a team that should be held over for more and more pictures. If it's a few quiet chuckles you're looking for, here they are in "Youth Takes a Fling."

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

THIS is a hard-fisted story of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston. They maintain their constant battling while warring unitedly against J. Carrol Naish, an escaped convict, and his gang, all of whom have stowed away on a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick, as a ship's nurse, is beautifully calm throughout the bloody fracas. Harry Carey is clever as the ship's Captain. It's rather brutal fare.

THE NIGHT HAWK—Republic

POSSIBLY, on a double bill somewhere, you will catch this quick little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Stretch your legs and relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who gets a respirator through hijacker lines to help bad-man Bob Armstrong's sick brother. Later Armstrong gets a chance to repay the kindness. June Travis provides what romance is necessary.

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

WITH such writers as Richard Sherman and Tess Slesinger on the script you'd expect great things from this. But it disappoints. The simple, Durbin-like charm you are led to expect is missing. Instead, you get a rather heavy story of a sad poor girl, Anne Shirley, in a rich girls' school. Nan Grey is meanest rich girl. Noah Beery, Jr., plays the sympathetic plumber; Kenneth Howell, the poet. Ralph Bellamy has a short, effective bit.

A MAN TO REMEMBER—RKO-Radio

A WARM, heart-appealing story of a country doctor, Edward Ellis, whose life story is revealed through the settling of the small estate after his death. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappoints Doctor Ellis, and Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, both turn in splendid performances, but it's Ellis who steals the spotlight. Harland Briggs, Frank Thomas, Sr. and Granville Bates are three likeable rogues.

STRAIGHT, PLACE AND SHOW—20th Century-Fox

THE Ritz Brothers, after one or two lesser efforts,

now again save from weakness a hastily constructed story. They invade the race track, find lovers Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks quarrelling over a horse named *Playboy*, and resolve the problem in their inimitable way. This is done by proving that *Playboy* is a jumper, not a runner. Ethel Merman sings two good songs, and there are three Ritz sequences that, in one way or another, have classic comedy value.

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

JOHN HOWARD is a smart-cracking, ace football hero who comes to West Point and takes a beating because he isn't too "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, gets in her reform work because, for some inner chemical reason, she just can't help loving this misguided fellow. Love and the Army team both triumph in the last minute of play, with John carrying the ball. It's straight autumn cinema, well done.

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

JOE PENNER and his funny laugh start this one off in a night club. He runs a jitterbug orchestra, but leaves to re-enter college. His father offers an endowment of \$200,000 to the school if it can turn him into a football hero. Joe likes Ping-pong, but the plot thickens when the president's daughter steps in to change his mind for him. He's pretty funny, with his gags and vague antics, but otherwise it's just another campus picture.

THE LADY OBJECTS—Columbia

THERE'S a quality of down-to-earth understanding of simple human problems in this story of a modern Portia. It concerns Gloria Stuart and Lanny Ross, a married couple, and his losses at bridge. She gives the parties for social reasons; he can't afford them so he gets a job singing nights to pay off. At the cabaret Lanny meets an old college flame and she strangles herself in his apartment. Gloria comes to the rescue. There is action and suspense in this, with several fine portrayals.

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

FALL always brings out the college stories and Paramount is just the studio that can do it, too. Betty Grable, Eleanore Whitney, Bill Henry—perennial seniors in the movies—all help in this. "Hank" Luisetti, basketball star, centers the slight plot. Is college sport more important than scholastic achievement? asks Paramount. "Hank" effortlessly proves that athletics should have their place, anyway. You'll like it.

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

A MILD little effort with strong basis of Americanism and loyalty as a firm

foundation. Tim Holt is the courageous young American who organizes Sons of the Legion into loyal defenders of the Constitution. Lynne Overman and his two sons, Billy Cook and Billy Lee, contribute touching moments. Donald O'Connor, as the toughie who reforms through Holt's efforts, is splendid. William Frawley and Elizabeth Patterson lend capable support.

ROOM SERVICE—RKO-Radio

THIS is out of line with the usual Marx Brothers type of antic film. It is a very close interpretation of the play and, comparatively, is not nearly so funny. Still, it has its moments and during those moments you'll rock with hilarity. The story is the simple one of a down-at-the-heels producer who boards his entire company at an hotel, on the cuff, while readying a play. A new manager comes in, causes trouble; Frank Albertson pretends to have measles until an angel sends on a check. Donald MacBride, as the explosive manager, Philip Loeb, as the "We Never Sleep" collection agency representative, and Frank Albertson, playing the hick author, offer the best portrayals outside of the usual Marx performances.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE—M-G-M

SPECTACULAR, thrill-packed, richly produced and timely of interest, this is the prize Clark Gable-Myrna Loy team's sequel to the hugely successful "Test Pilot." It is built on the idea that a newsreel cameraman's life has never a dull moment. The background is the chaos of today's China.

Of course, there's a feud between two cameramen, and there's a girl. Gable and Myrna, with the suave, humorous Walter Pidgeon replacing sorrowful Spencer Tracy, form the star trio. The two men, in their attempts to outdo each other, even stoop to faking shots; then, when Gable signs Aviatrix Loy to aid him, the rivalry develops an obvious sex angle. Mark down an extra star for Hal Rosson's photography, Jack Conway's fine direction, and the support given by players Walter Connolly, Leo Carrillo and all the others.

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach-United Artists

THE failure of this sometimes amusing, sometimes embarrassing film must be assigned to the miscasting of Fredric March and to the dated story. Surely by now you are tired of seeing the "It Happened One Night" formula; and surely March has never been more unhappy in a rôle. He plays the news reporter who tracks down Virginia Bruce, runaway heiress who is bored with riches and wants to live as the People do. She is befriended by Patsy Kelly, a shopgirl—and here Patsy is in her element. She gets most of the laughs and manages to lift the show from the elegant Miss Bruce and the bewildered Fredric. Eugene Palette shouts and worries as the editor. Nancy Carroll returns to the screen as another shopgirl but she does not Come Back. If you are still a devotee of the "mad mad fun" school, you will probably enjoy this.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

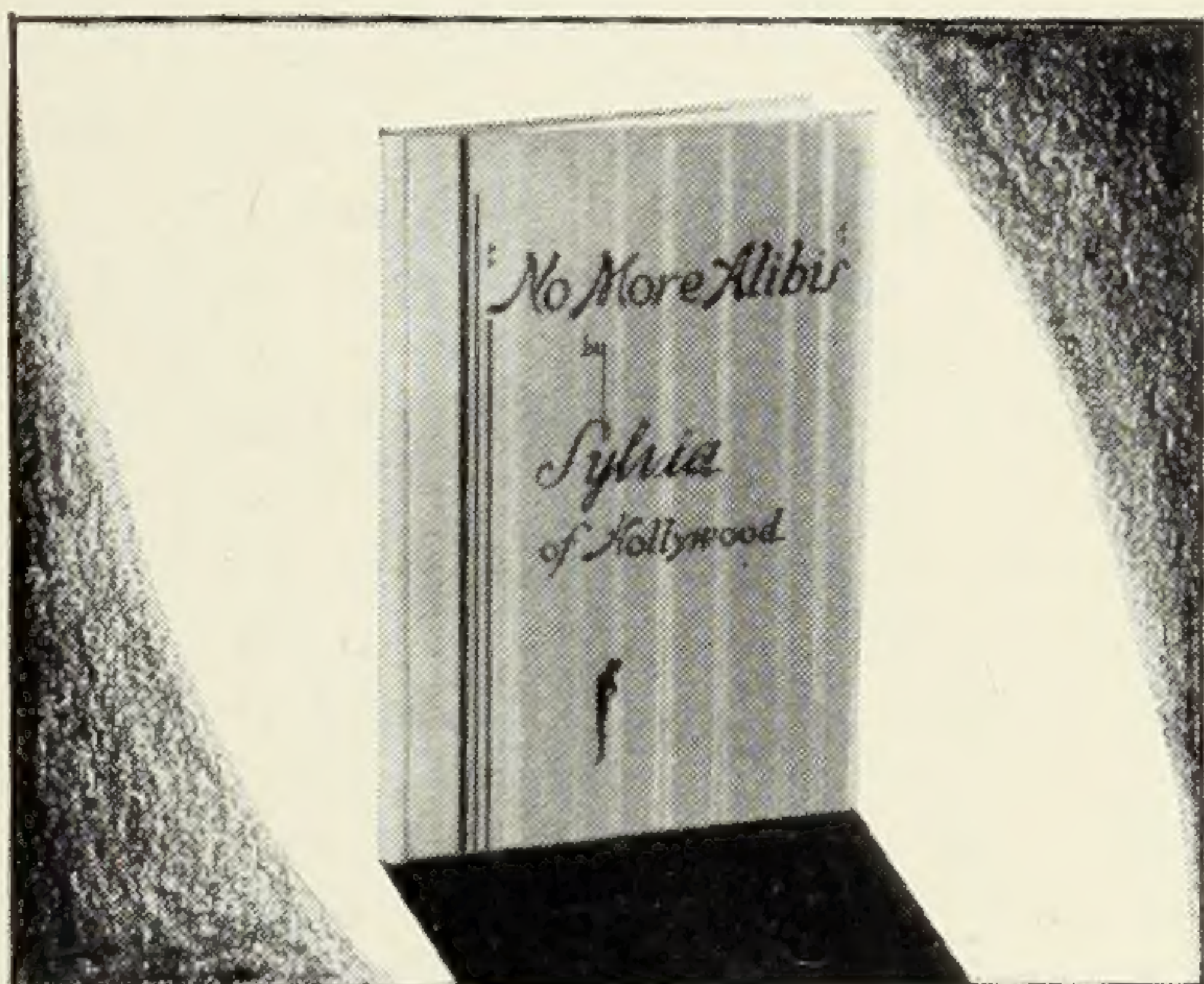
Check your answers to the statements on Page 12 with these correct ones:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|--|
| 1. Errol Flynn | 8. "Wings"—in 1927 | 15. Ricardo Cortez—in her first Picture, "The Torment" |
| 2. Bobby Breen, Deanna Durbin | 9. Madge Evans | 16. "Penthouse," "Broadway Bill" |
| 3. Harry Langdon | 10. Harold Lloyd | 17. Miriam Hopkins |
| 4. Frances Dee and Joel McCrea | 11. Merle Oberon | 18. Carole Lombard |
| 5. George Bancroft | 12. Frank Morgan | 19. Elizabeth Patterson |
| 6. Frank Capra | 13. Boris Karloff | 20. Patric Knowles |
| 7. Irene Castle | 14. "The Singing Fool" | |



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WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED — Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
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Mr. Smoker: How many of these tobacco experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all *independent* tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

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2 TO 1**



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